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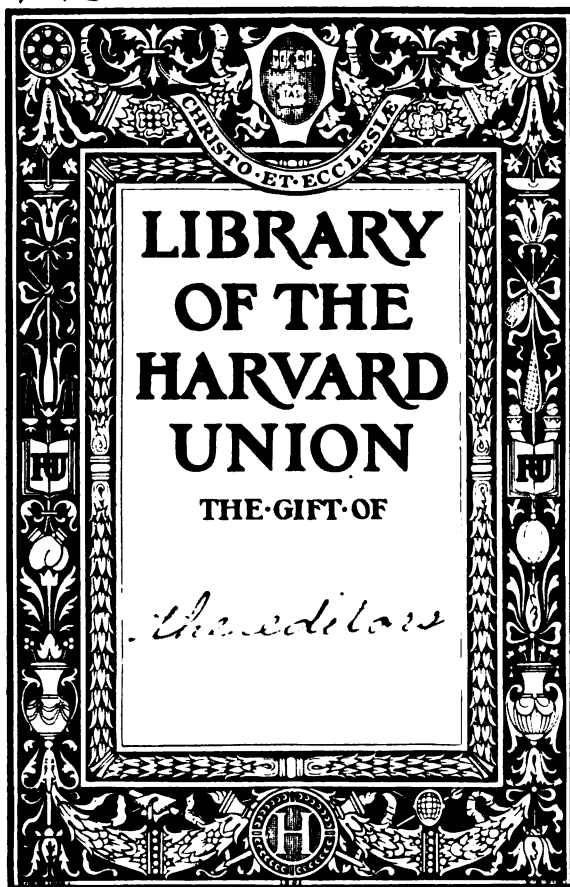
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# THE HARVARD MONTHLY.

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## *THE STUDY OF EDUCATION AND THE PROFESSIONAL TRAINING OF COLLEGE-BRED TEACHERS.*

Education, like every other important human interest, may be studied advantageously, to some extent, by every man who aspires to general cultivation. The history of Education is an important part of the history of civilization; the general principles of Education determine contemporary educational practice in schools and colleges, whether the public or teachers and school officers adhere consciously to those principles, or not; and the organization and administration of schools and school systems are important phases of state and municipal affairs.

Surely the story of the gradual evolution of educational needs in successive stages of the world's history, of the formulation and exposition of those needs in educational classics, and of the schools and universities that arose to meet those needs—in short, the story of the education that humanity has devised in the course of, say, twenty-five centuries (to take only the most important part of the story), and of the effect of this education on civil, political and religious development—surely this story may well form a part of the equipment of a “liberally educated” man, whatever his future calling may be. So, too, to gain some knowledge of the scope and meaning of schools and studies, of the aims and methods of contemporary educational practice; to gain a critical insight into contemporary educational needs through a serious study of the development of the individual on the one hand

and of contemporary social conditions on the other, and hence a just estimate of the value of our vast, diversified and costly provision for the education of the present generation of children and youth—this is worth some time and effort on the part of every university student, whether he becomes a teacher or not. And, finally, to learn how states and cities seek to secure good schools for their children; to become aware of the dangers that constantly menace the efficiency of the schools because of faulty organization and unwise administration; to study the successes and the failures of cities in ridding themselves of bad school systems, and the nature and working of the best systems yet devised—surely such study may well attract a college-bred man whose influence in municipal affairs and especially in educational affairs is certain to be important by and by. But if some study of Education in its several aspects is advantageous to every cultivated man, is it not clear that a thorough-going study of this subject must be essential to the prospective teacher?

It may clear the ground a bit, if I say, at the outset, that one function of a university department of Education is to advise some persons to keep out of the teaching profession as well as to encourage and seek to equip others to enter it. Appropriate personal qualities, together with sound general scholarship and special attainments in some one field, are indispensable to the highest efficiency. Only the best are good enough to be entrusted with the important work of teachers. Would that we could always secure the best, and the best only!

So much misconception concerning the scope and meaning of the university study of Education still exists in the minds of intelligent persons that one may be pardoned for emphasizing again what is already clear from the foregoing paragraphs, namely, that the Study of Education is not merely a study of methods of teaching. While instruction in methods is an important part of the professional training of a teacher, it is only a small part. Ignorance of this fundamental fact is responsible for the oft-repeated dictum of many otherwise well-informed persons that "the teacher is born, not made." One may, by the way, accept this dictum, and yet hold that the

"born" teacher like the "born" preacher, or lawyer, profits enormously by the study of the technique of his calling.

The important thing to note, however, is that neither the teacher, nor the preacher, nor the lawyer devotes most of his time in preparing for his profession to studying the rules that govern the practice of his calling. The prospective lawyer's training is not limited to preparing briefs and pleading in moot court cases; the prospective preacher, similarly, does not devote most of his time in the Divinity School to homiletics. Just as the future lawyer or preacher devotes most of his time to studying the principles and the recorded experience of his profession, leaving the art of pleading or of preaching or of dealing with men to be perfected by actual practice, so the future teacher devotes most of his time to studying the principles and the history of Education, and the organization and administration of schools and school systems; leaving to actual practice, aided by native capacity, and good sense, the development of skill in teaching his subject and managing his pupils, or organizing and managing his school or system of schools. Nothing but practice can convert knowledge into power in teaching, as in any other profession.

What sensible advocates of the technical training of teachers claim for such training is this: that, given sound general scholarship, and special attainments in some one field of knowledge, a serious study of his future profession develops in the prospective teacher an insight into its difficulties; a comprehension of the extent and complexity of its problems; a knowledge of its accumulated resources for guidance and for inspiration; and a keen sense of its duties and its privileges;—in short, a professional consciousness that lifts the teacher out of the sphere of mere imitation and mechanical routine into the sphere of rationalized endeavor. Such a consciousness of the scope and meaning of his vocation predisposes and enables the young teacher to organize his experience as he goes along, so that with years comes wisdom and not sterility. It clarifies and energizes his work in the class-room, and while leading him to set a just value on his efficiency as a class-room teacher,



gives him, at the same time, an outlook far beyond the class-room. It enables him to see the significance of his individual task in relation to that of his fellow-workers, and gradually makes it possible for him to aspire justly to the higher places in his profession—to the posts in which the direction of educational affairs, and educational leadership are demanded, and too often, at present, are found wanting.

The foregoing statement of the results claimed for the appropriate professional training of teachers implies no failure to recognize the superiority of "born" teachers over all other teachers. We need more born teachers than we shall ever get. "Born" teachers are, however, not born oftener than born preachers, or lawyers, or statesmen. Besides, even genius, as has already been suggested, is rendered more effective and often needs to be controlled by the insight and the breadth of view that careful study alone can develop. But it must be evident that no calling in life will ever be carried on exclusively or even largely by those of remarkable natural gifts. The world's work will always be done largely, not by geniuses, but by men and women of varying degrees of capacity, from mediocrity, to excellence, whose serious purposes are illuminated and rendered effective in practice by good preparation for the work they have to do—whether that work is building bridges, manufacturing or transporting goods, financeering business enterprises, healing the sick, pleading for or administering justice, teaching a class in geometry or history, or organizing and managing a school or a school system.

The truth of the contention that technical training for all teachers is essential to progressive efficiency is attested by the constantly increasing number of college-bred teachers who return to the graduate schools of our universities to study their profession for a year or more; or who come in large numbers to the university summer schools for the same purpose. Such teachers either did not or could not secure appropriate technical training before entering on their profession, and having discovered their needs,—or, not infrequently, and more disastrously, having been found needy by their official su-

periors—now seek the help which the university can give. The great majority of these teachers, however, are impelled to the study of their profession by the natural ambition of earnest men and women to avail themselves of every means to increase their efficiency. Moreover, the professional responsibilities of principals and superintendents are today so much greater than they were a generation ago that the more enlightened communities show a strong tendency to close the door of promotion to the higher posts in the profession to all aspirants who have not had a thorough-going professional (technical) training; and in some important communities the door is closed already.

I purpose now to devote the space at my disposal to discussing briefly two phases of the technical training of teachers for their profession, namely, the preparation of the class-room teacher, or training in methods; and the preparation of the principal and superintendent, or training in supervision.

I select these two phases of professional training, because to teach well is the first duty of every teacher; and because many college-bred teachers naturally aspire to become, ultimately, principals and superintendents; and also, because the demand for trained men of liberal scholarship for all the higher posts in the teaching profession is, as I have already intimated, becoming stronger every day. At the same time, it must not be overlooked that one cannot be a trained teacher, in the full sense of that term, without an acquaintance with educational theory and practice far more extensive than can be derived from studying the method of his own subject; without a knowledge of the history of Education; and without some knowledge of organization and administration that enables him to see his own work in relation to that of the others who are striving to "educate" the same pupil, which knowledge is not derivable at all from a study of method only. So, too, one cannot become a good principal or superintendent if he has studied only organization and administration. To organize and manage well a school or a school system requires an intimate knowledge of educational principles, and of good teaching, as well as an acquaintance with sys-

tems of schools; and a professional horizon that includes the educational endeavor of the past as well as of the present, and of other modern nations as well as our own.

It often happens that a teacher of good personal qualities cannot teach. In such cases he may, for a time, get on fairly well with his pupils; but, eventually, the inevitable boredom of tedious and unproductive class exercises will make him impossible. Even proficiency in athletics (which covers a multitude of sins) or in other out-of-school accomplishments, cannot long atone for stupid and ineffective teaching. Moreover, every dull or pointless recitation is a perversion of opportunity for the pupils. Hence, to learn to teach well as soon as possible, in addition to the acquisition of good scholarship is the teacher's first duty.

What then, may we expect appropriate training in method to do for the intending teacher? The answer to this question may be arrived at by briefly contrasting, the untrained and the trained teacher's scholarship for teaching purposes, their usual conception of their work, and their teaching.

During his first years of teaching every young teacher finds that he must possess his resources in a new way. He must command them from the teacher's—not merely from the student's point of view. To get this command consumes much time and energy and usually involves some anxiety. For many years, perhaps, he has not concerned himself with the elements of his subject. He has forgotten them, as such; they have become a part of the warp and woof of his knowledge. Now he must become conscious of them afresh. He must go over the details of these elements, as such, with care; he must note the teaching resources at each step, and he must also learn the best means of leading his student to use them.

If left to his own devices in this process of repossessing and revising his subject for teaching purposes, of commanding his resources from beginning to end, of seeing the end from the beginning, he flounders a good deal; his pupils as well as he are the sufferers, and the subject fails to yield its educational value to the pupils under his charge. If, on the other hand, he has re-

cently gone over his subject with a view to teaching it under the direction of an experienced teacher—a teacher of method, the inadequacies of his apprenticeship as a teacher are minimized; because he now feels surer of his ground, he knows how to meet many of the difficulties that his pupils will encounter, and how to prepare his pupils step by step to master them. In short, what he has learned and studied will be for him like the constant help of a friend in need, a resource to which he can refer for counsel. His progress will be steady and sure, and he will be spared the helplessness—the exquisite misery of conscious weakness that undermines the efficiency of many a scholarly student well-freighted with knowledge which he cannot use, because he does not know how.

The untrained class-room teacher is likely to be an assigner and hearer of lessons. The trained class-room teacher does not fail to set lessons and to make sure that the pupil has learned them as well as he could; but his attitude toward his pupil is that of an intelligent guide and a sympathetic interpreter, rather than that of inquisitor and judge.

The untrained teacher's interest is likely to be exclusively in the subject matter he is teaching—his specialty; the trained teacher's interest in his subject is also great, but his interest in his pupil is equally great, and furnishes the guide to the sequence and correlation of topics, and to the distribution of emphasis in instruction. In other words, the untrained teacher is concerned about having his pupils learn as much of the subject as possible; the trained teacher also wishes his pupils to learn the subject, but he teaches the pupils by means of the subject—the subject is a means to an end, not merely an end in itself. The untrained teacher is rarely interested in the *acquisition* of scholarship, the processes by which mastery is won, and usually dispenses information to all alike by measurement, so much each day; the trained teacher *shares* his scholarship with his pupils as *they need it*, or are able to profit by it; he studies the means of approach to each mind, correcting false impressions here, supplying omissions there and enriching the whole as opportunity and occasion require or warrant. The untrained teacher usually cares little for the pupil's failures, except to record them; the trained teacher

studies the pupil's failures as well as his successes, and seeks to lead the erring, or bewildered, or helpless pupil to success; he knows that the struggling pupil's shortcomings constitute the teacher's opportunity. The untrained teacher possesses his subject as the student possesses it, as a personal possession; the trained teacher has worked it over bit by bit, with a view to teaching it to another—with a view to the uses to be made of it in awakening enthusiasm and insight, and especially in the attainment of the sense of achievement by his pupil. The student's attitude and the teacher's attitude toward a subject are therefore quite different. The student seeks to master the subject for its own sake; the teacher has mastered it for its own sake, and now scrutinizes it with a view to *helping another to master it for himself* with the utmost economy of time and effort.

The answer to our first question is, therefore, this: we may expect the trained teacher to show more immediate and progressive efficiency than the untrained teacher, because we have helped him to minimize the inevitable blunders of inexperience by making him conscious of his resources, and showing him how to use them in the interests of his pupil; we have laid the foundation for progressive efficiency by disposing him to find his chief interest in the progress of his pupils in knowledge and power under his guidance, and in their enthusiasm, no matter how often he goes over the "same ground"; we have helped him to make his teaching interesting, because we have led him to see that the pupils' interest depends on the conquests achieved *by the pupils themselves*, appropriately supplemented and enriched by his own contributions; so that although they will often forget details, their sense of achievement may be constant, and their memory of beauties revealed, or insights gained through the teacher's wise ministrations will be a constant stimulus to fresh effort, and an abiding pleasure.

If you ask me is this result actually attained by the trained teacher more expeditiously, more surely and more often than by the untrained teacher, I answer, yes; for, on the other hand, we have the testimony every year of Harvard and Radcliffe students who have had some training, and have begun their apprenticeship, under our direction, during half a year, in some nearby

school; and, on the other hand, we have the testimony of many teachers now in service, who had no such training, and who, consequently, had to experiment more or less blindly, and at the expense of their pupils, before they could beat out a reasonably successful routine. We have also the silent testimony of a mass, far too great, of inert and unprogressive teachers who also entered on their vocation without technical preparation, and who ceased to grow many years ago; who work without the inspiration of a deepening and widening professional consciousness, because they have always conceived of their work as a mere routine—a mill for grinding out their daily bread.

It is a pleasure to be able to say that the number of efficient and progressive teachers now in service who have developed a professional spirit by earnest and persistent study of their vocation is fortunately large. But they have attained their present professional attitude and efficiency at a great and unnecessary cost of time and energy, and, of course, in spite of, not because of, their lack of preparation.

So much for the training of the class-room teacher. I have still to answer my second question, what may we expect professional training to do for the college-bred teacher of experience who desires to equip himself for the highest efficiency as a supervising officer? We may approach the answer to this question, as before, by contrasting the actual work of the trained and untrained principal or superintendent, and of the conception held by them of the duties and privileges of their profession. In this paper I shall, for brevity, deal only with the equipment and work of the superintendent.

The superintendent's task bristles with problems, most of which, as a teacher, he touched only remotely, if at all; and which he must now solve wisely and quickly or the schools will suffer increasing harm. To expect him to do this without previous serious study of the problems involved is, almost always, to expect the impossible. Naturally I can here deal only with a few of the most conspicuous of these problems.

The traditions of the superintendent's office, whether good or bad, are likely to govern the young or untrained incumbent, and tend to become the determining factor in his career. Unfortunately these traditions are often

bad, and their badness is so obscured by use and wont that their true significance is not perceived except by the trained observer; the existing conditions and practices, no matter how perverse of the real function of supervision, seem to be the natural and only ones under which, and by which, the superintendent's work can be carried on. Thus the untrained superintendent, like the untrained teacher, is likely to be a mere imitator. If his models happen to be good, he may ultimately work out his own salvation; if they happen to be bad, he is sure, in the end, to work out quite another fate.

Thus, if his models have been "politicians," he shapes his course accordingly, employing means and methods that may accomplish his ends temporarily, but which he must avoid if he is to succeed permanently, and count as a professional force, and not as a mere school politician. If his models have been administrators of external affairs, he is likely to follow their lead in that direction, and devote himself to working out a smooth running administrative machine, without perceiving that machinery is valuable only in so far as it promotes the carrying out of a wise and clearly defined educational policy. If his models have been "popular," because plausible and subservient to faction—everything to everybody—he may be led astray by false appearances; he follows in their footsteps, only to realize when it is too late that such a policy renders him and his administration nerveless and halting; discredits his educational authority, because he is blown about by all the winds of doctrine; and unfits him to justify the expectations he has awakened because he is neither sturdy nor energetic enough to be entrusted with educational and administrative guidance and leadership.

If his models have been passive, timid, and subservient instruments of the school committee, the untrained superintendent is apt to acquiesce in the false view that the superintendent is merely to do as he is told—that though he may be seen he should not be heard, save when officially asked to speak; and so he is apt to regard himself and often is merely the clerk or "servant" of the school committee. The trained superintendent is, also, of course, subordinate to the school committee, but at the same time his obvious superior resources enable him to win, and consistently maintain toward the committee.

the relation of professional adviser and chief executive; in whom they, as laymen, have confidence, and to whom they look for the inauguration and clear definition of sound educational and administrative policies; and to whom, as such, they naturally entrust large freedom in the management of innumerable technical details. The school committee, as the representatives of the people, want good schools, but they have neither the time nor the knowledge to enable them to secure good schools. Only the trained superintendent can define their vague desires for them, and show them what steps must be taken to attain the ends sought. It is for the committee to decide whether the superintendent's plans and policies correspond with their desires; to suggest modifications, if they think modifications are needed, and finally to accept or reject means and measures in accordance with common sense and a wise financial policy.

The untrained superintendent of schools usually frames a programme of studies by simply imitating the programmes already in use elsewhere, without justifying his adoption by a clear insight into the principles on which a modern programme of studies should be based, and so, like any mere imitator, is easily disconcerted or overwhelmed by the inevitable difficulties that arise in practice; or with equal fatuity, he allows the school committee or some sub-committee to attempt the difficult technical task of framing a programme of studies, and then is obliged to abide by the result whatever educational curiosity, or monstrosity, they construct. The trained superintendent brings to bear on this problem—one of the most difficult of all the unsolved problems that confront the teaching profession today—under his leadership, the combined wisdom of his entire teaching corps, or at least of representatives of his entire corps; so that, whatever the imperfections of the result, he and they know it is the best that can be devised for their schools, under the circumstances; neither he nor they can be disturbed by inevitable difficulties in practice, most of which have been foreseen; and they can defend it against opposition in their own ranks, or in the community, by convincing arguments based on technical knowledge and trained insight. He and they know that any satisfactory programme must be a growth, and not a dead fact; and



that one indispensable condition of good work throughout the entire school system is a unified corps of teachers—teachers who work with the same purposes, clearly conceived and consistently adhered to, whatever diversities of method they may employ.

The answer to my second question may, therefore, be stated as follows: The untrained superintendent of schools commonly lacks courage and initiative, and his career is too often determined merely by tradition and routine. When this is not the case, he achieves professional independence and leadership at a great and unnecessary cost of time and effort, by dint of much random and useless experimenting. Meanwhile, in either case, the schools suffer. We may expect the trained superintendent to possess the professional equipment that enables him to devise sound educational and administrative policies, and that gives him the courage and enables him speedily to develop the power to wisely execute his plans. We may expect him to aim at a unified corps of teachers whose coöperation will infuse life and devotion into the whole school system. We may expect him to realize that, whatever the traditions of his office may be, he cannot be a mere passive "servant" of the school committee without endangering the important interests which they control; that, indeed the very fact that a superintendent of schools is appointed implies the necessity of professional oversight and direction; and that he cannot win and hold the respect and confidence of the school committee by passively assenting to whatever they may decide or do, but by his ability to expose tactfully, aggressively if need be, but always wisely, the unwisdom or to approve the wisdom of means and measures which the committee bring forward or support. We may also expect him to win the position of an educational leader in the community outside the school system altogether, and so promote a unification of all available educational forces. In short, we may expect the trained superintendent to have learned the lesson that without developed resources for leadership he ought not to be a superintendent at all; for the secret of good schools and school administration is *coöperation under leadership*.

*Paul H. Hanus.*

*"FARTHEST NORTH."*

We have almost forgotten the day  
In the cold of this endless night  
Where the gleaming ice-floe stretches away  
Under the northern-light.

Much has been lost and little won,  
But we've reached the farthest north  
And done what no man has done.

Death has stalked into our camp,  
Hunger and famine and woe ;  
Silent we sit by the blubber lamp  
And the dead lie out in the snow.

Much has been lost and little won,  
But we've reached the farthest north  
And done what no man has done.

*Clepston Sturgis, Jr.*

## TREASON.

## A ONE-ACT COMEDY.

*Persons.*

GENERAL KING, of the United States army.

CAPTAIN HARRISON CHADWICK, also of the United States army.

TROOPER KENNEDY, a private in the captain's troop.

LIEUTENANT ROBERT PICKERING, of the Confederate army.

MARTHA PICKERING, his sister.

Josiah, a negro servant ; Lieutenant Rice and troopers of Captain Chadwick's command.

*The scene represents the front of a southern mansion built in the Colonial style of architecture. The part of the stage farthest from the footlights is occupied by the veranda of the house, which is raised some two feet above the ground. Heavy Doric pillars support the veranda-roof, below which windows on the first and second floors of the house are visible. In the middle of the ground floor a broad single door stands open, showing, within, a darkened hall. The whole exterior of the house is white; there are solid blinds of green at the upper windows, and shutters of green, closed, at the lower windows, which open down to the floor. There is an ellipse of grass at the extreme front of the stage. A road curves behind it, going out at the right and left into the wings. In front of the middle of the piazza is a large carriage block of stone, with two hitching posts. The appearance of the whole suggests war-time. The house and road are ill-kept; remnants of a camp-fire are to be seen on the grass; and a broken army stirrup lies in the road.*

*The light is that of a late summer afternoon. In the latter part of the action it darkens perceptibly, and the play closes in gathering dusk.*

MARTHA PICKERING is seated at a small round table toward the left of the piazza. She is dark and pretty, with black ringlets; her gown is of light muslin, made with spreading ruffled skirts in the fashion of the sixties. Just now she appears nervous and disturbed. She rises, jumps from the piazza to the ground, goes to the right of the stage, and looks out down the road. Returning, she kicks at the stirrup in the road.

MARTHA: (*kicking at the stirrup*) Hateful!

(*She sits down on the edge of the piazza in front of the table, and, without looking down, begins speaking, in a low voice, to someone hidden under the veranda.*)

MARTHA: I think you've got a chance to come out now, Robert. They are gone, I reckon. You come out when I tell you, and make right for the saddle closet in the barn, and I'll tote you out something to eat in a minute. That good-looking Yank captain I thought was surely going to catch you; suspicious beast! Now wait just a minute. (*She goes over to the right, and looks down the road again. Running quickly back to the place where she has been sitting, she kneels, and pulls out one of the boards which make the front of the raised veranda. She replaces it with a snap the moment her brother, ROBERT PICKERING, has crawled out. ROBERT PICKERING is a very large young man, dressed in the uniform of an officer of the Confederate army. He talks, as MARTHA does, with a slight Southern drawl, and appears somewhat more untutored than she. His face, though not ugly, is plain and coarse; he is a sort of good natured bear of a fellow. He stops to brush the mould from his clothes.*

ROBERT: Awful dirty under there, Matty.

MARTHA: Don't bother now, Robert. Oh, please don't bother now. Run to the stables. (*While she has been speaking, CAPTAIN HARRISON CHADWICK has entered stealthily from the left with KENNEDY. CAPTAIN CHADWICK is in the uniform of a regiment of United States cavalry in which his companion is evidently a private. The captain is rather small, with a blonde moustache; he is a dapper, well-dressed officer of thirty or thereabouts, nerv-*

ous, but with studiously polite manners. The soldier has ROBERT covered with his large revolver. As MARTHA finishes speaking, she turns, and seeing the two, screams.)

CAPTAIN CHADWICK: (*excitedly*) Got it on him, Kennedy? Now, then, you're prisoner! Hands up, you know!

ROBERT: Damnation! (*Once in action, he moves so quickly that he has his revolver directed at the captain before the trooper can fire. MARTHA knocks his hand up so that the charge explodes in the air. ROBERT lets his arm drop at his side and looks, bewildered, at MARTHA.*)

MARTHA: Oh, no!

ROBERT: Why not?

MARTHA: (*in a whisper*) I couldn't have you shoot my good-looking captain, could I? (*ROBERT looks up and finds that by this time both the officer and the trooper have him covered.*)

ROBERT: Oh, all right. Prisoner, of course.

CAPTAIN CHADWICK: Ah, well, I thought so. Give that pistol to the trooper, will you please? Kennedy, search him for weapons. (*KENNEDY searches, but, finding none, lays down ROBERT's pistol on the horse-block.*)

KENNEDY: There's his gun, sir. I guess he ain't got no other. Shall I tie him up?

CAPTAIN CHADWICK: Awfully sorry, Miss Pickering. I'm afraid I've got to tie up Mr. — er——

MARTHA: He's my brother.

CAPTAIN CHADWICK: Oh, really? I'm so sorry. I'm afraid I shall have to have him bound unless he'll give me his parole, you know, in which case of course—

ROBERT: Yes, you have my parole. (*MARTHA shakes her head.*) Oh, bother, Matty. I don't want to be tied up, and I wouldn't get a chance to break loose, anyway. I'm on parole, captain. I promise not to go off the piazza. (*Sits on the edge of the piazza, resignedly, arms folded.*)

CAPTAIN CHADWICK: Well, I'm glad, Mr. Pickering. I'd hate so much to have you tied up, and guarded, and then have to shoot you when you got

loose, if you did. Kennedy, go to the troop, if you please; tell the lieutenant I've got the man, and that I want him to come back and camp beside the road where we were this morning.

KENNEDY: Yes, sir. (*He goes out toward the right.*)

MARTHA: And didn't you really ride away meaning to go for good, captain?

CAPTAIN CHADWICK: Well, no, not exactly. I just thought we would let you think we were gone for good, and then I thought I'd come back with Kennedy and perhaps we'd find the man we were after. Sorry, you understand, Miss Pickering; it never crossed my mind he was your brother, you know, really.

MARTHA: If you had known that, you would have let him get away, I suppose, captain?

CAPTAIN CHADWICK: Ah, well, I don't know. Of course that would have made my position a beastly awkward one. But I'm afraid I would have had to hunt for him, even if he was your brother.

MARTHA: Oh, you would?

CAPTAIN CHADWICK: Well, yes. You see, treason—giving enemies of the United States aid and comfort—if I didn't hunt hard enough, that would be giving him aid and comfort, wouldn't it?

ROBERT: Aid, maybe, but no comfort; not if you knew where I was hidden.

CAPTAIN CHADWICK: By the way, where were you hidden? It must be an excellent good place.

ROBERT: (*laughing*) Why, you see (*MARTHA shakes her head vigorously at him*) No? Well, I'm sorry, Cap, but my sister says no. I guess she's right, too; we might use the place again. It is a good one.

(*KENNEDY enters from the right, and salutes CAPTAIN CHADWICK.*)

KENNEDY: Lieutenant reports troop returned to this morning's camp, sir, and now making camp again.

CAPTAIN CHADWICK: Good. Tell the lieutenant I'll have supper with him in ten minutes, Kennedy.

KENNEDY: Yes, sir. (*Starts off.*)

MARTHA: Mr. Kennedy. (KENNEDY *stops.*)

KENNEDY: (*saluting*) Yes, ma'am.

MARTHA: I think the captain will have supper with us. Won't you captain? We haven't much, I'm afraid, but—

CAPTAIN CHADWICK: Oh, charmed. Thank you. Tell the lieutenant I won't be with him for an hour, Kennedy. Tell him he'd better send the horses to that brook for water, rather than use the pump. And tell him we'll move early tomorrow morning, Kennedy.

KENNEDY: Yes, sir. (*He goes out to the right.*)

CAPTAIN CHADWICK: Awfully nice of you to ask me.

MARTHA: Only you won't get much to eat, I'm afraid.

CAPTAIN CHADWICK: But even if I don't, you know,—(*Pauses expressively.*)

ROBERT: I'm glad you feel that way about it, captain, but what I want is a good meal.

MARTHA: Robert, I'll do my best. I'll bet Josiah hid some stuff that the captain's soldiers didn't get at.

CAPTAIN CHADWICK: Oh, I say, Miss Pickering—(*MARTHA goes into the house. The captain walks up and down the piazza, curling his moustache. ROBERT watches him with a slight expression of amusement. In a moment KENNEDY enters in some haste.*)

KENNEDY: General King and his staff just come up, captain, and camped on top of the hill. General sent word right off to ask if you'd got him. (*Nods at ROBERT.*)

CAPTAIN CHADWICK: What, old Horsehair King? Oh, thunder! (*To ROBERT.*) I was going to turn you over to Sheridan himself, but I know General King will expect me to give you up to him. I would rather leave you with Sheridan. (*After a moment's thought*) Well, I suppose I shall have to report to him. (*Goes out with KENNEDY. MARTHA enters with an old negro, who proceeds to set the little table on the piazza.*)

MARTHA: Robert, I just knew Josiah would have something for us. How

he saves so much from these Yankees—why, you look awfully cut up. (*She goes from the table to her brother, and puts her arms around his neck.*) There, there, old Dobbum, you'll get sent to Sheridan, and he'll treat you all right, and you'll get exchanged pretty soon. I ain't sorry you're captured, not one bit.

ROBERT: Going to get sent to King.

MARTHA: Horsehair King? Golly! Why?

ROBERT: Just come. Your Yankee officer is up the hill reporting to him.

MARTHA: Well, I guess you just don't fall into his clutches. Not if I know it. I don't want you hustled right up to Elmira or some other awful prison way up north: that's what King will do.

ROBERT: What makes you think I ain't going to fall into his clutches though, sis?

MARTHA: Because I won't let you. The minute that Yankee officer comes back you take back your parole, and let him tie you up. Josiah and I will get you loose. You stay in the old saddle closet in the stables till midnight, and then we'll have Clay on the road for you, somehow. You've got to get away.

ROBERT: How're you going to get Clay? He's hid in the back pasture.

MARTHA: We'll get him. Now (*pointing to ROBERT's revolver, which still lies on the horse-block*) put that in your pocket!

ROBERT: But, Matty, I've given parole.

MARTHA: Don't be a silly. You gave your parole not to go off the piazza, that's all. Here! (*She seizes the pistol and examines it.*) All loaded but one; here! (*She tries to force it into ROBERT's pocket.*)

ROBERT: No, not me.

MARTHA: Don't be so stupid. Here he comes. But you mustn't shoot him with it! Not him! (*She thrusts the revolver into her brother's pocket just before the captain enters. JOSIAH has now almost set the table.*)

CAPTAIN CHADWICK: (*abruptly*) Mr. Pickering—er, Lieutenant Pickering, possibly?—I thought so. Lieutenant Pickering, I wish this man King—General King. I should say—hadn't turned up just at this moment. He's



my superior officer, you know, and all that; able leader, not afraid of anything. But he doesn't treat his prisoners so very well, dash him; and—er—the fact is, he insists on my giving you up to him. Don't wish to alarm you, Miss Pickering. Of course I oughtn't to have mentioned it at all, but I was so beastly afraid you'd think it my fault.

MARTHA: (*in a whisper to Robert*) You mustn't shoot *him* with it.

ROBERT: I'm going to take back my parole, captain. I'd rather take a chance of getting shot than fall into that devil's hands.

CAPTAIN CHADWICK: Oh, really, he's not so bad as that, but he won't give you a chance at exchange, I'm afraid.

ROBERT: Well, tie me up; I've taken back my word. Oh, but before you do, here's that gun. Matty shoved it into my pocket. (*Hands CAPTAIN CHADWICK the revolver. MARTHA shakes her head in disgust.*) Couldn't do a low trick like that, sister; oh, no.

CAPTAIN CHADWICK: Well, if you'd rather be tied up, of course I'll have it done, but I'm not going to let you get away, and it's a nuisance having you guarded. (*Calls at right.*) Trooper Kennedy! (*KENNEDY enters.*)

KENNEDY: (*saluting*) Yes, captain.

CAPTAIN CHADWICK: I'll have to get you to tie Lieutenant Pickering's hands behind him, Kennedy, and then make him fast to one of these pillars. (*KENNEDY goes out for a rope. When he returns, he fastens ROBERT's hands behind him, and from the knot thus formed, passes a rope around the pillar farthest to the left on the piazza. ROBERT is thus tied securely but not uncomfortably with his back close to the pillar.*)

Thank you, Kennedy. Got your revolver?

KENNEDY: Yes, sir.

CAPTAIN CHADWICK: Then if you'll stand guard (*looking at his watch*) until seven, I'll send a man to relieve you then, and you can get your supper. (*to MARTHA, very seriously*) Miss Pickering, I must insist on your going into the house with your servant, and not being near your brother. Please see that Miss Pickering obeys, Kennedy. (*Turns toward right, and is about to go off.*)

MARTHA: Oh, Captain Chadwick!

CAPTAIN CHADWICK: (*turning sharply*) Yes?

MARTHA: Aren't you going to take supper with me?

CAPTAIN CHADWICK: (*pleased*) What? Do you really want me now that we're enemies, you know, and all that?

MARTHA: Don't be silly. Of course I want you. You just sit down here, put your big gun beside your plate, and watch Robert. I'll promise, on my very, very honor, not to go near Robert except to put food in his mouth. Won't you stay, captain, please?

CAPTAIN CHADWICK: Well, you know, if you put it that way, Miss Pickering, I suppose—(*He sits down at the table, facing ROBERT; he lays the revolver beside him on the table. MARTHA sits opposite him. JOSIAH has been engaged in arranging the table, and waits on them, now that they begin to eat. KENNEDY is standing at the front of the stage, to the left, pistol in hand, watching the prisoner.*) I understand that I have your promise not to try—

MARTHA: Yes, yes, Captain. I said I wouldn't go near Robert, except to feed him. Poor Dobbums! (*She has carved a chicken, and while CAPTAIN CHADWICK is eating, she feeds her brother, eating very little herself.*)

CAPTAIN CHADWICK: I say, Miss Pickering, when you said we took your stuff, you didn't mean it, you know, did you? Why look at this bird, now. Best food I've tasted in two months.

MARTHA: (*still feeding ROBERT in large quantities*) Well, I suppose I shall admit that your troop is better than the ordinary.

CAPTAIN CHADWICK: Brace up, Kennedy; she means us. (*Looks up to find KENNEDY watching the meal greedily.*) Oh, I say, you've not had supper, have you?

KENNEDY: No, sir.

MARTHA: I should think, Captain, you were guard enough, yourself, with that pistol.

CAPTAIN CHADWICK: Yes, and your promise not to help—

MARTHA: Yes, I promise not to go near Robert again, if he's had enough to eat. Have you, Robert?

ROBERT: (*swallowing a last enormous mouthful with difficulty*) Enough to choke me, yes.

CAPTAIN CHADWICK: All right, Kennedy, go to your supper, and send me the first trooper who is through. I'll be responsible for Lieutenant Pickering till then.

KENNEDY: Thank you, sir. (*He goes out to the right.*)

ROBERT: Now, eat something yourself, Matty; you've been so busy feeding me you haven't taken a mouthful yourself, I think.

MARTHA: Oh, never mind me. But if King sends you to Elmira you won't get anything but bread and water, and precious little of that. Or if you get loose, as I think you will—

CAPTAIN CHADWICK: (*fingering his revolver.*) Oh, hardly, you know, Miss Pickering.

MARTHA: If you get loose, as I think you will, you'll have a long way to go, you know, to get to your regiment, and it may be hard work getting anything to eat. See?

ROBERT: Much obliged, sis; you're right, I guess. Think so, captain?

CAPTAIN CHADWICK: Why, yes. Your sister puts the thing awfully well, expresses it lucidly, and all that, but General King isn't nearly so bad as you think him, and they treat 'em very well at Elmira, I hear. As for escape, why, really, lieutenant, it's out of the question. (*Fingers the revolver again. There is a pause, while the captain and MARTHA go on eating. Presently JOSIAH, who has gone into the house, appears and hurries to MARTHA. He whispers in her ear.*)

MARTHA: Oh, captain, Josiah is in trouble with the tea kettle, as he always is. Excuse me just a moment, will you, please? (*She rises.*)

CAPTAIN CHADWICK: Of course, Miss Pickering. Anything I can do? (*Rising.*)

MARTHA: I think not, thank you. (*She goes hurriedly into the house with JOSIAH. CAPTAIN CHADWICK sits down and resumes eating. In a*

moment, MARTHA is heard to scream violently, within the house.) Oh, Captain Chadwick! oh, come!

(The captain springs from his chair, and, leaving the revolver lying on the table, rushes into the house. The moment he disappears, JOSIAH slips out the same door.)

CAPTAIN CHADWICK: (calling, within the house.) Where are you?

(JOSIAH, snatching the carving knife from the table, is now engaged in cutting the rope which ties ROBERT. Once released, ROBERT becomes quick and alert. He possesses himself of the revolver on the table, and is about to go out at the left, but JOSIAH motions him under the piazza. ROBERT makes a wry face at the thought of that uncomfortable place of concealment, but, seeing the advisability of making use of it, snatches out the board, crawls under, and with JOSIAH's help, puts the board in place. JOSIAH runs to the left of the stage, and stands looking out in that direction as MARTHA and the captain enter. The captain is bending over her hand.)

CAPTAIN CHADWICK: A scald is so painful.

MARTHA: Terribly painful.

CAPTAIN CHADWICK: (looking up) What! (in reproach) Oh, Miss Pickering! (calling at the right of stage) Trooper Kennedy, Lieutenant Rice! Orderly! Prisoner's escaped! (Some dozen troopers come running in, some with tin cups, immense pieces of bread, small hard biscuit, and other bits of food in their hands, come running in. TROOPER KENNEDY and LIEUTENANT RICE are among them.) I think he went there! (pointing out at left of stage.) Surround the house as soon as you can. Then spread out gradually and hunt every bit of the ground. Lieutenant, take two men and go down the road as hard as you can ride. Quickly, now! a big circle around the house, and gradually move away from it! (The troopers go off, some at right and some at left, leaving JOSIAH and MARTHA trembling on the piazza, and CAPTAIN CHADWICK standing in the centre of the stage. The captain bites his finger savagely once, then turns, and is about to stride off at the left, when GENERAL KING enters. GENERAL KING is a small and rather ugly man of fifty; he wears a heavy grizzled moustache; his clothes are dirty and wrinkled; his

*black felt hat is pulled down on his forehead; since he wears no coat, his shoulder-straps are fastened to his dark blue shirt with large safety pins; he carries no sword.)*

GENERAL KING: What the devil's the racket?

CAPTAIN CHADWICK: The racket? Why, the prisoner's escaped.

GENERAL KING: Pickering's escaped? That man Pickering's escaped? Well, by gad, somebody 'll suffer for letting him get away. Who was guarding him?

CAPTAIN CHADWICK: I was. I was called into the house, that old negro cut the rope, and he ran.

GENERAL KING: What did you go into the house for, sir? What called you into the house?

CAPTAIN CHADWICK: Miss Pickering did (*motioning to MARTHA.*) She burned her fingers.

GENERAL KING: (*laughing unpleasantly*) She burned her fingers, eh? Miss Pickering? Why, who's she?

CAPTAIN CHADWICK: The prisoner's sister.

GENERAL KING: (*furiously*) Damnation! the prisoner's sister, and you went into the house when she called you for a burned finger? By gad, sir, you go help your men find that rebel, for, if you don't get him back, I'll have you court-martialled, sir, for neglect of duty!

(CAPTAIN CHADWICK *salutes stonily and goes out at the left.* MARTHA *runs down to* GENERAL KING, *and takes his arm.*)

MARTHA: Oh, please don't, general.

(CAPTAIN CHADWICK *appears standing inside the door.*)

GENERAL KING: Don't what?

MARTHA: Don't have him court-martialled. He really thought I was scalding my hand. I was really going to scald it, at first, so I could scream hard. Please, sir.

GENERAL KING: The devil.

(*He turns savagely and marches out at the right.*)

MARTHA: Oh, isn't he horrid? (*She looks out after him a moment, then*

*runs to left of stage and looks out, runs back to right and looks. She comes to the place in the piazza where the board comes out, and, after a final glance around, whispers loudly) Robert! (At this point CAPTAIN CHADWICK, who has been watching closely, draws his revolver.)*

ROBERT: *(in a grunt under the piazza)* Yes.

MARTHA: They're hunting the place for you, but I think you can get to the saddle closet in the barn now. Go through the orchard where it's dark. *(During the latter part of this speech she has removed the board. ROBERT is now crawling out. He is about to start for the right side of the stage when he feels in the pocket where he put his revolver.)*

ROBERT: Left the gun under there. *(As he stoops to feel under the piazza, CAPTAIN CHADWICK steps out of the door and covers him with his revolver.)*

CAPTAIN CHADWICK *(excitedly)* Don't you do that! This time I'll shoot; I will. Are you prisoner?

ROBERT: *(with resignation)* Oh, thunder. Yes, sure, I'm prisoner, all right. For keeps this time, I reckon. *(Sits on edge of piazza with his head in his hands. Suddenly he sits up.)* Say, how did you happen to be there?

CAPTAIN CHADWICK: Why, you see, I thought you got away so quickly you must be in that place you wouldn't tell me about. And I knew that must be right here somewhere. It's an excellent good place, really. Excuse me if I holloa, Miss Pickering, please. Lieutenant Rice! Trooper Kennedy! *(Several troopers come running in, KENNEDY among them.)*

KENNEDY: Oh, have you got him?

CAPTAIN CHADWICK: Yes, he was under there. Tie him up again at the same place, please, only tie his feet, too. Then get your carbine and guard him.

ROBERT: Tie me up all you want, captain, but if it's all the same to you I'd rather you tied me to the floor, where I can lie down. Please don't stand me up against that post.

CAPTAIN CHADWICK: All right, Kennedy, just as the lieutenant prefers. Sure you don't care to give your parole again, lieutenant?

ROBERT: Eh, Matty? (MARTHA *shakes her head.*) No, guess not, captain, thank you so much.

(KENNEDY *ties ROBERT securely, and leaves him lying on the veranda near the table. KENNEDY runs out at the right a moment, returning with his carbine. LIEUTENANT RICE and the troopers who have been searching for ROBERT all enter while he is being bound, and then go out at the right. JOSIAH goes into the house. The stage is left with ROBERT, lying on the veranda with his eyes closed, KENNEDY pacing up and down in front of him, MARTHA standing half hidden in the doorway, and CAPTAIN CHADWICK at the front and right. GENERAL KING enters; he does not see MARTHA.*)

GENERAL KING: Understand you got him again, captain?

CAPTAIN CHADWICK: Yes, general.

GENERAL KING: Well, see that you keep that sentry over him all the time, and don't let the sister get hold of *him* and bamboozle him, the way she did you. They're putting my tent up behind here (*pointing out at the right*) if you want me. Sentry, (*to KENNEDY*), if that young woman tries any burned finger games on you, you laugh at her, and stay on your post, do you hear? (GENERAL KING *goes out, right.*)

MARTHA: (*coming from the doorway and moving down beside CAPTAIN CHADWICK*) I'm afraid the General is very angry with me for deceiving you, captain.

CAPTAIN CHADWICK: (*stiffly*) Nor, if you will pardon my saying so, do I blame him.

MARTHA: Oh, Captain Chadwick, how can you (*showing symptoms of coming tears*) think ill of me for using a little deceit to try to free my brother? Oh, unkind!

CAPTAIN CHADWICK: Ah, really, I didn't mean to be unkind, Miss Pickering. Please don't, under any circumstances, cry. You were quite justified, and—oh, *I don't care whether you tricked me or not.*

MARTHA: Oh, thank you.

CAPTAIN CHADWICK: Besides, he didn't get away.

MARTHA: That's just the trouble.

CAPTAIN CHADWICK: Never mind. General King won't treat him badly, and I'll tell you why.

MARTHA: Well, why?

CAPTAIN CHADWICK: Because he likes you.

MARTHA: Horsehair King likes me?

CAPTAIN CHADWICK: He certainly does; I never saw him treat anyone so well before, not the first time he met them.

MARTHA: Oh, how awfully horrid he must be to other folks.

CAPTAIN CHADWICK: Yes, he is. (*A pause.*) Miss Pickering, (*in a very serious tone*) I overheard what you said to General King about court martial; I want to say—

MARTHA: (*interrupting.*) Oh, Robert's asleep.

CAPTAIN CHADWICK: I'm very glad, I'm sure. But, Miss Pickering, I want to say—

MARTHA: Well, come inside and say it, then, where Mr. Kennedy won't hear. (*They go into the house, leaving KENNEDY pacing up and down in front of ROBERT, who is now snoring slightly. It is growing darker. It is some time before CAPTAIN CHADWICK and MARTHA appear in the doorway.*)

CAPTAIN CHADWICK: Yes, in a moment. (*He runs out at the right. MARTHA goes back into the house. GENERAL KING enters hurriedly from the right.*)

GENERAL KING: (*eagerly*) Where's Captain Chadwick?

KENNEDY: Just went toward the camp, sir. I think he's coming right back.

GENERAL KING: Run and get him for me, quick. I'll mind your prisoner.

(KENNEDY goes out right, leaving the general standing at the front of the stage. In a moment MARTHA appears in the doorway.)

MARTHA: General!

(GENERAL KING looks toward her. As he does so she runs across the veranda toward him. In passing the horseblock, however, she trips, and falls with a cry. The general hastens to her.)



GENERAL KING: Are you hurt?

MARTHA: Oh, yes, my ankle!

GENERAL KING: Sprained, I suppose.

MARTHA: (*groaning*) I'm afraid so.

GENERAL KING: Lie still, then. I'll run and get our doctor. He's just beyond my tent.

(*The general runs out at the right. No sooner has he gone than MARTHA jumps up, and runs to ROBERT. As she bends over him, she draws a small clasp-knife from the folds of her dress.*)

MARTHA: Wake up, Robert. Robert!

(*She cuts the cords around his wrists, and he sits up. At this moment, CAPTAIN CHADWICK comes running in from the right. MARTHA turns around.*)

CAPTAIN CHADWICK: What the devil! Why, stop—

MARTHA: Sh!

(*She turns back to ROBERT, but CAPTAIN CHADWICK runs forward and seizes her wrist. MARTHA jumps up and whispers in his ear. The captain shakes his head once or twice, saying "No!" sharply; then he appears perplexed, spreading out his hands, all the time with his eyes fixed closely on MARTHA; at last he turns toward the door.*)

CAPTAIN CHADWICK: Really?

MARTHA: Yes. (*She bends over ROBERT again.*)

CAPTAIN CHADWICK: Giving them aid and comfort! (*He goes into the house.. In a moment MARTHA finishes freeing ROBERT, who runs around the house to the left. Hardly has he gone when GENERAL KING enters hastily.*)

GENERAL KING: Can't find the doctor, ma'am—Damnation! Sprained ankle! Burned finger! Orderly!

(*CAPTAIN CHADWICK comes running out of the house.*)

CAPTAIN CHADWICK: Prisoner's gone, general!

GENERAL KING: Can't I see he has, you fool? (*The general runs off at right. A commotion is heard off the stage on that side; cries of "Orderly!"*)

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*from GENERAL KING, etc. CAPTAIN CHADWICK and MARTHA are left alone a moment. It has now grown almost dark. CAPTAIN CHADWICK seizes her in his arms a moment, just as KENNEDY runs in.)*

KENNEDY: Captain! Captain!

*The curtain falls.*

*S. A. Welldon.*

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THE UNRESIGNED.

"I do but sing because I must," he cried,  
Who in the stately sadness of his lay  
Brought back the gleam of red departed day  
To shine upon the bier he glorified.  
But even this sweetness is to me denied;  
And with no hope of meeting can I pray  
For some dear soul that waits me far away,  
Nor sleep my long sleep by a loving side.

Nor yet like him have I won out of pain  
The music that transcends the suffering;  
Nor seen the clear fresh face of far-off Spring  
Shine through the spaces of Autumnal rain.  
Nor have I felt contentment's quiet breath  
Drift from the dim pale chambers of Love's death.

*Arthur Davison Ficke.*

*THREE YEARS OR FOUR?*

To each of the several hundred Freshmen who are now entering Harvard College, this question sooner or later presents itself: "Will I graduate in three years or in four?" So much depends upon the answer that one might reasonably expect the official publications of the university to present a just and detailed statement of the respective advantages of the two plans. The Freshman may easily learn such matters as the cost of living in Cambridge, the ways of getting scholarships or getting on probation, and the nature of the courses of study open to him. But even if he happen to be so singularly inquiring as to read the annual reports of the President and the Deans,—and what Freshman ever does that?—he is more likely to be bewildered than enlightened in regard to the three-year plan. For he will find in one place the Board of Overseers speaking of "the system by which *students of unusual diligence or marked mental capacity* may obtain the degree of Bachelor of Arts in three years," and elsewhere the assurance that "*any young man of fair abilities* can now procure the degree in three years without hurry or overwork." Here and there in the reports, indeed, may be found some arguments of advocates of the three-year system,—one being that the quicker a student passes through college, the quicker he may begin professional study or business; another,—which certainly ought not to be allowed to hide its light under a bushel,—that earlier graduation means earlier marriage, and may thus avert the much-dreaded "race-suicide." In flippant moments such arguments seem like advertisements of an elixir of youth, guaranteed to make younger lawyers, younger doctors, and, last, but not least, younger husbands. Seriously speaking, however, it seems wrong that the little green-covered pamphlet containing extracts from the college catalogue,—a pamphlet to be found in every Freshman's room, and in other respects so useful to him,—should contain no comparative estimate of the two plans, no word of warning that there is danger in the shorter course.

Under such circumstances, is it surprising that year by year the proportion of three-year graduates rises? Parents (most of whom have a tendency to regard their sons as of "fair ability") welcome the saving in time, in expense, and in absence from home. Freshmen feel it not only their privilege, but also their duty to enter professional or business life a year earlier. Prospective employers look with favor on a young man who does in three years what others do in four. The practical shrewdness of age and the ambition of youth alike seem to point out the short way as the best. To a bargain-loving nation, a four-year degree "marked down to three years" is almost irresistibly tempting. The spirit which makes us eager to do things in the fastest possible time, to own the speediest horse or yacht, to establish "records," will impel any Freshman, not hopelessly lazy or stupid, to go through college as quickly as the law allows. Already about one-third of each graduating class is composed of three-year men; as time goes on, unless the consensus of college opinion is changed, we shall see the men who are most representative,—the men of "fair abilities" who come here not merely to have a good time,—taking their degrees in three years.

Recent graduates have had a good opportunity of seeing three-year and four-year men side by side, and of observing whether the three-year system lessens the value of the degree of Bachelor of Arts of Harvard College. To them that degree is the symbol of an ideal which probably all are conscious of having only imperfectly realized, but which they would not willingly see impaired. Not one of them, I hope, regards his degree simply as a certificate of having passed more or less successfully in seventeen courses. On just that narrow, technical definition, however, a few of the advocates of the three-year system build their defense; the man of fair abilities, we are told, can find time to do the work of seventeen courses just as well in three as in four years. Into the vigorous but perplexing arithmetical discussion about this point, one need not enter. Fortunately some believers in the three-year course have in their minds a higher,—though only a very slightly higher,—conception of the meaning of the degree: to them the diploma is a certificate of scholarship; and they claim that the scholarly attainments of the three-

year men will be as high as those of the four-year. Accepting for a moment their definition, those of us who have graduated within the last three years may point out certain indisputable facts which cast a strong doubt upon such a claim.

Every graduate and upperclassman knows very well that the required work of most courses may be done without getting more than a bowing acquaintance with the subject; to get on friendly footing with it, time for additional reading and,—above all,—for thinking, is necessary. Such time the three-year man, with his five and a half courses, if he be not of extraordinary abilities, cannot find except by devoting himself almost entirely to study. In other words, the man of fair abilities who takes in his Junior year five and a half courses of considerable difficulty, and who wishes to get a reasonable amount of intellectual benefit from each, must become a “grind.” The four-year man, with four courses, is confronted by no such necessity. Our three-year Junior, on the other hand, resorts in his extremity to that vicious system of cramming which defeats educational ends, and which is without question the greatest—because the most prevalent—evil now threatening the scholarship of Harvard undergraduates. Attempts are being made, especially in the large lecture courses of the Freshman and Sophomore classes, to do away with the cramming habit; but these can avail little as long as the average student is encouraged to do more work than he can well accomplish. Furthermore, not only does the offer of a three-year degree urge the undergraduate to extremely bad methods of study; it also tempts, if it does not compel, the instructor to reduce his standard of requirements. No one who has had the slightest experience in teaching, no one who has at all observed and compared the work of various classes, can help noticing that the standard of scholarship is affected quite as much by the average ability of the class as by the ability of the teacher. As the number of three-year men increases, the proportion among them of highly gifted students necessarily decreases: in each class there will be a large body of men of commonplace, respectable ability trying to do four years’ work in three. The presence of these is almost certain, how-

ever the teacher may strive to reach his ideals, to make the exaction of high grade work impracticable.

In spite of such facts, we are assured that the standard of Harvard College scholarship will not be lowered, and that the three-year graduate of today will be as well educated as the four-year graduate of former years. But is that sufficient? Would any American value very highly a tool or an engine which was recommended as just as good as that of ten years ago? Constant improvement ought to be expected in intellectual as well as in material things; each graduating class ought to be a higher educational product than its predecessor.

The three-year theorists make their fundamental error in assuming that the mere passage of time has little or no effect upon the scholarly attainment of each individual. In so doing, they deny authority and every-day experience. Compare their notion of the value of length of residence with that obtaining at the colleges of England. In Oxford, length of residence is the first and great requirement for the degree; an ambitious student is urged, not to cut short the period of his best intellectual development, but to distinguish himself by winning prizes or honors at graduation. Needless to say, one does not hear Oxford men complaining there that they didn't have time to try for such and such a prize because they wanted to "go through in three,"—a remark which is all too frequent at Harvard. But the reason why Oxford insists upon length of residence is not alone because she prefers quality rather than quantity of work, but also because she knows the value of time in relation to scholarship. That value everyone can discover for himself. Take two studies of approximately equal difficulty,—let us say, the history of Rome and the history of England. Study the former three hours a day for four months; the latter, four hours a day for three months. Your three-year theorist, fortified with his ever-ready multiplication table will congratulate you on knowing your English history just as well as your Roman, and on saving a month by working faster. But you yourself, and every teacher of experience, will feel sure that you know and appreciate the deeds of England less thoroughly than the deeds of Rome. Why? Because, as

Philip Gilbert Hamerton, in that splendid guide to the art of living, "The Intellectual Life," remarks: "You must *live* with your studies before they become a part of your spirit." To study six hours a day for one day is immeasurably less educative than to study one hour a day for six days. The hot-house rose, forced to grow at greater speed than her open-air sister, may be just as showy, but lacks the perfume which only the appointed time can bring. Nor is your intellect a machine which can be driven at a faster rate of speed in order to produce the same kind of work in a shorter time; it is a living organism subject to its own laws of development. To be sure, you may obtain just as good marks by distributing your courses over three years as over four; but be not deceived by such imperfect symbols, representative only of what you happen to know on the morning of the examination. Genuine scholarship, meaning a considerable range of permanently mastered information and a well trained power of judgment, is the slow fruit of years. The same man cannot become in three years as good a scholar as in four.

But, after all, does the degree of Bachelor of Arts imply nothing more than scholarship? The longer one is at college, the clearer one realizes that it is not alone the little learning, the four years' playing with seventeen pebbles on the shore of the ocean of knowledge, which makes the graduate of Harvard distinct from other less fortunate young men. Books may have taught us much; our academic life has taught us more. What we vaguely call our "outside interests," be they athletic, social, or literary,—the captaincy of a scrub baseball nine, the direction of a Boys' Club in the South End, the management of a dramatic performance,—whatever gives intercourse and co-operation, whatever combines responsibility with enjoyment,—those things are the invaluable complement of collegiate studies. In them is all the activity and none of the sordidness of the work-a-day world; in them, the chance to transform the ideals presented to us by the humanities into practical principles of conduct; in them, the best field for the slow growth of mind and character into maturity. Whatever attacks this side of college-life, lowers the value of the degree. The three-year course, when pursued by any student not of remarkable ability, compels the sacrifice either of scholarship or of

such college activities. What is worse, it takes away the best year of all, that Senior year in which the student, in whatever branch of outside interests he may have been engaged, has probably arrived at some position of leadership. The Freshman and Sophomore years are generally a time of haphazard attempts and failures; the Junior year finds men beginning to understand what there is in college life which can best develop their individual powers; the Senior year offers to the maturing man who has "found himself" the chance to exercise his particular talents in a noble environment, and thus to learn the difficult art of living. If college education be of any value at all, no other year of a man's life can give him so glorious an opportunity of becoming what each Bachelor of Arts ought to be,—a man of culture. Such men are needed everywhere; Harvard College ought to be pre-eminent in sending them forth. She has succeeded in the past; she can succeed in the future,—but only by resolutely turning away from a system which magnifies examinations at the expense of real scholarship, which values a year of business or professional study higher than a year devoted to liberal arts and sciences, which worships the spirit of haste rather than the spirit of thoroughness, which places superficial and temporary advantages above sound and lasting benefits.

*Ernest Bernbaum.*



## SONNET.

Though thou be lonely as the stars that gaze  
Across strange spaces steadfastly ; unknown  
Though thou shalt move, as tropic petals blown  
On wide, cold, silent winds down frozen ways,  
Yet from the outward to the inner praise.  
Thine ear inclining, must thou hark the tone  
Of that Divine whose spiritual throne  
Slowly within thy soul these sorrows raise.  
The portioned harmony unheard, the slow  
Amazing beauty néver seen of eye  
The peace unsought, the silent power—lo!  
These are the spirit's! If the world deny  
And leave thee friendless where dark waters flow,  
Who walks with God heeds not its passing by.

W. H

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JOSEPH CONRAD.

“More praised than read,” somebody has dubbed Mr. Conrad. It is true that he has had no sweeping popularity. But the praise that he has received places him in that select upper circle of the serious literary workers among the younger men; and once there it matters little if he be not included in the multitude that count their success by the publisher's check and advertise their genius in the street-car. This does not mean that Mr. Conrad's work is in any degree neglected or obscure; no doubt he could, if he chose, tally a few thousand in his circulation. But he is a sincere workman, and measures his success by his own and not the public's standard. It is, therefore, his misfortune to be in the main a writer's writer. There is about his work

some elusive literary or artistic quality that has drawn the attention more of literary men than of the "great reading public."

Though it accomplishes little to analyze a work of art, yet such study of Mr. Conrad may possibly lead to a keener appreciation of his work, and even avoid misunderstanding. There is, for example, a story called *The Idiots* in which he seems at first sight to be grossly imitative. It is the story of a young French peasant, proud of his farm, proud of his ancestors and his wife, and hopeful of the future. But his children come to him every one idiots. Finally he takes to drinking; he abuses his wife, and she kills him at last and then commits suicide. Not at all a pretty tale, to be sure, but less revolting of course as Mr. Conrad tells it. One cannot read it without thinking of Maupassant. And it suggests him in many respects. It is just such a charming subject as the Frenchman would choose; and it is told with his lack of hysteria, his restraint, and a good deal of his art. But inspected closely it appears to be a very poor imitation. The tragedy is a little too sweeping; not refined enough; it terrifies sufficiently, but it does not do so with that extreme nicety of selection which Maupassant would show. And the style is too rough-shod; it is not fine and clear-cut. Where Maupassant draws one line, Mr. Conrad blurs in two or three. Here, then, Mr. Conrad might appear open to the charge of imitative, and poorly imitative, work; he might even be accused of careless technique. Neither of which is exactly just.

Before further characterizing his work it may be best to note the development of his material and method. His first book was published in 1895—*Almayer's Folly*, a tale of the "civilizing" white man in the Dutch East Indies. The next year *An Outcast of the Islands* followed, much similar in subject though better in form. Then rapidly appeared *Lord Kim*, *The Inheritors* (a collaboration), *Children of the Sea*, *Tales of Unrest*, and *Youth*. They are practically all tales of the sea or the far East, before the great Canal "changed things." The first of them proclaimed a venter of new wares; those following never disappointed. But they were all found a little

puzzling. Other people had written South Sea stories—too many in fact. Stevenson even had written them well. Some of them had “atmosphere” in abundance; many of them had far more “human interest.” Yet these later stories were something different, there was a strange new quality unfelt in the older books.

This elusive element fascinated the critics and was given many names. It was called poetic imagination, and artistic insight, and the other pet terms of phrase by which one’s opinions may be concealed. But it could not be tucked away into any of the usual pigeon-holes. Some few were exasperated, but the majority called it weird and hurried on to the next chapter. No one, however, has taken much trouble to ask who Mr. Conrad might be; true, it was evident that he had gone down to the sea in ships; and nothing more seemed important. But it seems that Mr. Conrad was born in Poland, and that it was only after some ten or twelve years in English ships that he fell so low as to write books. That seems to me significant. In this curious combination of the Continental, the Slav in fact, and the Briton, much that is baffling in Mr. Conrad’s work can be explained.

Notice first his material. The earliest book of importance was *An Outcast of the Islands*. It is mostly a South Sea story, in which a man left there alone becomes slowly morbid; the white man that has come to conquer is subjugated by those very elements, softened, degenerated. An old theme and not very attractive, one must admit; yet this, the least significant part of humanity, can be worked into readable shape by instilling a sufficient quantity of “atmosphere.” And that Mr. Conrad does well. The ugly forest is here made to live—not corporate, but somehow possessing an impersonal fatal existence of its own. This quality is predominant, and is the beginning of a significant development.

*The Nigger of the Narcissus* is more imposing. It narrates the course of the bark *Narcissus*, in which a negro dying with consumption tries to hide the fact by sundry tricks; a mutiny is vaguely threatened; a storm is survived; and the negro dies and is buried just before they reach land. That, for a good story, is a pretty slender and uninteresting framework. And, to be

honest, the interest is not very absorbing. The whole thing is not much more than a piece of excellent literary handiwork. The characterizations are elaborated with much care; but they fall short. Nobody really walks up and down the *Narcissus'* decks—though some fairly life-like puppets do a good deal of promendading. The nigger is for us as for his shipmates, and even perhaps for Mr. Conrad, a good deal of a bore. And Donkin the villain is unfortunately overshadowed by the *Ebb-Tide's* earlier picture of the same type. But if the persons are not alive the non-persons are very much the opposite. The *Narcissus* has very convincing life, and she lives through a very convincing storm. The background that was made to have life in *An Outcast*, though changed here to the sea, again is the convincing part of the book. It is not the vague sea of maps and charts and names, it is rather the sea of the forecastle, seen first hand, the sea that you may have had merely suggested as you watched the little tramp sailer pitching past your liner. Here is a bit of it: "The passage had begun; and the ship, a fragment detached from the earth, went on, lonely and swift like a small planet. Round her the abyss of sea and sky met in an unattainable frontier. A great circular solitude moved with her, ever changing and ever the same, always monotonous and always imposing. Now and then another wandering white speck, burdened with life, appeared far off and disappeared, intent on its own destiny. The sun looked upon her all day, and every morning rose with a burning round stare of undying curiosity." Not, perhaps, the way a sailor would tell it—but a picture that he would see.

*Tales of Unrest* marks a long advance. There are several stories, some of them going back to the East, some like *The Idiots* dwelling in the West. Man has here come more into his own—there is "human interest" in abundance; but he never loses his relation to the background. He is always part of a larger whole, never himself the whole. The background may be still the South Seas—and here Mr. Conrad is at his best; or it may be simply fate writ in large letters, as, again, in *The Idiots*.

The last book, *Youth; a narrative, and two other tales*, is much similar. But the art is a little finer. The first story is of the sea again; and it is that

same living fore-castle sea. But man has taken a slightly more important position. It is not man subjugated by his surroundings, but fighting them, and given a chance to subjugate. So, too, in the second story, *The Heart of Darkness*; though it is throughout poetic, almost mystical, it makes man less and less a mere puppet. And such stories at the end of such progress indicate fairly Mr. Conrad's material in a matured form.

Plainly this is not ordinary work in its subject; and, though perhaps not equally plainly, it is not ordinary in treatment. It is at all events obvious that a good deal of literary ability is necessary to make that material over into artistic form. The very uniqueness of matter prejudices one. And though after some reading one's doubts have vanished it is quite worth while to search a little for his secret. The reason that Mr. Conrad does not fail miserably in that task is that he is in no small degree a prose-poet. And the elusive quality in his method of rendering it seems the result of the mixture of the Continental and the British.

The artist in Mr. Conrad is the Continental part. He has that faculty, which Tolstoi and Turgenev and the others have, of taking the routine of life and finding in it some of the beauty that nature offers everywhere. What beauty there can be in the life pictured by *The Idiots* it is a little hard to see. But there is an artistic beauty, and a natural tragedy there. The Continental mind seems to have in it enough of the fatalist to enjoy putting man into wretched circumstances and watching Fate play the kitten to their pretty spool. Mr. Conrad's Fate shifts form rapidly; it is forest or sea or the demon in men; but it is always looming. So he will take a man's surroundings, and with practically no story to tell create a tragedy that is almost irresistible. Critics have actually called his a Grecian irony. It is no cheerful world that he draws, not a world where a man can easily rise above mere circumstances. His later work gives man a better chance, is a little more hopeful. But it is always irony, and man is pretty thoroughly the puppet of a bigger force that you may call Nature or God or what you will. The philosophy of such an attitude I am not anxious to discuss; but it is, to my mind at least, very un-English, and quite Continental.

On the other hand, Mr. Conrad looks, if I may say it, through British glasses. The foreign qualities are easier to lay one's finger on. One can find the English only by noticing what he does *not* do. People have likened him to Loti—the Englishman shows up in his differences. Where Loti is brutal he is clumsy, but finer in feeling; where one is sensuous, the other is spiritual. And, most distinguishing, the Englishman has no "form." The former always has everything neatly lined up with his system, everything must be fitted into its place, all the parts be "just so." The Englishman, on the other hand, is overwhelmed by his material, and where he should shape and polish he merely records, where he should drive he is driven; and though he meanders so pleasantly that one scarcely frets, one cannot but feel that his lack of subordination, of artistic contrast, all his jumbling of the trivial and the significant, show him completely the Anglo-Saxon.

The mere technique of Mr. Conrad's work shows equally well the same contrast. Where his matter is actually turbulent his style exhibits a placid calm that rivals Turgeniev. Yet, as I pointed out in connection with *The Idiots*, he is not so clean-cut as the Continental artists. He is careful, painstaking, nice in the extreme, but he is always a little clumsy and lacking in the finer gradations. His earlier work is very loose-jointed; take a bit from *An Outcast*: "On Lingard's departure solitude and silence closed round him, the cruel silence of one abandoned by men, the reproachful silence which surrounds an outcast rejected by his kind, the silence unbroken by the slightest whisper of hope, an immense, an impenetrable silence that swallows up without echo the murmur of regret and the cry of revolt." A "multitudinous tandem" surely; later he attains more nicety—there is a well turned phrase in one of his later stories:—"that faculty of beholding at a hint the face of his desire and the shape of his dream, without which the world would know no lover and no adventurer." The two qualities are hopelessly mixed.

This, be it remembered, is neither praise nor blame. It would not be impossible to find some decided faults; this, however, is merely an attempted explanation of what seems "weird" in Mr. Conrad's work. To be sure, he is very perverse—he will continually do things that seem at first to reject any

such double-nature theory. He will write character-sketches, short character-comedies, witty little passages, that seem out of place in his Slavic soberness; and, on the other hand, he will sometimes display a luxuriance of fancy quite impossible in an Englishman. But he is "versatile" as they say, and this double-nationality is forced to take many disguises. A realization of that tendency, however, might possibly make his work less misunderstood, and himself less a writer's writer.

*W. H. L. Bell.*

## Editorial.

Custom demands a word of advice to Freshmen. Enough, no doubt, has been said already, but this is a big place, bewildering at first, and the catalogue does not tell one everything; so we cannot resist one word more. And it is in fact only one word—"work." It is the high-road to a reasonable satisfaction with one's college life. Some men come to college to make friends; but, though few can do without them, that should scarcely be one's sole ambition. College, unless it is to be the school for loafing that "practical" men declare it, must teach men to think and to work. This does not mean at all that every man should set out to be a prize scholar. The other forms of activity may equally well do similar service. Many men, to be sure, go through college and have a delightful time without doing the least perceptible work; others rouse themselves too late to accomplish anything. When Senior year comes closing in, however, it is apt to bring with it a few regrets. And then, neglecting the friends one makes in the achievement and the resulting social life, it is comforting to have a cup or a shingle that has been fairly earned.

A more self-interested purpose, of course, is behind all this philosophizing. That is to suggest literary work—and our literary work—to everyone that has any taste or ability in that line. The MONTHLY has attained an unfortunate name for being high and "literary," hard to make and little satisfactory when made. Literary it must of course remain—that is its only excuse for being; and we should much dislike to have it other than hard to make. But we do not want it to be forbiddingly literary, or discouragingly hard. And we have, therefore, in some degree revised our standards.

"Plain living and high thinking" is a very pretty motto; but without discussing the first part we are going to be so bold as to amend the rest. A little plain thinking is not an undesirable thing. A sort of literary-ism is



apt to pervade such work as ours in college papers. And it is that which we aim to leave out. Abstruse literary criticism, therefore, full of strange names and large resounding phrases cribbed from Brownell, is farthest from our desires. The only excuse for a literary paper is, in our eyes, that it encourage thinking on literary matters. Almost every man has some literary ideas, be they passing fads or well-worn theories. In these there is material for the only literary criticism that can have value in an undergraduate journal. The application of classic formulæ to a modern novelist, or the headlong reasoning of an iconoclast, either is acceptable; the only condition is that it show some actual thought. Many have an idea that to write literary criticism presupposes a stock of aphoristic phrases and a certain clever abortion of the normal sentence. Justified these accusations may be, but they need not be encouraged. It is not even the good literary handiwork that we want most, not themes and English A experiments but rather an expression of literary ideas, with reasonable respect for the King's English.

In fiction our field is a little less sharply outlined. As a general rule we seek rather to publish the most serious fiction that comes from undergraduate hands, feeling that we thereby do the most purely literary work and at the same time least infringe on the sphere of the other papers. But here, too, our chief insistence is on freedom from any literary affectation. Not that we do not expect the best possible literary forms; but we prefer the sincerity that comes of serious work rather than, again, mere cleverness of technique.

Finally there is a tradition, not altogether unjustified, that the MONTHLY cares to print only "poetry." Probably every literary paper cherishes some such fond delusion. If there is, however, any prime requisite for poetry it is that same sincerity and lack of affectation on which we are so violently harping. We shall therefore content ourselves with calling it, frankly, "verse." The word, to be sure, covers a multitude of metrical sinnings; we do not intend its use to invite everything from the crudely Kiplingesque to the "clever" verse. But we prefer to err by understatement rather than by its opposite,—and to have one affectation the less. Upon verse form we put one

restriction: sonnets we accept—but only the rarest. As to subject we do not encourage effusions about the going up and coming down of the sun—those have been written several times; and love meriting serious expression should properly be beyond the ken of undergraduates. All else we try, however imperfectly, to consider on its merits; and the chief merit we hold to be in vigorous unaffected verse.

This much exhortation applies not alone to Freshmen. For them it is only the ounce of prevention. For Sophomores and Juniors we trust it may be part of the pound of cure. Neither class yet has any man on the MONTHLY board. It is needless to say that any work submitted from those classes will receive the greatest possible encouragement.

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Athleticism clearly holds the stage. The graduates have erected an enormous stadium and have, in a way, and whether we willed or no, almost institutionalized our athletics. The conservative might have grumbled a little, talked about the Library's needs, and suggested that wooden benches would do for football. There is little use, however, in standing aside to let the crowd pass on its way, and giving reasons for believing that way wrong. We were bound to follow the current and do what little we could toward steering it rightly. So we are an athletic power, do our utmost to make our teams the best, and are as thoroughly athletic as we can conscientiously be. In the midst of this athletic furor, however, it is refreshing to see that our governing bodies and our graduates cling to some of the old traditions. In face of a pretty discouraging failure at New London, the *Bulletin* still holds out against the professional coach. That the professional coach was an advantage had just then been too clearly illustrated and driven home. In a good many departments, too, we have lapsed over into the now general custom. But there is much, outside of pure sentiment, to be said for the graduate coach.

It is an old and perhaps affected boast that we would rather be beaten like gentlemen than win otherwise. Why we should not win too as gentlemen has never been clear. There is more ground for preferring to lose like amateurs than to win like professionals. Here, however, the chances are more against us; there can be little doubt that a professional team has a big advantage. That a professional coach necessarily makes a professional team is of course not the inference; all one can say is that the team thus coached has much of the advantage of a professional team. But there are disadvantages. For to the professional coach a victory is a matter of business—a clause in his contract that he is bound to fulfil—and it is but natural that he should do everything in his power to turn out the best fighting machine. A big game becomes then a battle between two hired coaches, machine against machine, not college against college. The coach may of course be above anything unamateurish, though the pressure must be strong the other way; but even then his team is still the athletic machine, and the game is for them, too, a matter of business. Few who have watched the Yale games recently failed to realize what a very serious affair it was for all concerned. The last name that would occur to one would be “sport.” The present system would be only worse if we, too, adopted professional coaching. Little good comes of blaming the system; it is far better to make the best of existing conditions. It is not impossible to win the Yale game with a graduate coach, that has been demonstrated. A professional coach is clearly one more step toward out-and-out athleticism. One important college taking a decided stand against the latter might change that tendency in all the colleges; and such a change would make athletics far more nearly synonymous with sport.

### Book Notice.

THE METTLE OF THE PASTURE. By James Lane Allen. New York: The Macmillan Company.

For two things we have to thank Mr. Allen: he has shown that a "problem" can be handled with decency and delicacy; and without being didactic his book leaves one thinking. As to the first, his task, of course, is easier than that of the regular problem-play writer. The latter has to hold a varied audience, which is just *blasé* enough to relish neatly-worded *risqué*-ness, while the novelist's audience has not paid for its seat and is at liberty to "skip." Nevertheless, in Mr. Allen's book one is seldom tempted to do any skipping, and one does not lay the book aside unfinished. The difference is probably deeper than that between stage and library. It is largely, I fancy, a matter of attitudes. Mr. Pinero, for instance, must write "drawing" plays; Mr. Allen is not so much concerned with the financial side of "art"; the former caters to the laughing man, the latter to the thinking; one finds his best tool in the suggestive and morbid, the other in the wholesome. When you leave the problem play you go off to supper; when you leave Mr. Allen's book you are tempted to think a little. It is a relief to find that the latter sort *can* be made absorbing and interesting. Mr. Allen is well fitted for just that kind of work: his production is slow, and, perhaps consequently, careful, painstaking and sincere. That is the chief requisite.

That a problem-novel can be written which will not repel a little by virtue of its school-master's attitude is also comforting. Mr. Allen is never the school-master. The last chapter very artistically conceals a moral; otherwise you would never know that you were being instructed. One is tempted to take up the argument, and carry it on. Wasn't the girl a little selfish, shouldn't she have forgiven, etc.? But it would be paraphrasing a poem. Mrs. Ward, for instance, could not have kept herself from asking and promptly answering all those questions; and she ran a very grave danger of boring

her audience. Mr. Allen tells a story, and allows himself no explanatory notes as to his characters. That he can work so simple a plot and so plain a problem into artistic form is another tribute to his now recognized literary ability.

*W. H. L. B.*

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### **Books Received.**

AIDS TO THE STUDY OF DANTE. By Charles Allen Dinsmore. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. \$1.50 net.

ESSAYS ON GREAT WRITERS. By Henry Dwight Sedgewick, Jr. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. \$1.50 net.

A DREAM OF REALMS BEYOND US. By Adair Welcker. San Francisco: Cubery and Company.

MY CANDLES AND OTHER POEMS. By Eliza Boyle O'Reilly. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

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# The HARVARD MONTHLY~



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# THE HARVARD MONTHLY.

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## *SUNIUM*

These are the strings of the Aegean lyre  
Across the sky and sea in glory hung:  
Columns of white thro' which the wind has flung  
The clouds and stars and drawn the rain and fire.  
Their flutings now to fill the notes' desire  
Are strained and dubious, yet in music young  
They cast their full-blown answer far along  
To where in sea the island hills expire.  
How bravely from the quarry's earthen gloom  
In snow they rose amid the blue to stand  
Melodious and alone on Sunium!  
They shall not wither back into the land.  
The sun that harps them with his golden hand  
Doth slowly with his hand of gold consume.

## *MT. LYKAION*

Alone on Lykaion since man hath been  
Stand on the height two columns, where at rest  
Two eagles hewn of gold sit looking East  
Forever; and the sun goes up between.  
Far down around the mountain's oval green  
An order keeps the falling stones abreast.

Below within the chaos last and least  
A river like a curl of light is seen.  
Beyond the river lies the even sea,  
Beyond the sea another ghost of sky.—  
O God, support the sickness of my eye  
Lest the far space and long antiquity  
Suck out my heart and on this awful ground  
The great wind kill my little shell with sound.

*NEAR HELIKON*

By such an all-enbalming summer day  
As sweetens now among the mountain pines  
Down to the cornland yonder and the vines  
To where the sky and sea are mixed in gray,  
How do all things together take their way  
Harmonious to the harvest, bringing wines  
And bread and light and whatsoe'er combines  
In the large wreath to make it round and gay.  
To me my troubled life doth now appear  
Like scarce distinguishable summits hung  
Around the blue horizon : places where  
Not even a traveller purposeth to steer,—  
Whereof a migrant bird in passing sung,  
And the girl closed her window not to hear.

*ELEUSIS*

Here for a thousand years processional  
Winding around the Eleusinian bay,  
The world with drooping eyes has made her way  
By stair and portal to the sombre Hall.

As then the litanies antiphonal  
Obscurely through the pillars sang away,  
It dawned, and in a shaft of sudden day  
Demeter smiling gave her bread to all.  
They drew as waves out of a twilight main,  
Long genuflecting multitudes, to feed  
With God upon the sacramental grain.  
And lo, the temple veil was rent in twain ;  
But thro' the rift their choirs in silver train  
Still passing out rehearsed the human creed.

*MT. IDA*

I

I long desired to see, I now have seen.  
Yonder the heavenly everlasting bride  
Draws the white shadows to her virgin side,  
Ida, whom long ago God made his Queen.  
The daylight weakens to a fearful sheen ;  
The mountains slumber seaward sanctified,  
And cloudy shafts of bluish vapour hide  
The places where a sky and world have been.  
O Ida, snowy bride that God espoused  
Unto that day that never wholly is,  
Whiten thou the horizon of my eyes,  
That when the momentary sea aroused  
Flows up in earthquake, still thou mayest rise  
Sacred above the quivering Cyclades.

II

Art thou still veiled and ne'er before my sight  
At sunset, as I yearn to see thee most,

Wilt thou appear in crimson robes and lost  
Aloft the crystal vapours of the night?  
Is it the rule of all things infinite  
To trail across remoteness and in clouds  
The glory of their sacerdotal shrouds  
And shade with evening their eternal light?  
O travellers abroad the mortal plain  
On weary beasts of burden overta'en  
By the unspeakable hours, I say: Press on.  
For tho' a little part be hardly seen,  
Hope spangles out the rest and while ye strain  
Another cloud already, look, is gone.

## III

As now my ship at midday passes out  
Into the lonely circles of the sea,  
Thou o'er thy Southern island loftily  
Vague in the light appearest like a thought.  
Over the blazing waves my vessel caught  
Continues more into infinity:  
And, as adoring I look after thee,  
My eyes see white and in thy place is nought.  
In the decline and speed of human things  
When Time drags on the dreamer by the hand  
Like an unwilling child and reprobate,  
It is enough if on the parting sings  
The certain voice he could not understand—  
It is enough, it is not yet too late.

*Trumbull Stickney.*

## THE POETRY OF WILLIAM WATSON.

Mr. Watson's position as a poet is, at present, rather unique. This will be seen if we take as typical of the time the three English poets who are probably best known—Mr. Kipling, Mr. Stephen Phillips and Mr. Watson. Each of these represents a particular kind of poetry: Mr. Kipling gives us life with primal strong emotions; Mr. Phillips romantic life with sensuous, more refined emotions; Mr. Watson, quite differently, gives us not life, but a commentary on life, finely critical and sophisticated. Of these three kinds of poetry, by far the most usually attempted is the second; the first few try, and none but Mr. Kipling does well; the third, represented by Mr. Watson, is also rare. To subdivide this third class, let us assume that the *commentary on life* touches first life as reflected in the actions of men, and, secondly, as reflected in the written thoughts of men. In this second division of the third class I place the greater and better part of Mr. Watson's poetry. Of course so finite a classification is dogmatic, but it best explains my assertion that Mr. Watson occupies rather a unique place.

Supposing then that this classification is just, we should expect to find that Mr. Watson's work makes its appeal, not emotionally, but to the intellectual and æsthetic sense. This is true. Supposing again that the appeal is rarely emotional, we should expect to find, since life consists mainly of emotions, great and small, that when Mr. Watson attempts to deal with life direct, he is not over-successful. This is also, in the main, true. We may then disregard that small part of his verse which thus concerns itself, and consider only that larger amount which is a *commentary on life reflected through the written thoughts of men*.

The analogy is directly apparent, therefore, between the poetry of Mr. Watson and that of his immediate predecessor, Matthew Arnold. Arnold, in his day, occupied a unique place very similar to Mr. Watson's; his temperament was likewise finely critical and sophisticated; his poetry took its inspiration from much the same kind of theme. Each owns as his master Words-

worth. Each is calm and austere rather than sensuous and impassioned. One might almost say that the predominant trait of Mr. Watson's poetry is the oft-quoted "Sweetness and Light" of Arnold.

Mr. Watson's first volume of poems appeared in 1880 entitled *The Prince's Quest and Other Poems*. At that early time Mr. Watson was very plainly under the influence of Keats. Of the *Prince's Quest*, a poem in sensuous couplets after the manner of *Endymion*, Rossetti said that it was "good." In 1884 were printed the *Epigrams*. In 1890 Mr. Watson made his first real impression with a volume containing *Wordsworth's Grave* and various other poems. Since that time he has published eight or ten small volumes. In 1899 he accumulated into the *Collected Poems* all that he thought worthy of being retained; among other things he rejected the *Prince's Quest* and some three-fifths of the *Epigrams*. This volume may be taken as representing the bulk of Mr. Watson's work. It contains three hundred scantily-filled pages and can be read through in less than two hours. Evidently then Mr. Watson is not a prolific writer. If he were, one might venture to say, he would have rejected more than he did of his earlier work, as a quarter of this book is below his normal standard. Perhaps he felt this himself. At any rate, he has allowed the volume to go out of print and has replaced it by the *Selected Poems*, which shows him at his best.

Mr. Watson is not what may be called an original singer. Thus justly he defines his position in his *Apologia*:

I bring nought new,  
Save as each noontide or each Spring is new,  
Into an old and iterative world,  
And can but proffer unto whoso will  
A cool and nowise turbid cup, from wells  
Our fathers digged; and have not thought it shame  
To tread in nobler footprints than mine own.

Mr. Watson is a disciple of the past masters; to him the great glory is to carry on the best tradition. If all the poetry of former ages had perished he would never have felt the inner spirit urging him to express in rhythm any unrestrainable feelings. He writes because poetry is to him a very noble and

beautiful art to which he ought to add what he can. Molière once said, thinking more of matter than of method, "Je prends mon bien où je le trouve." Mr. Watson might say the same of his method. He knows thoroughly, no one better, the development, the manner of English poetry. He "takes his good" not in imitation, but in knowledge of how to express most aptly what he desires to say. This constant study of classical models is accountable, no doubt, for much of what I termed Mr. Watson's *finely critical sophisticated temper*. And this temper is, in its turn, accountable for the invariable and seemingly instinctive felicity that so enriches his verse. To such a writer expression that is meretricious or thought that is decadent is near to impossible. For throughout Mr. Watson not only "takes his good" but takes the best. On the other hand this classic attitude makes easier the drop from the sublime to the commonplace, if the writer is tempted beyond his power of thought by his power of expression. Thus we sometimes find in the same poem great beauty followed and preceded by lines of tediousness, whose only fault is that they have been expressed too often by others, though perhaps not half so well; lines, I mean, like these,

Man only, irked by calm, and rent  
By each emotion's throes,  
Neither in passion finds content,  
Nor finds it in repose,

which are obviously not as effective as they would have been some centuries earlier. With this compare Mr. Watson's treatment of a sentiment quite as old as that in the stanza quoted, but one that has been so far beyond the expression of most poets. He says in the octave of a sonnet called *Estrangement*, "So we have fallen apart for life, and news of either will mean nought to the other." See how superbly Mr. Watson goes on with the idea:

Thus may a captive in some fortress grim,  
From casual speech betwixt his warders, learn  
That June on her triumphal progress goes  
Through arched and bannered woodlands; while for him  
She is a legend emptied of concern,  
And idle is the rumour of the rose.



The expression could not be more ultimate, the idea more consummately handled. Let us compare the way Matthew Arnold said exactly the same thing:

Then, when we meet, and thy look strays towards me,  
 Scanning my face and the changes wrought there,  
*Who, let me say, is this Stranger regards me,*  
*With the grey eyes, and the lovely brown hair?*

Arnold's version of the same thought is just as human, just as poignant; yet Arnold would have been the first to recognize that here Mr. Watson had as assuredly attained the *grand style* as he himself had not. There could not be a better example to illustrate what I have been trying to show, that Mr. Watson, though not original, and though inspired mainly by what has gone before, is capable of very noble and poetic expression of very noble and poetic ideas, can, in his own words,

Proffer unto whoso will  
 A cool and nowise turbid cup  
 From wells our fathers digged.

Appreciative of the poetry of others, subtly conscious of their beauties, Mr. Watson is to a very delicate degree of precision. Several of his most arresting poems are those in which he finds,

In singers' selves . . . a theme of song,  
 Holding these also to be very part  
 Of Nature's greatness.

Here are some of the "singers' selves" from whom he draws inspiration: Wordsworth, Shelley, Arnold, Tennyson, Shakespeare, Keats, Landor, Byron; and there are many others. Let us take a stanza from *Shelley's Centenary*, and then a few from *Wordsworth's Grave*, and see how delicately Mr. Watson can phrase his impressions of two poets so dissimilar. Here is the first, of Shelley:

And in his gusts of song he brings  
 Wild odours shaken from strange wings,  
 And unfamiliar whisperings  
     From far lips blown,  
 While all the rapturous heart of things  
     Throbs through his own.

Here is the second, of Wordsworth :

Poet who sleepest by this wandering wave!  
 When thou wast born, what birth-gift hadst thou then?  
 To thee what wealth was that the Immortals gave,  
     The wealth thou gavest in thy turn to men?

Not Milton's keen, translunar music thine;  
 Not Shakespeare's cloudless, boundless human view;  
 Not Shelley's flush of rose on peaks divine;  
     Nor yet the wizard twilight Coleridge knew.

What hadst thou that could make so large amends  
 For all thou hadst not and thy peers possessed,  
 Motion and fire, swift means to radiant ends?—  
     Thou hadst, for weary feet, the gift of rest.

From Shelley's dazzling glow or thunderous haze,  
 From Byron's tempest-anger, tempest-mirth,  
 Men turned to thee and found—not blast and blaze,  
     Tumult of tottering heavens, but peace on earth.

Nor peace that grows by Lethe, scentless flower,  
 There in white languors to decline and cease;  
 But peace whose names are also rapture, power,  
     Clear sight, and love: for these are parts of peace.

Here Mr. Watson has found a field where he is unquestionably supreme. There has never been a poet who could thus stamp upon the imagination an instantaneous impression of his great predecessors; Arnold had the power to a certain extent, but he could not write lines like these, instinct with the very essence of their subject.

*Style* is the secret of this success. Mr. Watson has sure mastery over his expression and his music. *Style* is his great achievement.. The form is dis-

tinguished; the phrasing exact and felicitous; the music alluring. Of form and phrasing I have already given enough examples, of music let me give a few that will show more potently the cadence, the delicate sweep of Mr. Watson's verse. I wish to make these as unlike as possible. First is a bit from *England, My Mother* that rings with the clang of an Anglo-Saxon battle poem:

England my mother,  
Wardress of waters,  
Builder of peoples,  
Maker of men,—

Hast thou yet leisure  
Left for the muses?  
Heeds't thou the songsmith  
Forging the rhyme?

Here are two elegiacs from the *Hymn to the Sea* that sound like waves beating on the shore:

Lover whose vehement kisses on lips irresponsible are squandered,  
Lover that woorest in vain Earth's imperturbable heart;  
Sea that breakest forever, that breakest and never art broken,  
Like unto thine, from of old, springeth the spirit of man.

Lastly a stanza from the *Ode in May*:

What is so sweet and dear  
As a prosperous morn in May,  
The confident prime of the day,  
And the dauntless youth of the year,  
When nothing that asks for bliss,  
Asking aright, is denied,  
And half of the world a bridegroom is,  
And half of the world a bride?

These three instances are most unhappily short. But they show, I think, a musical quality ranging over various metres, that is Mr. Watson's third great gift, the first being a *finely critical temper*, and the second a *rare felicity of phrase*. I know of but one instance where a poet has so caught the spirit of

Anglo-Saxon verse as in our first example ; that instance is Tennyson's *Battle of Brunanburh*: Clough is the only poet who could frame elegiacs nobler than those in the *Hymn to the Sea*: Swinburne might pride himself on the *Ode in May*. But no one of these poets could do all these three things. It is again, I think, Mr. Watson's intimate knowledge of his predecessors' methods that can make possible this in him.

In this attempt to appreciate Mr. Watson's poetry, I have selected those things in his work which appear to me most admirable. Although his bulk of production is not yet great, there are individual poems that mark him as one of the three most important poetical figures of England. And this is in spite of the fact that his field is very limited, very unique. In him we find joined delicacy, integrity and nobility, of thought and of expression. Although his poetry is sometimes lacking in energy, although its note is more often that of reflection than of buoyancy, yet in his limited field Mr. Watson shows a mastery, though less forceful, yet more delicate than that of Arnold, as whose successor we may regard him.

*Swinburne Hale.*

*THE ELIXIR.*

For years, guided by the writings of the greatest alchemists, I had toiled vainly to achieve the *elixir vitæ*. My first successes, attained when only a student at the great University of Cordova, had raised my enthusiasm to such a pitch as to support me through two laborious decades of costly research, by which I not only dissipated my health and an extensive patrimony, but, as year after year of futile toil sank behind me, weakened and narrowed my very soul.

The time had at last come, when, worn-out and impoverished by my countless failures, I had determined to cease striving for the impossible, and retire to a life of such ease as the remnants of my ancestral barony could afford, and to pass my remaining days in idleness, or the more quiet pursuits.

I resolved, however, once more, and for the last time, to essay the Great Arcanum; and like a dicer who, having ruined himself at play, borrows a few piastres, to stake on a final throw, made countless self-excuses for my action. Surely, the Devil prompted me, and laughed!

It was a cold, dreary night in the bleak month of November, 1437, that I reached the crucial point in my experiment. A ruddy glow from the arched mouth of the furnace filled the whole room, tinging even the darkest corners with roseate light. In another part of the laboratory, I was distilling a liquor in an alembic of Venetian glass; a fluid more potent than the thunder-bolt, more subtle than the mind of Plato: *Lachrymæ Sanguis* it is called, and Ostanès the Mede first made it.

It was not long after midnight when the *Acta Foonacis* and the *Acta Alembici* were completed—the experiment was drawing to a close. Pronouncing the prescribed formulæ, I drew forth from the furnace the glowing crucible which contained the last fruit of twenty years of labor—a small button of a greyish lustre. I set the crucible upon the table, and next, detaching the athenor from the alembic, decanted the *Lachrymæ Sanguis* into a small,

thin flask. As the liquor cooled, sparks as of fire seemed to move and circle through it: my heart beat high with hope.

Fired with an eagerness that grew upon me as I worked, I hastened to perform the necessary ablutions, and then, while the elements were cooling, repeated the cabalistic verses found by Gebir the Sabean in the very tomb of Hermes. With a trembling hand I grasped the button in a pair of silver forceps, and placing it in beaker of tough glass, poured the *Lachrymae* upon it. It changed color for a minute, and then reassumed its former tint: the metal disappeared. I raised the liquid to my lips, and pledging immortality, drained it to the dregs.

When I awoke the morning sun was shining on the grey walls of the laboratory. I was lying where I had fallen, beneath a skeleton of that fabled monster, the crocodile, which my brother Donatus had brought me from Grand Cairo. Behind the table at my feet, I could read the word "*Avaryke*" scrawled in red chalk upon the stone. I tried to rise, but could not stir; I attempted to shout, but found I was speechless,—tongue-tied. A great weight seem to oppress me, a dreadful impotence, a hideous paralysis dominated every atom of my being, save my brain. Then, for the first time, I noticed I no longer breathed—that my heart had ceased to beat—and stricken with a terror too deep for words, too awful to be told, I once again became unconscious.

A wild uproar recalled me to my senses, and I was cruelly reminded of my horrible position when instinctively I tried to rise, and could not stir a muscle. People without were banging on the iron door of the room, and the strident clangour reverberated through the laboratory. On a sudden, with a rending screech, the door burst open, and in a moment six eager faces bent over me in silence. They were my friends,—Gerard the Astrologer, Amolæus the Leach, Thomas the Abbot, Abou'l Muni the Moor, Raymond the Clark, and Piedro, my body-servant. It was Amolæus who finally broke the stillness, saying softly, "He is dead."

They all rose. Old Piedro fell a weeping quietly, while Abou'l Muni let

his hand stray aimlessly among the litter on the table, watching me the while. Gerard said not a word, while Thomas blest me softly. Raymond the Clark knelt by me and, tenderly closing my eyes, gently kissed me on the forehead. Again and again I tried to move, to speak, making terrific efforts to shake off the dread paralysis that held me in its grasp. When Raymond closed my eyes, I lay in a darkness, hideous, horrible, unspeakably terrible, yet by the most strenuous endeavor, I could not so much as move an eyelash. My will and body had forever parted company.

"I fear,"—it was the Abbot's voice—"I fear that he has fallen by his own hand. If this be so, he may not rest in hallowed ground, noble though he was."

My spirit quailed within me at his words.

"Pardon me, reverend sir,"—the voice was that of Amolæus—he was ever my truest friend—"as there is no proof" . . . his words ceased as one stirred as with his foot the fallen beaker on the flags.

"Nay, let us rather leave him here as he has fallen,"—the soft, rich tones were Abou'l Muni's—"if in the pursuit of the arcana, a soldier on the field of battle; if self-slain, as befits an outcast. He would rest better here than at some dusty cross-road. Let masons come tomorrow and wall up the windows and the door."

"Hey, milords!" cried Piedro, "shall my master rot unburied like a dog?"

"Be still, unlettered ass!" cried the astrologer; and a little silence followed, and they left.

The masons came next day, and, working in silence fear-begotten, sealed me in this hateful place. For ages which I cannot count, the dust has settled steadily upon me, while I, doomed to a helpless consciousness, live on in lasting night.

*Oric Bates.*

*DEARTH.*

Slowly beneath the poplars  
By the shore of the silent lake,  
Slowly glides my brown canoe,—  
Though he shall never wake.

And the low bow lifts and dips  
In the swaying moonbeams' length  
And the sides crush out the moon trail  
With soft advancing strength.

Though he shall never wake  
Forward my brown canoe,  
For here along the lake  
He often guided you.

And here upon the lake  
He swam and sank and died,  
And now shall never wake  
To be again your guide.

*S. H.*



*THE VERSATILE MR. KIPLING.*

"I keep six honest serving men;  
(They taught me all I know)  
Their names are What and When and Where  
And How and Why and Who.  
I send them over land and sea,  
I send them east and west;  
But after they have worked for me  
I give them all a rest."

*("Just So Stories.")*

These lines, from Mr. Kipling's recent volume of children's stories, are in some part a naive confession of Mr. Kipling's own methods.

Mr. Kipling's meteoric rise to fame about ten years ago, and the almost startling way in which he has since then contrived to remain constantly before the public, have laid him open—in more than usual degree—to the mixed censure and applause of the many gentlemen styling themselves critics. He has been often and variously denounced, praised, ridiculed and defied—not always for what he has done, but often for what he has not done or even meant. Both favorable and unfavorable criticism has erred in one direction. True criticism, I think, is comprehensive appreciation: and many of those who have taken it upon themselves to judge Mr. Kipling most severely, have,—in the very nature of their criticisms,—shown a lamentable lack of comprehension of the scope of their undertaking. They analyze this or that detail with fiendishly mathematical accuracy, but while busy with the microscope their vision becomes warped, and renders them incapable of taking a sane view of the whole. One trouble with these gentlemen is that they are too near their subjects. They know just how, when and—in their own minds—why Mr. Kipling wrote such and such a line. In this poem they find technical flaws; in that paragraph brutal cynicism. In this song they detect a striving for effect; in that story a false philosophy. And so on to the critical end.

None of the critics, however, have had the hardihood to impugn the

greatness of Mr. Kipling. They, one and all, agree that he has accomplished much, has made a name for himself, and has struck a new note in literature. But in most cases it would be difficult, on summing up the damning premises they have posited themselves, to see exactly how they have arrived at their eulogistic conclusions. But, as is often the case, doctors disagree, and there is scarcely a product of Kipling's pen which some critic has not lauded to the skies with a fervor equalled only by the unreserved way in which some other critic has condemned it. Contemporary criticism, while it may not always err, is at least uncertain and unsatisfying; and its value, for that reason, is indicative and not positive.

But without attempting microscopic analysis, it is perhaps legitimate to comment broadly on some obvious characteristics of a writer:—to ask ourselves what is remarkable and individual in Mr. Kipling's work: to make our examination deductive rather than inductive; to regard his work as a whole—to view it from all sides—and then to consider what qualities are pre-eminently characteristic of the man.

To the critical and uncritical alike, one of Mr. Kipling's most striking characteristics is his versatility. Whatever attitude they may take in regard to specific examples, the critics must be one in admitting that his range has never been equalled. Many writers have attempted as much, but none have succeeded so fully. Mr. Kipling's wanderings have led him into many of the by-ways of literature, and in everything he has tried, he has produced something noteworthy. That a man has written many widely different sorts of things is no sign of versatility, unless he has written these successfully. Any penny dabbler may range from poor epic drama to poorer nonsense verse, but he will not be versatile unless he can do each of them well. Mr. Kipling has ranged pretty widely, and each time he has brought down game worth the bagging. In short-story writing, in the novel, in poetry and in children's stories, he has in each given us what is excellent. He has not tried the drama, but—were he put to it—the chances are that he could turn out a passable play.

Many people think of him first as a master of the short story; and this

is natural when we consider that it is his short stories that first made him famous. Others again regard him primarily as a poet. No less a critic than Mr. Edmund Gosse says, "I retain the personal impression that it is pre-eminently as a poet that we shall eventually come to regard him." Andrew Lang, on the other hand, regards his prose more highly. This only goes to prove that Mr. Kipling's ability is far-reaching.

Let us first consider his versatility in the field of the short story. He has written a preposterous number—five fair-sized volumes—about one hundred and seventy-five, all told. We must admit that some of these are poor and read like pot-boilers. But the average runs very high and there are not a few which may stand out as perfect specimens of their kind. His early Anglo-Indian tales, such as the "Education of Otis Yeere" and "Mrs. Hanksbee sits out," are concerned with the peculiar society in which he found himself at the time of writing. He paints his characters most faithfully—be they society women of Simla or Hindoo priests. Some people have held that Mr. Kipling has no dramatic feeling; that he has no idea of plot in the better sense, and that the charm of his stories lies wholly in the telling. But look at the amount of incident in "Mrs. Hanksbee sits out." The story is meant to amuse—not to instruct: there is no lofty moral pointed, but what it sets out to do, it does well—it entertains us. All these early tales are characterized by a knowing tone; but it is a knowing tone due—not to affectation—but to the fact that the writer really knew. "The Story of the Gadsby's" also has that air of worldly wisdom, but it seems to justify itself.

Now take up the volume of "Plain Tales from the Hills." You may select half a dozen almost at random; each one will show a perfect familiarity with his subject. No matter how wide the range, Mr. Kipling is entirely at home. "Beyond the Pale" and "In the Pride of his Youth" are unpleasant and almost morbid, but we feel instinctively that we are being told the truth, and at first hand. We finish "Thrown Away" with a shudder for its grim brutality and a heart-ache for its truth; and in a moment more we are chuckling over the misfortunes of Lieutenant Golightly. We pick up the volume entitled the "Phantom Rickshaw" and, as we read, we run the whole

gamut of emotions from indifferent disgust to active horror—and five minutes later we are delightfully swimming a nasty little river with Mulvaney, prepared to take Lungpungpen in our birthday clothes, or “St. Petersburg in our drawers”—if we can do it in company with Mr. Kipling.

Does this power to embrace the most diverse subjects indicate a tendency towards literary trickiness? I think not. It merely shows how many-sided is the genius of Mr. Kipling. It shows how completely he is able to identify himself with his subject. He is endowed with a chameleon-like facility for sucking up the local color of a place. One critic has called him “a literary blotting pad.” It is a pretty good description, for it shows how the man can absorb and retain facts, and at the same time imbue himself with the spirit of his character or his story. All atmospheres are alike to Mr. Kipling; all classes and all races are equally laid bare to his inquisitive pen. When he writes of Tommy Atkins, it seems as if he had been all his life a soldier of the queen. Richard Le Gallienne says that Mr. Kipling misses his mark in the Mulvaney stories,—“Mr. Kipling’s typical British soldier is an Irishman,” says he. Perhaps he is Irish—that does not detract from the value of the portrait or its truth. I could make an analogous statement by saying that the typical American politician is an Irishman. I have quoted this extract from Mr. Le Gallienne as an example of the kind of contemporary criticism which has little value. In this particular instance Mr. Kipling is acute enough to seize upon an essential characteristic of the English army. This proves, not a mistake of judgment on his part, but an appreciation of the first law of artistic description.

When Mr. Kipling forsakes Mrs. Hanksbee and Mulvaney, and begins to tell us of the behavior of his intimate friend and brother—the locomotive; or explains that a ship has a mind and a soul, instead of being surprised we feel that this intimate understanding is quite natural. We feel that here is one from whom nothing is hidden; he knows what the nuts and bolts of a steam-engine talk about, and he knows what women say to each other late at night. And when we read the “Jungle Books” or a story like the “Maltese Cat,” we are quite ready to believe that this writer is the one and only human

being who has been selected by the animal kingdom to be its means of communication with man.

But the end of his versatility—even in prose—is not yet. He has written stories for children. And capital ones they are, too. The "Jungle Books" are admittedly classics, and Kipling's reputation could stand or fall by them alone. More recently he has produced a volume of nonsense tales—called "Just So Stories." They are most amusing skits, and sense is pretty well mixed in with the nonsense. And this time we find Kipling the author illustrated by Kipling the artist: for the "Just So Stories" are filled with comical and extraordinarily well-executed drawings by the author. It would be small wonder to hear of Mr. Kipling as publisher and binder of his own books.

Let us look again in detail at some of his work. He has given us Poe-like tales of horror—witness at the "End of the Passage" or "The Mark of the Beast"; tales of humor and incident; tales of pathetic tenderness such as "Without Benefit of Clergy." In this last there is more of the flagrant brutality of which he is so often accused: it is tender and heart-rending to a degree. Even from this fleeting view of some of his short stories, the man's wonderful versatility is the salient characteristic. It would easily be possible to name over fifty other stories, each one of which had some distinguishing mark of its own. But I have catalogued a few of the best known—enough, I believe, to show how far-reaching his versatility, even in this sub-class, is.

Short stories are one thing: the novel is quite another. Has Kipling produced a novel? Until the appearance of "Kim," this might well have been a subject for debate. "The Light That Failed" served only to cast a gloom over his staunchest supporters, and to give his detractors a chance to exclaim that here indeed had his versatility overreached itself. Kipling—they exclaimed with savage joy—was after all not without his limitations. "Captains Courageous," while showing some fine powers of description, was not a novel; and "Stalky & Co." was a good many disagreeable things. But in "Kim" Mr. Kipling seems again to have hit the bull's-eye. It is absorbingly interesting and convincing, and has an evident motif. Moreover, it shows a depth of thought, a sincerity of tone and an insight into human nature that

gives the story a universal appeal. And the lack of universal appeal is one of the greatest faults to be urged against some of his short stories.

Mr. Kipling's poetry covers a great extent, written at many different times and with many different purposes. Much of it is not intended to be taken seriously, and much that was written quite lightly has been heavily criticised. The critics have again fallen short of the adequate criticism because they have failed to put themselves in sympathy with the author's standpoint. His scope as a poet is great and is daily growing greater, so that comprehensive criticism of the whole is at present well-nigh impossible. That Mr. Kipling is a poet, and a poet of varied talent, a few antipodical examples will show. "Mandalay" is perhaps the tenderest and truest bit of poetry which he has written. As Mr. Le Gallienne says—"His magic is made of the very refuse of language." It has true sentiment, and a wholesome want of anything like sentimentality. Let us swing from "Mandalay" to some of the "Departmental Ditties":—they are many of them well done and very amusing—good jingles—but that is about all. They could interest only his immediate audience. But that is precisely the point; he was writing at that time—not to the world—but to his own little audience of Anglo-Indians. In "Barrack-Room Ballads" Kipling appears to a wider public. He means to be heard—and he is. He means to write ballads—good, rollicking, stirring ballads—and he does. It was a master hand that penned the sombre gruesomeness of "Danny Deever" it was a master hand that gave utterance to the whimsically pathetic protest of "Tommy." In "Gentleman Rankers" there is a more serious turn of finality. "Tomlinson" is a spirited piece of allegory, and, if I read it aright, a healthy denunciation of the milk-sop and prig. The "Mary Gloster" is much the same, and there are a dozen others of this sort: "The Widow at Windsor"—which may have had something to do with the fact that Mr. Kipling was not made poet-laureate—"The Liner She's a Lady." "The Jacket" and the "Shut-eye Sentry." Everyone knows what these poems are, and everyone knows how great is the variety of subjects included among them.

We find more dignity and firmness of purpose when we come to the

"Last Chantey" or the "English Flag." The two are much alike, although the tone is so different in each. But for pure unrelenting strength and utter fearlessness of expression, that heart-rending poem called "Mary, Pity Women" is probably without a peer.

Mr. Kipling sounds his best note in the "Recessional." Here is one of his few attempts in serious poetry, and for this attempt we owe him much thanks. Here are the familiar first six lines:

"God of our Fathers, known of old—  
Lord of our far-flung battle line—  
Beneath whose awful hand we hold  
Dominion over palm and pine—  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget—lest we forget!"

Here is dignity and grandeur; here is poetry. There is a slow rhythmic swing—a movement which is almost ponderous, but which is eminently in keeping with the solemnity of the poet's warning. There are those who say that the "Recessional" has the tone of a political catch-word—as if Mr. Kipling had put into his poem the platform of a party. It is inconceivable—but were it so in fact, it would matter not at all. Whatever the motive behind the lines, it is possible to read into them only nobility and loftiness of thought.

Whatever effect, prosaic or poetic, Mr. Kipling attempts to produce, he is sure to succeed in it. If he wants to be brutal—and it is possible to believe that at times he may actually strive for brutality—he can be exceedingly so. The "Vampire" shows this. It is strong and startling, but cynical and unchivalrous to the last degree.

"There was a fool and he made his prayer  
To a rag and a bone and a hank of hair."

Those are perhaps the most brutal lines ever written against woman, and they are directly accountable for much of the prejudice felt towards Mr. Kipling. That there is a prejudice—and in some quarters a very strong one—it would be useless to deny. Some things that Kipling has produced are

far from being above criticism, but it is those poorer products that we should not now judge.

If we say that although many of Mr. Kipling's stories and verses please us—amuse us—if we confess that there is much real merit, but at the same time say that we disapprove of his religion and philosophy and also his manner of presenting material, we are like to find ourselves in the peculiar position of applauding the product while condemning the machine. The critics are constantly inveighing against "Kipling brutality," "Kipling cynicism," "Kipling ethics," and so on. Now we are in fact little concerned with Kipling's philosophy and religion, because at this time it is futile to attempt to judge those qualities. When a man has been dead these hundred years, then—and not till then—may we say arbitrarily—So-and-So's religion was this and his philosophy thus. When we can collect a man's entire works, then and only then may we sum up his ethics from internal evidence. It is not legitimate to apply the test of internal evidence to the writing of one who still lives and still writes. For one book, one story, one short poem—nay, even one sentence is like as not to change the verdict of succeeding generations.

And even were it possible to extract a concrete code of personal ethics from what Mr. Kipling has so far done, how are we to decide just when and where he is speaking his own thoughts, and where he is putting thoughts into the mouths of others. Much has been written and said of Mr. Kipling's social and ethical views as expounded by his early Anglo-Indian stories and verse. Consider what Kipling was at the time—a young chap working on a provincial newspaper. Is it possible to suppose that he was giving much thought to the ethical tone of his writing? That young man was turning out stories and verses to get them printed. It mattered little to him what he said, so long as his stories sold. He had his limited audience ready to his hand, and it was to amuse them, to give himself practice and to increase the circulation of his paper, that he wrote as he did. I quote the following from Mr. Kipling's own account of the publishing of his first verses. "To the best of my remembrance, no one then discovered their greivous cynicism or their pessimistic tendency, and I was far too busy and too happy to take



thought about these things." That sentence—with what it implies—is to my mind sufficient reply to much that has been written against Kipling.

All this merely shows to what lengths the hypercritical mind is willing to go in order to judge niceties of style and tone. It is there that the mistake is made. We have seen Mr. Kipling begin as an insignificant young author. We have watched his phenomenal rise, and we have seen him bring an apprentice hand to bear on one thing after another: and in each attempt we have seen him successful. The keynote of this far-reaching success is his versatility. In this age of specialties he is a specialist in every line. When he writes "Kim" he makes a universal appeal, but he is just as capable of making his appeal a particular one. An engineer will tell you that ".007" is one of the best railroad stories ever written. An automobilist will swear that "Steam Tactics" could only have been written by an expert chauffeur. And if we could get the verdict of the Bander-log, it would probably carry the same significance. Now this is the "particular appeal." It is his wonderful power of assimilating the atmosphere of a place in a short space of time. Mr. Kipling's memory is prodigious and his inquisitiveness—as it should be—without end. His "six honest serving men" are but so many names for the same thing—curiosity. And it is this curiosity, coupled with the ability to steep himself in his subject, and to stay steeped until he has written it off his mind, that accounts for his extraordinary versatility. After all, he is not merely a writer with peculiarly varied talents: he is more; he is a finely balanced machine for the transmission of thoughts and scenes from life to paper: a machine that is acutely sensitive, all-absorbing, and that adjusts itself automatically to any and all changes of scene and theme.

So let us for a time forget the analytically disposed critics, and the old-maidish writers with pretty names who cry "Halt!" Let us take Mr. Kipling for what he is, and not for what others pretend they think he is. Let us take the best that he has to give us, and let us look upon what is not so good with a tolerant eye, mindful of the fact that "when the youngest critic has died," Time and Time only will be the final judge.

*Walton A. Greene.*

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*THE WITCH-CHILD.*

"Till Kempion, the kinges sonne,  
Come to the crag, and thrice kiss mee."

I wandered through the gloomy shade  
Where each to each the tree-tops sing;  
And in a cave I found a maid,  
A loathly, witch-born thing.

I hated her, yet spake her fair;  
She smiled, if such a thing could smile;  
And then she cursed, and left me there;  
Yet sure she seemed less vile.

I met her in a silent glen;  
Less terrible she was to meet;  
Again I gently spake, and then  
She smiled. Her smile was sweet.

I met her in the dreaming wood;  
Her cruel eye had grown full mild;  
Once more I spake; and lo, she stood,  
A lovely fairy child.

*Henry A. Bellows.*

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*FATE'S STEP-CHILDREN.*

Plainly the man was drunk,—anyone could see that, and Kean, watching him from ten paces' distance, was a connoisseur. Besides he sympathized with the fellow, for it was only thirty odd hours, since he himself had reeled in the same fashion along the very same street, and he knew how uneven the pavement was. He knew its way of rising skywards and then slumping down

into unknown abysses ; and the corners of the stoops and the gutter-rails were sharp. So he walked slowly and kept his eye unostentatiously on the figure before him. He was not a pleasing sight, lean, stoop-shouldered, shuffling hesitatingly over the ill-laid flags ; leaning from time to time against the tall stoop-posts for support. Kean could get no view of his face, but from the loosely hanging garments, the sharp elbows and the prominent, almost transparent ears, he could see that he was thin, to emaciation. The light brown overcoat, unmistakably second-hand, and spotted here and there with accumulated dust and grease, hung like a rag from his shoulders, and the long bagging trousers, torn and frayed at the seams, concealed but poorly the fleshlessness of the limbs underneath. To the ordinary passer-by he was but a broken-down man of the streets ; to Kean he was half a fellow, and, unconsciously, a little more.

At last the man sat down on one of the stoops,—incidentally of the house where Kean had his quarters,—and broke out into a sharp, bark-like cough, that seemed to come from the very depths of his lungs ; and made the cold chills run down Kean's back. As the coughing increased, the man's whole frame shook ; he clasped his knees where he sat huddled on the steps, and in his agony the tears ran down his cheeks. The paroxysm grew less violent, then ceased entirely, and the long, ill-jointed form fell together into a shapeless heap of clothes.

Kean's leisurely interest grew into sudden, impulsive sympathy at the man's plight, and hastening up he touched him on the shoulder and tried to raise him out of his dejection.

He was not intoxicated ; Kean saw that at one glance at the sharp, peaked face. There was a doctor a few houses farther down ; and in two minutes Kean had returned with him to the spot. Together they bore the unfortunate up the three dark narrow flights into Kean's room and laid him carefully on the worn hair-cloth covered couch. The room was not inviting ; it was small, with dirty white woodwork and sea-green arabesque-figured wall paper that hung down here and there in long, torn strips, revealing a darker paper, and in places even the coarse plaster underneath. A framed magazine supple-

ment hung crooked over the mantel; the other walls were bare of decoration. The shades of the curtainless windows had been snapped up, and revealed in all their glory the unpainted, green-shuttered brick houses beyond. The furniture was cheap and scratched: the table by the window littered with papers, magazines, and books. The carpet was faded and soiled. The bed was unmade.

The man was still unconscious when Kean and the doctor, panting a little from their exertions, deposited their burden. There was a whiskey flask at hand in a moment, and kneeling beside the couch, the doctor poured a few drops of the stimulant between the teeth, through the thin grayish lips of his patient. He took the man's cold, wet hand and felt the pulse, whose thin, thready beat was scarcely perceptible. "Plain case of starvation," said he, looking up for an instant to where Kean was standing at the head of the sofa, "intensified by general weakness." He passed his hand over the man's face and neck. "His cheeks are sunken, and you see how waxy and gray they are. Do you see these hollows behind the ears?" Kean nodded. "Consumption," the doctor continued curtly. "Those hollows, the long, pointed nose, the transparent features and that cough you spoke of are sure signs of it. Ah! he's coming to. A little more of that whiskey, please."

The man opened his eyes and looked blankly up at the ceiling. The doctor rose. "I can't do any more now," said he. "I'll arrange things with the hospital, and be back in an hour."

When the doctor had gone, Kean walked up and down the room moodily, uncomfortably, for a few minutes. Then he sat down and, chin in hand, regarded the strange guest who lay on his couch, a dejected, helpless specimen of degenerate manhood. The dim, lustreless eyes had closed again; the man was breathing quietly, apparently asleep. A carefully folded newspaper lay beside him; Kean remembered now that it had fallen out of one of the overcoat pockets, when they had brought him in, and he picked it up curiously. There was some pencilled writing on the margin above the heading, that, though scarcely decipherable he saw in a moment was in verse. He read it once, incomprehensively, halting over each almost illegible word, then read

it again, impelled by a fascination that he could neither understand nor resist. Then it all came over him. It was a wonderful poem, very short—only eight lines,—but of a kind that stirs every emotion, that makes the heart well over with an uncontrollable stream of hopes and memories.

Kean was still poring over the rude manuscript when the doctor returned. "You'll have to take him for awhile," he remarked. "The hospital can't call for him till tomorrow or next day." Kean nodded eagerly and scarcely heard the doctor's final directions. "Yes, yes, I'll take care of him," he said hurriedly. Then he was alone again with the poet and his work.

The man was still sleeping, and Kean paced the room restlessly, tossed hither and thither in his mind between his overwhelming desire to wake the stranger and hear his story, and his sense of duty and humanity, bidding him give the man his chance of life. He tried to read, to write; to compose verses, doggerels, speeches, anything to change the current of his thoughts. But it was useless. The poem he had read haunted him with the persistency of a melody that having heard once we are dimly conscious of somewhere in an unreachable cranny of the brain, yet can neither grasp nor lose.

At last, decided, he rushed down the rickety stairs; returning in a few moments with the prescribed, hurriedly prepared nourishment. He shook the sick man lightly; and as he did so he felt how sharp and fleshless the long arms were. The man awoke at the first touch, and gazed at Kean listlessly. "I had to wake you, you know; you need the nourishment;" Kean felt that he had half excused his breach of duty.

When the man had eaten, Kean could no longer contain himself. "I read the verse on the paper," he cried excitedly. "You wrote it? You? Who are you?"

The man's listless expression did not change. "Yes, I wrote it," he replied quietly. "You found it? I thought I had thrown it away. You do not know me? My name is Paul Greve."

Kean was incredulous, and for a moment there was silence. "But, man," he exclaimed at last, puzzled, "How did *you* ever happen to be 'tramping' the streets? The most forsaken derelict in New York City could have received a dollar a line for verse like that!"

"Yes?" Greve was not interested. "It never occurred to me to sell my little verses," said he.

"Little verses!" Kean looked at the man in speechless amazement, half wondering in his mind whether he were really sane. "Gad, man!" he cried. "Don't you care a rap for money or fame; for some sort of recognition, at least? Good Lord!" Kean was in despair.

"Fame is nothing to me," Greve responded, quiet as before. "And I have managed to live until now. I write for the joy there is in it; for the peace and happiness in

'The quietude, the solemn loneliness  
When voice and conscience and the world are still.' "

He smiled now for the first time, and Kean noticed a low-burning fire in his eyes, and on each cheek a glowing red spot. Greve went on. "It makes no difference where I am," said he. "Starving on the streets, freezing on the ice-covered benches in the park: it is all the same. The dream glides into my consciousness, the babble around me lessens and is still, the noise of the clanging, rolling traffic is silent. And the thoughts seem to tumble hurly-burly over each other in their mad eagerness, each to be the first expressed. Then I write, sometimes for hours. But I never keep what I have written. The joy is in the composition, when from out their gnarled mass the thoughts drift one by one each into its place, inevitably."

Kean could not understand; he could only realize the intense irony of it, and as Greve spoke, with slowly wakening enthusiasm, his own long, fruitless career passed before his eyes, each defeat, each fall, each mad rising and striving after the golden unattainable, each cherished hope, and bitter memory. Long ago he loved his work, with the intense ardor of optimistic youth, and it was the shadow of that boyish love that kept him now, still at the hopeless task, running, jostling, struggling on the Road of Life, his hand stretched out after the fleeting Cup. How often he had known the bitter agony when his heart could conceive no thought, his brain could think no words, no rhymes! How often he had been torn by the sickening misery when every

face, every scene called forth some new phantasy, rich and brilliant, that could find no expression, or at best, could come forth only flat and commonplace! And here before him sat the mouth-piece of the Spirit, heedless, idle,—the man of the buried talent.

"You fool!" cried Kean, slowly and bitterly, a flush almost of rage on his face. "You fool!" He paced up and down the room passionately for a few turns; then in a flash, he was calm again, and leaning against the mantel he smiled insolently at his visitor. "'Give it to me to use,' " he quoted with a hard little laugh. "I need it, I could use it, God knows!" The thought, meaningless at first, slowly took shape. He paced the room again, then stood still in front of the couch on which sat Greve, a look of mild, quiet interest on his face, his hands resting on the sofa-edge beside his knees.

"Yes, give them to me," he burst out excitedly. "Give me the chance to get what you have scorned! Man, for fifteen years I have toiled at this racking drudgery. I have worked and starved and written; and I've gotten my checks and gone on a spree until every cent was gone and then I've worked and starved and written as before. And the nearest I've come to fame was a ten-line notice in a daily, when they juggled me, and I didn't have the money to pay my fine! Give me your work, and live like a lord for the rest of your days! Or, if you won't,"—he pressed his lips together,—"*there are the streets, and the starvation, and the dirty newspapers to write your verses on.*" He said the words cruelly, but the man before him did not wince. "Well?"

"I do not care," said Greve slowly. "It is either you or the paper-basket. I do not care."

The Senior Editor of "Spencer's Magazine" opened the long envelope with one slash of his paper-cutter, and casting a single glance at its contents tossed it over to his assistant.

"Some more stuff from the impossible Kean," said he. "You might just look it over, and send it back."

The Junior Editor read the eight lines mechanically; then, for some

reason which he did not attempt to analyze, he read them again. Then he whistled. The older man looked up. "Another crib?" he queried curtly.

"No," replied his assistant, almost solemnly, "it is strangely out of the ordinary. I don't pretend to understand it; every line seems to flow like blood from the heart."

The Senior Editor raised his eye-brows. "From Kean's?" he said. "He must have tapped it in a new spot. Here, let me see it."

The letter of acceptance which Kean received the following morning from "Spencer's Magazine" was but the first of a long series that reached him during the following months. He became on intimate terms with the editors of this, as well as of other magazines, who chaffed him good-naturedly on his former effusions and congratulated him—"the impossible Kean"—on having "found himself" at last. There was no hitch in the plan of campaign as he had laid it out, and the long-cherished dreams of success unfolded themselves like a "long-cramp'd scroll." His verse was received almost with acclaim; and spoken of everywhere in hushed, respectful superlatives. He was "the man of the hour," "the poet of the generation,"—and all the while, Paul Greve, a little paler, a little more emaciated, sat alone in Kean's quarters, dreaming his dreams.

The contract that the two had made had been well kept on both sides,—Greve dreamed and wrote and dreamed, while Kean moved with his companion to uptown apartments, where the man could have all the comfort and attendance that his ever-failing health required, and Kean's increasing means could afford. But withal, the waxy cheeks became more sunken and transparent, the features more peaked, the body weaker; only behind his eyes there seemed still to lurk a fire that no physical infirmities could quench. During the day he would sit quietly by the window and write for hours, save when an attack of coughing would convulse him, and cause him to sink almost lifeless upon the couch. His nights became more restless and broken as time went on, and often in the morning he would wake up in a cold sweat, weak and exhausted. He was slowly dying. Kean knew it, and his heart grew cold at the thought.



It was about a year after the formation of the peculiar partnership that, one morning, Kean came upon his companion, reading, almost gloating over, a manuscript that he had just completed. The sight was so unusual—as a rule, Greve was absolutely indifferent to his writings—that Kean leaned over his shoulder and began to read curiously. In a moment Greve's large hands had fallen on the pages; and the spreading, extended fingers partially concealed the writing. Greve turned a pleading, almost frightened face to the man behind him; his startled eyes bespoke a terror whose cause the trembling, grasping hands could not but reveal.

Kean was impatient. "Well, you're going to give it to me, aren't you?" he said roughly. "I think it's mine, isn't it?" He thrust the limp hands aside and snatched the manuscript, Greve watching him as he read, with wide, hungry eyes.

Kean was not in a laudatory mood. "Hm!" he grunted, "fair"; though deep down in his heart he knew that Greve had written his masterpiece, and that this was as far above his other work, as his poorest creation was ever superior to Kean's most ambitious endeavor. It was a sonnet, "To Miriam," simple and unaffected. There was no unusual technicality of construction, the words were almost bare in their simplicity; yet underneath the slender shell of the world's commonplaces there seemed to beat a heart whose warm blood coursed through every throbbing line, and animated each word into a startling truth.

When Kean looked up at last from the paper, Greve was still watching him as before. But his eyes were brighter,—they shone like a clouded sun, from out the gray, emaciated face; the two spots in his cheeks burned; the long, thin hands twitched nervously.

Kean folded the manuscript carelessly, and shoved it into his pocket. "Don't be a fool," said he, half-conciliatingly, "I'll make it right with you. I'm going now, to place it with 'Spencer's' I'll draw on them and you can have the check."

Greve gazed scornfully after his departing companion; then, as he heard the elevator door in the corridor clang to, he rushed to the window and stood

there, partially concealed from without by the heavy, slightly smoke-stained curtains, until he saw Kean turn the corner in the direction of the offices of "Spencer's Magazine." His mind was made up. In a moment he had put on hat and overcoat,—in spite of Kean's semi-sincere attempts at generosity, the same soiled, light brown overcoat of a year before,—and trembling violently, his cheeks flushed, his teeth chattering, he walked unsteadily out of the apartment.

Kean had had a full ten-minutes' start, so that when Greve, breathless and coughing, stood at length on the threshold of the inner sanctum of "Spencer's Magazine," he was already discussing, check in hand, the renaissance of good poetry, in general, and his own extraordinary genius, in particular. His back was turned to the doorway, and it was a hesitating, quivering request for the Editor, that attracted his spellbound attention to the newcomer. Kean turned and caught his breath.

"What the deuce!" he splurged out. Greve lifted his fever-flushed head scornfully and brushed past him till he stood between Kean and the Editor. He caught up his manuscript from the desk and tried to speak; but a paroxysm of coughing stopped his utterance. Then, by a supreme effort of will he seemed to pull all his physical and mental powers together, speaking softly, at first, then louder and ever more excitedly as in his delirium he lost himself, the man, in the impulses and outraged dreams of the poet.

"Here," he exclaimed, gasping a little, the manuscript fluttering audibly in his fingers, "here is the work that he calls his own; here, this verse, that he has not even thought to copy, in his complete self-confidence. It is mine,—every word. There! I have said it, though he threatened every day to turn me into the street, and I swore that I would never tell! And I would not have spoken, had he left me this. But this thought, this verse, was written in memory of—of one with whom nothing false must be connected. I could not let that go down to posterity a living lie! You men that buy, you men that sell, you men that deal with clinking silver and gold in the noblest thoughts and inspirations that a heart and mind may have, what do you know of a soul's hidden motives, of a heart's shattered dreams? You may see them

on paper, you may read, you may even admire, but it is because you know that they are above you; you cannot understand. You raise your weak voices, only because you are afraid that some one else may see better than you, and praise that which you had not the wit to comprehend." He shook the paper in his hand. "This is not mine," he cried, "this is not his, nor yours. It is a consecration—" He stopped suddenly; his hands went to his side, and his features became distorted; the blood flowed from his mouth, and he dropped limply to the floor.

Kean, who had been leaning weakly against the desk, his nerves twitching, ghastly pale, ran forward to support the prostrate man. He tore open the dark flannel shirt and thrust his blood-covered hand over the man's heart; it still beat, irregularly, like the fluttering wing of a wounded bird. It grew less and less perceptible; then it ceased. Kean drew out his hand, and as he did so, his ring caught in something tied around the man's neck. It was a soiled bit of pale-blue ribbon and on it hung a tiny miniature.

Kean stared almost wildly at the face in it,—every feature seemed to reproach. He put it away, but still the face flitted before his eyes, and he grasped it again, to lose at least the other hideous visions that danced here, there, everywhere, through his brain, through his heart, with their constant chorus of condemnation ringing in his ears. Helpless, hopeless, he sank into a chair. The Editor stood before him, regarding him sternly. "Kean?" he questioned.

*Hermann Hagedorn, Jr.*

*CONCERNING AN ELECTIVE SYSTEM.*

"Come."

An unusual-looking person pushed open the door.

"Oh, good evening," he began. "I hope you won't mind my dropping in. I just saw a light and—"

"Surely not."

"Yes. You see, I was looking for someone to talk to. I am afraid I shall have to introduce myself—but first, may I ask your name?"

"Surely. It's Smith." One has to be cautious and crafty with these strange characters.

"Very glad, I'm sure," he replied. "Mine is Harvard—John is the Christian name. I'm staying up here at the cemetery, now, you know. I got out tonight without any difficulty—election night or something—guards forgot to lock the gate. Well, I have often wanted to get down here, and see how the school is getting along. I nearly got lost in the Square, now that they've cut down the elms. And when I was coming across the campus—"

"Yard, John, yard—Mr. Harvard, I mean. You know it's a campus down at New Haven."

"New Haven? What's that?"

"Why, it's a town down near Farmington—you wouldn't know about it—trivial matter anyway—but I interrupted you."

"Oh yes. You see, Mr. Smith, I was rather interested in the establishment down here, so I thought I would just drop in somewhere and have a chat. Nice fire you have there. Throws a stunning reflection on the Mucha poster, too. That's a beauty. Where did you get it. They are becoming fearfully common now, but that one is quite out of the ordinary. Well, what studies are you taking, Mr. Smith?"

I gasped. So home-like, you see. "Oh, Mr. Harvard, what a question!"

"Question? Why so? You are taking *some* studies I suppose. Have you got into Thucydides yet—you're a Senior, I suppose?"

"Yes. I am a Senior" (I did that quite carelessly, and I saw it was quite effective.) "Thucidides—that's Greek, isn't it?"

"Are you trying to be witty, Mr. Smith?"

"Witty? No, indeed; but I haven't seen a Greek word since I left boarding school."

"Ah, you are working in the scientific school?"

"Oh, no. You see, we have an elective system."

"Elective system? What, pray, is that?"

"Well, that's a—it's—well, you see it's this way. You can take any courses you want to."

"No, I don't see very well."

"Well, you elect courses, that's it."

"Oh, elect them! I see. That is, you choose whether you will proceed with the Poets or the Dramatists. Yes, yes. We had some such arrangement. I was so fond of Horace that I stuck to the Poets, myself."

"Um—not exactly that, Mr. Harvard. There is a whole bookful of courses, and you can take anything you want to. There is Fine Arts, and Geology, and—"

"A bookful of courses! Don't you have a curriculum? Don't you take the things the Dean advises?"

"Not exactly, no. You make up your mind what you are going to be, and pick your courses accordingly. Then you take as many of those as you can. Generally that's very few, because they are arranged with a special view to making it impossible to take more than one or two courses in a subject, for they all come at the same time." I thought that a pretty good exposition. He didn't.

"I don't quite follow."

"No? Well, suppose you want to get a lot of English History. All the courses are arranged—I don't know why—to come on Monday at twelve o'clock, so that you can take only one. That's not quite literal, but true enough for illustration. And then all the other nice but miscellaneous courses come at the same time, so that you can't get anything except history. And so on. Still you can usually find five courses."

"And the Dean, of course, helps you with your choice. He must, I sup—"

"Hold on, hold on! You're going too fast Mr. Harvard. The Dean never has anything to do with your courses."

"Who does then?"

"Why, nobody but yourself. You decide when you come to college what you'll take. Then the courses are shifted often enough to keep you shifting your plans, and interested."

"And nobody helps you?"

"Of course not. Why should anybody? Don't you suppose a college man (Mr. H. looked vague there) knows enough to choose his own courses? All it takes is a little head for mathematics and a sense of your responsibility to yourself."

"Hm—I'm not very clear yet, Mr. Smith. But just what courses are you taking now?"

"Well, let's see—wait till I get my card. It's pretty early in the year to know what courses you have, you know. Here's a course in music, for one thing."

"Music! Now why do you take that?"

"Why, everybody was taking it, and there aren't any hour exams, and he fills up part of the time banging on the piano."

"Yes, yes—but what is it about?"

"About? I'm sure I don't know—I haven't been regularly yet, for one thing. And it doesn't much matter. There's no trouble getting a C in it anyway—everybody does, you know."

"What is a C?"

"Why, that's what you get if you do your work and don't know the instructor. You see, they grade you A, B, C, and so forth. If you get an E you flunk."

"You flunk?—a local term I suppose."

"Oh no, quite general, really. Happens everywhere."

"What does it mean, though?"

"Why, it means, it—well, you get called up to the office, and maybe they

send a letter home to make your family think you're going to the dogs, and then you have to take make-up exams, and hire a tutor—"

"Oh, I see. Something disagreeable."

"Very."

"And the A, what's that?"

"I can't tell you very well—I'm not so thoroughly posted on it. But if you happen to be extraordinarily brilliant or to be so stupid that you read a lot more than necessary you can get them. The secret of it is, a man that once got one told me, is to make the exam book corrector think you know more about it than he does—or to give him a good cigar; either is effective. It's a very desirable thing to get, you know. Pleases the family, gives you a pull with the Dean and supplies your friends with a new joke."

"I think I see. Thank you. Now what other courses are you taking?"

"You are evidently interested, Mr. Harvard." He was really getting tiresome, with his ingenious talk and all. I began to think he was making fun of me. "Well, here's a course in History. The man that lectures is a rather pleasant fellow. He's got a sense of humor, gives you a maximum limit to your thesis instead of a minimum, doesn't give hour exams, and is in all respects quite extraordinary. Then I found a course—"

"Just a minute. You talk about the man that lectures. What about your teacher?"

"My teacher!—why that's it—same thing. He just lectures to us you know."

"But who hears your lessons?"

"Lessons!—why, they have lessons at Yale and Exeter and all those places. We don't have lessons. We just have lectures."

"You just sit and listen to a man talk?"

"Why not?"

"But how do you learn anything?"

"Don't be absurd, Mr. Harvard."

He sighed, evidently with a view to making me feel ashamed. "Why, in my time—" he began.

"Then there is a course in Anthropology," I interrupted. He was getting unbearable and I'm not strong on Colonial History anyway. "It came at such a nice hour—just far enough along in the morning to give you time for a comfortable breakfast and all that. And its an awfully nice crowd that takes it—not a grind in the room."

More sighing; but he evidently intended to make the best of it. "What's this next course," he began again. "Anthropology again? Are you specializing?"

"No, indeed. You see that first course comes in the Museum, and that's an awfully long way off. It seemed a shame to go all the way over there for just one course. And this other one came the next hour right across the hall. It's really a very fortunate coincidence."

"Anything more?"

"Yes, here's one course in English. I didn't want it much, but I had to have it to fill out the regular number. It's a half course, without much reading, and it came at a fair enough time. Besides my brother took it when he was in college, and I have his notes."

"Yes, yes." A pause. "But what is the idea of such a heterogeneous set of courses? I don't quite understand."

"Oh, that's very simple. It's to make you a broader man, you know—it's to—well, that's it, to make you broader."

"Eh?"

"Yes, so that when somebody says something about the Cathedral of Chartres you'll know who painted pictures in it, and that sort of thing. That music course, for instance—now I'll know what to like, and won't make any of those frightful breaks you're apt to make when you say you like Grieg or somebody. And—all that sort of thing, you know. It makes you broader, don't you see?"

"I believe I understand better. What are you planning to do when you're through?"

"Oh, I don't know. Law school, I suppose. I don't like to go to work, and I'd hate to leave Cambridge."



"And I suppose you intend to practice when you are through the Law School?"

"Yes, probably ; but that's three years off still."

"Hm, and did you choose these courses on your own responsibility?"

"Of course. What would—"

"Well, it doesn't seem to me your choice leads up to that very well. In fact, I should call the choice a pretty poor one."

"Poor one! Why, there isn't a nine o'clock in the bunch, and I'm through at one o'clock every day. And there's only one on Saturday, so that I can cut when I want to. Why, that's a perfect schedule!"

He smiled one of those stagy, sad, pitying smiles. I got mad.

"What do you know about it, anyway, I'd like to know. They didn't teach anything but the Bible and Homer when you were young. You couldn't handle an elective system. It takes a knowledge of what one needs and a sense of responsibility to oneself to use a free system like curs intelligently."

"You are getting very discourteous, young man. I am bound to say—Great Scott, is that two o'clock? I've got to be going. I am much obliged for the instruction, however. No, don't come down with me. Good night."

*C. Seymour.*

## Editorial.

The football mass-meetings have begun with gratifying promptness. The question of organised cheering usually raised by them seems to have been pretty thoroughly buried. With the growth of professional coaching some such demonstration has become almost necessary. "Fighting for Harvard" sounds very pretty in a speech and may do for the coach's last exhortation to his men. But as the teams become more and more football machines reflecting the force and ingenuity of the head coach, it is almost inevitable that the matter of representing any particular college or university becomes less important than the overcoming of that other machine. Representing the vague body or spirit called Harvard College must come to be trivial; it is apt to be Coach So-and-so's team rather than Harvard's. Discussing whether this is or is not wrong would open up the whole abused field of athletics—a good old bugaboo that need be called on only for space-filling. The fact remains, however, that except for the handful of men on the squad, the University "at large" can do little for the team and little toward winning the Yale game. The only means appears to be going to practice and cheering. At first sight those seem trifling helps; but it is practically an axiom that sympathy behind the team makes half its strength. When the last ounce of physical strength is played out, a good cheer puts another fictitious ounce into the men—and the part which pure nerve plays in a big game is, of course, tremendous. The most important question is how to make that cheer effective.

Last year we began cheering late. Then we practised some new songs—"Dixie" and "Veritas." The latter had plenty of go and was not at all poorly worded; but though its music could hardly have been improved, "Dixie" was supplied with some of the poorest rhymes that it ever falls to mortal lot to hear. "Cheap" only hints vaguely at their quality. It was not tasteless—it was bad taste, bad manners even. It was unworthy of a country high school. And we attempted by suggesting that the New Haven people go home and have "a spell of marbles, tops or ping-pong" to inspirit our team.

Of course the team didn't stop to listen to the words; but the men that sang must have paid some attention and the amount of college spirit involved in throwing that sort of mud could scarcely have been noticeably inspiring. Of course it is absurd to suggest correcting the merely literary aspects of our songs. It ought, however, to be possible to have songs that will at least cast no reflections on the college. Two years ago some western papers printed a number of our football songs, dealing with true hearts and crimson banners and such, followed by one expressive comment—"and this from our greatest University!"

Why we cannot have good songs written it is a little hard to see. In point of fact we have had some. "Veritas" is distinctly good; it isn't literary, but on the other hand it isn't cheap; it indulges in some rather youthful taunts about the blue bull-dog, but it has, on the whole, stuff enough to justify its existence. It has been suggested that we try to add one song a year in the future. That is excellent, but how is that one to be chosen. There are surely plenty of men in college who *can* write good enough verse to fit a song; yet no one would suspect the play of talent in any of our songs, not even in "Veritas." A competition for the purpose sounds distinctly scholarly and non-athletic. But how else are we to get good songs? The present method—whatever it is—has accomplished worse than nothing; the "student body" might be given at least a chance.

However the songs be written, on the other hand, somebody must be at hand to sing them. A few of the faithful have walked down to Soldiers Field every day and made their support audible occasionally. Secret practice, however, has put an end to that; we can now show our interest only by giving "Eli odds" on the other side of the fence. We may, to be sure, gather in the Union and make a fair amount of noise; and, that is, one must admit, a great institution for strengthening one's waning hopes. But there is something disagreeably artificial and a little absurd in practising the gentle art of the cheer and the song when the team is through its day's work and might possibly like to forget it for a while. If, however, that same practice were

put in during the actual work of the team there would be all the stimulus of an enthusiastic audience for the team, and for the men in the stands something to cheer about. There might very well be one day a week for open practice, or at least an hour on one day. The MONTHLY would like to raise its conservative voice in protest against the whole custom of secret practice; but we haven't been asked to assist in the coaching. That one day, however, might dissipate some of the undesirable features of secret practice, and at the same time help the cheering out immensely. There will always be plenty of support in the Yale game. But that may be too late; it is during the long hard days of drudgery that the team should be assured of support. On the other hand, if that support is to be effective it needs training. The cheering-leaders need practice nearly as much as the cheerers themselves; this one day of open practice would give it without having the artificial character of the Union meeting. We have a cheering section for games; it might do no harm to have at practice a cheering day.

There is a sort of man that, while he is as patriotic as anybody, holds aloof from the cheering. His position is not hard to understand: he has seen loud-mouthed people; he doesn't want to ape that sort. It is a perfectly justifiable conclusion. But his point of view is wrong. He has too great a consideration for the way he appears to the world; he is afraid that the girl in the blue veil three rows back may think him ill-bred; he very properly lets the great unwashed make the noise. There is a distinction, however, between noise and a cheer. If your aim is to support the team, the blue veil must be forgotten; your particular pose doesn't matter. If the cheer is for the team, a good un-selfconscious cheer, there is no danger of appearing noisy. The taciturn person usually wakes up for the Yale game—that is quite the proper thing; but until then he spoils a lot of cheering, he makes everybody around him either uncomfortable or disgusted—and the girl in the blue veil probably isn't looking anyway.

Another sort, far more numerous, is the faint-hearted person, who has just but ten dollars on the team and knows it is a sure loss, etc., etc. What-

ever encouragement good cheering may be, it can all be counteracted by this despairing attitude. Half the game is thinking you are going to win; that is the half we lose first. That the other half doesn't follow more often is the wonder. We suspect the *Crimson* of part responsibility here. It may be well enough to administer some kindly reproofs to the team; but it would be just as effective behind scenes. On the other hand, a hopeful headline and editorial may strengthen the support more than any number of touchdowns against the second. The Yale papers have a pleasant way of treating their poorer teams; "the team hasn't done well this week," they say, "but it's *our* team and it's sure to come out well in the end." Perhaps that is partly why they do come out well so often. This is not to recommend New Haven tactics by any means; but it is a poor sportsman that makes gloomy jokes about his own team and does not stand up for them till the last play. There is a difference between bragging and hearty support. There is plenty of room for the latter this year.

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# THE HARVARD MONTHLY.

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## *A MAN AND HIS WATCH.*

For that convenient creature of supposition, a castaway on a desert island, with no appointments to keep, no obligation to rise at a certain hour or to eat at fixed intervals and no railway connections to give him concern, a watch would be the most useless of all possessions. Indeed, ticking away the hours as complacently in the uncharted wilderness as it had done in London or New York, it might acquire a ceaseless irony of aspect that would make it hateful to its owner. It might become the object of emotions that men usually reserve for other men. But in more or less civilized communities, there is no single article more important to each individual or more capable of winning and holding his affection than his watch.

I had come to regard mine as a perfectly inalienable possession; I gave it no more thought than I gave my great toe; I was unconscious of the pleasure I had in dealing with it according to the daily habit of years. Then, one afternoon between the hours of five and six, occurred the event which brought me to sharp appreciation. By a singularly ironical chance, it was my birthday—as if, at any reasonable time of life, a birthday is not of itself a sufficiently depressing episode, without being crowned by definite misfortune. I had climbed the three flights of stairs to my rooms and was proceeding to change my clothes. Taking out my watch and four dollars, which represented my available funds of the moment, I laid them on the mantel. Then I stepped across the hall into the bath-room, and with the door wide open and standing close by it, I began to shave. Possibly I seem unduly confidential, but these homely details of bachelor life are necessary to my story.

While I was in the midst of the operation, I heard footsteps ascending the stairs. They were quiet, unassuming footsteps, and I said to myself, "The servant, coming up to light the gas in the hall." It was about the hour for her to be performing this duty; I had often been impressed by the noiseless, creepy manner of her ascent; the conclusion was simple. As under the conditions I preferred not to be seen by her, I continued to shave without looking out of the door.

The footsteps pattered round for a moment; then I heard them going down the stairs. When I finished shaving and stepped back into my room, I realized in a sub-conscious way that the gas in the hall was not lighted; but I was in that absent frame of mind which fails to attach significance to vital facts. I dressed and looked for the four dollars. It was not on the mantel or the desk. I got down on my knees and peered about the floor, searched the clothes I had taken off, went insanely into the two bedrooms, into the bathroom, and then stood clasp my head. I felt positive I had not lost that money in the course of the day, yet lost it certainly was. During my exasperation and bewilderment at the disappearance of the four dollars, I had not thought of my watch; at last I stepped over to the mantel expecting to pick it up. There was no watch lying ready to my hand.

The preposterous truth burned through my obtuseness on the instant. I glanced out of the door; the gas was certainly not lighted in the hall. Then I ran downstairs and asked my landlady if anyone had been admitted into the house, within an hour. She said that there had been no one; I myself knew that the door of the house was invariably closed and locked. Nevertheless, by means of a skeleton key or some less easily imagined deviltry, a sneak thief had entered, climbed three flights of stairs, and walked off with my watch while I, razor in hand, complacently listened.

There is such a sensation as that of being faint with fury. It was not merely that I had lost a valuable gold watch under peculiarly ignominious circumstances; if that had been all, I should have borne it, I think, with ordinary bitterness. But the watch had been my father's and had come to me with

the most tender memories; among my few possessions there was no other from which I could have been parted with so much real grief. As I hastened along the street on my way to notify the police, I thought, "what is the use of letting such a scoundrel live! He ought to be hanged. But of course he will never be caught." If I had only stretched my neck a little and looked out of the door! I should have rejoiced to try throwing him downstairs; I should hardly have hesitated, though not of African blood, to use my razor on him. And then it occurred to me that he had of course come primed with some suave excuse—to ask if he might press my clothes or to bespeak my favorable attention for some new laundry. His accursed achievement had, in spite of its effrontery, not even the merit of daring; no criminal act could have been planned more absolutely safe. Yet I could not altogether reproach myself for carelessness. Three flights up, the street door always locked, and in a respectable neighborhood; I swear it is a respectable neighborhood. Again, if I had only stretched my neck! I thought of my long, insensate search for those four paltry dollars while the thief was putting distance between me and my watch. With what a snug sense of satisfaction he must have slipped down the stairs! Oh, if I had only stretched my neck; if only, at the very least, I had seen what manner of scum he was!

The police are miracles of wisdom. They asked me if I knew the number of the watch, and I confessed I did not. Had I ever had it repaired? Yes, three years ago. Then the watchmaker who had repaired it would be able to give me the number. After I had secured that, they would be in a better position to work upon the case.

It was as they had said; the watchmaker, excellent man, provided me with the important clue. The police explained to me that each pawnbroker in the city reported daily what articles he had received. But I had not much hope; I thought that the thief would carry the watch for a while and then pawn it in some other city than that where it had been taken.

For the man who has neither dog nor wife, the watch is the nearest comrade. He drops off to sleep, conscious to the last of the faint beating of

its heart under his pillow. He wakes in the morning and sends out a groping hand for advice as to whether he must get up or whether he may linger for another doze. Throughout the day, if he has a moment of idleness or *ennui*, what more natural than to inspect his time-piece, and hold it a little while, fingering the smooth, slim disk, watching the tranquil progress of the tiny hand? When he goes upon a lonely walk, it is something to feel he carries in his pocket a faithful friend that needs only to be withdrawn to gaze up at him with an honest and unfaltering eye. And as often as he contemplates it—not hastily, for mere information, but in a truly companionable spirit—what an admirable example of the patient performance of the allotted task is presented to his view! The watch is a monitor indeed, not only of time, but of conduct. Undisturbed and constant, single-minded, moving always upon its task with quiet authority, it points a lesson of rectitude for the nervous, easily agitated human organism that it serves.

So it was not only as a convenience to which I had long been accustomed that I missed my watch. Two or three times a day my unthinking hand would stray to my empty waistcoat pocket and then leap back, stung by the pang of sudden remembrance. The humiliation of having daily to ask if it was yet time to be going to luncheon was a small matter; the feeling that the inseparable companion by day and by night for eleven years had been taken from me was less supportable; but the long aching hurt lay in the knowledge that the most intimate memorial of him who had been dearest of all men to me was gone from my keeping. The smooth case had been worn the smoother by my father's fingers; nothing was left on earth that had experienced so often his touch. It was this watch with which he had beguiled my wondering ear when I was little, the one with whose small nest of intricate machinery he had amazed and delighted me when I had grown older, and the one that had kept for him the last long vigil. Now it lay in some desecrating, crime-smirched hand or perhaps the heart had been torn out and cast away, the covers melted down and sold.

The days passed, and I was unreconciled. Then one morning I read in

the newspaper that two young Greeks had been arrested and that pawn-tickets for various stolen articles had been found in their possession. One of the things specified was a gold watch; even to the name of the maker, the description fitted the watch that I had lost.

I betook myself at once to police headquarters and saw the "plain-clothes man" who had made the arrest. He informed me that it was indeed my watch, and that it was in pawn for thirty-three dollars.

Now although our paths are unlikely ever again to converge, I shall always bear a grateful memory of that officer. From his achievement I date my present high regard and admiration for the police. He seems to me the most acute, resourceful and efficient of his type. The pawnbroker had reported receiving articles answering the description of stolen property. The following day the officer lay in wait across the street from the pawn-shop; in the afternoon he saw two rough-looking young men enter; he arrested them on suspicion and found that with singular stupidity they had not disposed of the tell-tale pawn-tickets.

The police officer was of a sympathy undulled by his familiarity with crime. "I have a watch that belongs to my mother," he said. "I'd go from here to Asia after it.—Sure, I'm mighty glad I got yours back for you, sir."

I walked with him down the narrow street on which are two-thirds of the city's pawn-shops. It may have been because of my happy mood, it may have been because it was the first warm, pleasant day of spring; at any rate the atmosphere of the place did not seem entirely squalid, cynical, and unscrupulous. The brassy-looking rings and chains in the windows, the tarnished silver, the ugly and fantastic clocks, the monstrous jewels of paste and colored glass exhibited a touching if unlovely message; these were the things that the owners had parted from under great need,—it may be, with a sentiment no less than mine;—these were the things displayed to attract some purchaser of frugal purse and tawdry taste. Here met together for exchange the most portable and personal possessions of the poor. No doubt the Jew sitting within, bland and inscrutable, amid his sordid, battered hodge-

podge of old metals, traffics knowingly now and then with thieves, pinches cruelly now and then the needy; even so, one likes to think that he were inhuman beyond the possibility of success in his calling if he grew only the more callous with years. Always upon his street are two or three hurdy-gurdies grinding out their tunes; and where the hurdy-gurdy lingers life has its kinder and more joyous side. The boys with their fish-baskets selling flounders to the Jewish women clustering on the sidewalk, the hucksters of fruit exchanging Yiddish jest and greeting, the families sitting amicably on the doorsteps give the street of pawnbrokers a genial, domestic air.

Next to a window in which slimsy women's wrappers were suspended from a clothes-line, stood a pawnshop; in the doorway leaned a contented-looking, amiable Hebrew. We stopped; and when he learned my name from the police officer, he smiled urbanely and led us into his dingy room. In another moment I was holding my watch—with somewhat the feeling, I think, that one might have in taking the hand of a friend long estranged but always dearly loved. But while I held it, I became aware that the pawnbroker regarded me with apprehensive eyes; so, acting upon the officer's previous hint as to what was customary in such cases, I tendered him thirty-three dollars; I was sure I had fixed a permanent smile upon his face. Then I departed, and if my cash pocket was empty, my watch pocket, for so many days bereaved, was trilling its own small pæan of joy.

Now I have been told that I committed great folly in reimbursing the pawnbroker, that I even stimulated him in his career as receiver of stolen goods, and that such practices as mine make it easy for thieves to dispose of their booty and so are an encouragement to theft. I do not know how that may be; to me it seems probable that a criminal would steal even if there were no pawnbroker to receive the plunder. I am quite sure that the thief who found a gold watch lying ready to his hand would take it, no matter with what difficulties and dangers its sale might be attended. After all, it is only through the pawnbroker that stolen property can be recovered; and in spite of his manifest failings and his probably frequent guilty knowledge, I

would not wish to have him discouraged. I acted only upon the hint of the officer as to the usual custom; yet another time I should act in the same way upon conviction. For I am sure I should not care to feel that the event which had brought me happiness had made another man—barring the actual thief—sorrowful. I wish I might be above all things scrupulous not to inflict a loss upon my neighbor—not to provoke in him the thought that he has been dealt with hardly and to his disadvantage. Perhaps he has no similar aspiration and is never so well pleased as when he has driven a hard bargain; not even that knowledge should tempt me to fit my scruples to the occasion, to acknowledge myself that poorest of creatures, a man of adjustable ideals.

Once more my watch sleeps under my pillow by night and ticks busily in my waistcoat pocket by day.

*Arthur Stanwood Pier.*



*REQUIEM.*

To die—to love the earth a little more,  
To love—to mingle personality,  
And so to rot, soil of the soil at last,—  
Where some unclean, base foot shall tramp you down,  
And still the earth smile upward at the sky.

*Swinburne Hale.*

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*DON DECARNEZ.*

For five solid hours the sun had stared with unblinking frankness at the Arizona plain below. The few early morning mists had fled before his gaze, and the only wonder was that any living thing was abroad. In response to the presence of the sun, a single horseman pressed his finger tips to his throbbing eyes. When he removed them little yellow spots danced among the sagebrush and lost themselves at the low line of hills on the horizon. Currie Field kicked his feet free from the stirrups, and pulling his sombrero over his eyes, let the pony pick its way through the bunches of cactus and Spanish bayonet. Currie was pondering over his life since leaving college. He had an absurdly large income, and had spent much time in art and music; but to please an ambitious sister he had gone west to do something really worth while. He had bought a large bunch of sheep, and had faced foot-rot and scab and Mexican thieves with a dogged perseverance.

Here Currie's reverie was broken by his pony shying at a gray coyote, which stood but a few feet away and bared its teeth with a scornful lip when Currie glanced at it. The action of the coyote was so like the treatment Currie had received from his foreman when his sheep died and there seemed no pay for the men, that he pulled in his pony a second, and then in a blaze of anger remembered how he had restocked his flock by new capital and thus silenced the foreman. The case of the coyote he settled by pulling

his Colts' automatic and firing six bullets through the insolent outcast of the plains before he could change his grin to a look of concern. Then with the feeling that it was all hardly worth while, Currie rode on.

A half hour later he reached the edge of La Cinta Cañon and glanced to the west, where a low cloud of dust hid the approaching flock of sheep in charge of Mexican herders. Currie could never endure the eternal baa-ing of the sheep and their expressive human eyes, so he rode ahead. A few minutes of sliding down the steep walls of the cañon brought him unexpectedly to a tiny spring of limpid water. Hastily dismounting he stooped over the pool, not noticing that round the spring where the water had dried was a thin white crust of alkali crystals. Just as his lips would have touched the water a gloved hand checked his face and he sprang to his feet with the sudden heat that had made him meet the foreman and the coyote. His lips were baked, and by the time he had moistened them to speak he saw that the wearer of the glove was not a ranch foreman nor even a herder, but a dark haired girl. He noticed instantly that she was not exactly of the Spanish señorita type. She was dressed in a long green riding skirt, which she gathered in one hand. From her wrist dangled a short quirt, and what Currie at first took for a glove was a long gauntlet. Her figure was full and rounded, and her coarse blouse collar, turned slightly back, showed a line where the whiteness of her throat turned to the deep rich tan of the sun and wind.

"I beg your pardon," began the girl in perfect English, shaking the water from her glove, which she had dipped in the spring, "that spring is alkali, poison you see; if monsieur will come I will show him good water."

She ended her sentence with a slight foreign accent, and turned to a little footpath which led to a slowly dripping pool of water. By its sides little ferns and green mosses grew, a welcome change from the aching plain. The girl took a horn drinking cup from beside the spring, filled it with water, and handed it to Currie. With a slight exclamation he seized it, then checking himself, he moistened his thick lips and said: "After you, please." She glanced at him, touched the horn to her lips and returned it to him.

When his choking thirst had been quenched they talked together of the plains and of the hills, each avoiding any reference to their life before. They seemed to live a short half hour of mutual understanding where questions were worse than useless. Then Currie led up her pony and helped her mount. At parting she removed her long gauntlet and they shook hands. Currie could not help noticing how clear white her hand was, compared to his, roughened with work and bitten by sheep dip. The girl whirled her Indian pony and he scampered up the cañon and was gone. Currie raised his hat as she disappeared, and once he thought he heard pebbles rattle down from the trail above when he was half way down to the plain of La Cinta; but when he turned he could see no one.

## II.

Late in the afternoon of his visit to the spring Currie left his herders camping in the valley of La Cinta and struck off to explore a ranch, famous in that country for its blue glass and for the odd foreigner who owned it. An hour's ride brought him to a high plateau and in a few minutes he was dismounting under a group of large cottonwood trees that half hid the white-washed walls of a dobe hacienda. A man of slight build, but of finely moulded face and limbs met him with the customary frankness of the country. His thick iron gray hair curled away from a high white forehead.

"Welcome, ze stranger ees welcome," he began with a quick charm of manner that took Currie away to days in France; "my name ees Decarnez, Don Decarnez, zay call me here, but it ees Monsieur Decarnez. And yours?" he added as he led the way to the cool veranda, shaded by the stately cottonwoods.

Currie gave his name, vaguely remembering what some of his herders had said of a Don Decarnez, who lived alone with his beautiful daughter and their servants. These tales, however, had seemed no more than accounts of the Mexicanas such as the daughter of the famous Trinidad Lucerro, who would lose her charm in a year and be an aged madre. As they sat looking

at the wide plain a tame antelope picked its way daintily to them, and held up its graceful head for a caress. In reply to Currie's question Decarnez said: "No, it ees belong to my daughter, she catch him and train him. But come and see my house when it ees light."

Currie followed his host into the long dobe house, and was deeply impressed by its furnishings. The outer walls gave no sign of the wealth within. Rich Persian rugs covered the floor, and on the walls were rare paintings. At one end of the main room stood a rich dark cabinet of the time of Louis XIV, while near by was a piano. While Currie was noticing all this his host was busy at the cabinet, from which he took a rare old Italian violin. For a half hour Decarnez dilated on his treasures as only a passionate nature of Southern blood can. At length he turned to a canvas-covered easel and lowering his voice said: "This ees my treasure of all." Before Currie stood a nearly-finished painting of the girl he had met at the spring. There could be no doubt of it, for there was the same superb coloring, the same wavy hair, and the same Southern cast of feature.

"That ees my daughter Theresa," went on Decarnez with a low voice and the most exquisite grace, "she paint it from this," pointing to an older painting, the mother of the girl, "and from her own idea." Then as though he had told too much, Decarnez covered the painting again and led the way to the cottonwoods. He told Currie that his wife had been from Castile, while he was from France, but he evaded all reference to their solitary life on the plains.

Presently the girl Theresa cantered up on her pony and met Currie without giving a sign of their former meeting. At supper she sat at the head of the table in the long dining-room, while her father glanced from his guest to his daughter with a great happiness.

It was taken for granted by all that Currie would remain as guest till the next day, and after the short twilight had been followed by the swift darkness he was shown to his room in a wing of the dobe. He threw himself across the low bed, but he could not sleep. Visions of trim gardens and women's

laughter, of courteous men and soft music thronged his mind. Stepping from the low casement he wandered across the thick blue-grass lawn and drank in the deep night air. It was pitch black except for a few faint stars and the rustling of the leaves in the cottonwoods. Far to the south came the faint call of a coyote. Currie turned back to the dobe, but reached the wrong side of the house in the darkness. Just as he passed the corner the notes of a violin filled the air. Through the open window he could see the daughter of the house standing outlined against the darkness, her arms bare and her thick hair on her shoulders. She was swaying slightly, playing Traumerei. At the height of the throbbing strain a sudden gust of wind extinguished the candle, for a moment the music wavered and then was still.

The next morning Decarnez alone met Currie at breakfast. Both men seemed constrained and it was with feelings of relief that Currie bade his kind host good bye and mounted his horse. At the instant of parting Decarnez seemed on the point of becoming genial again, but he checked himself, and Currie, with thanks to his host and regards to Mademoiselle, rode away.

### III.

When Currie reached the spot in La Cinta valley where the flocks were grazing he found the camp unbroken and the Mexican herders praying to the old priest, who lived at the head of the cañon. Their low chant of prayers murmured through the sides of the tents. Even the foreman seemed influenced and said the old priest foretold some terrible calamity. The men were deaf to entreaties or commands, and till afternoon Currie idled round the camp. By that time the superstitious fear that fed on the hearts of the men seemed to take possession of him, and he walked alone among the flocks. As he wandered on strangely unquiet, he noticed that the sheep were no longer grazing, but were wandering about in little groups and never at quiet. A bunch of wild antelope, most timid of creatures, picked their way among the sheep and glanced at him with troubled, fearless eyes; and a golden eagle sat but a few yards away on a dead mesquite tree. Currie turned to

where his horse was tethered, and found the pony standing with wide-open eyes, trembling in every limb and sweating as though from a ten-mile run.

With a sudden resolution Currie sprang to the pony's back and rode up the cañon along the trail to the spring. Then he glanced below and saw the plain was full of animals; horses, cattle and sheep were standing restless near the camp where the men were. The whole effect was to fill Currie with a nameless terror. The sun seemed to stand motionless, and although there was no haze the light was dimmed. All nature seemed to be holding its breath. The silence grew unbearable. It seemed that the whole of the universe rested on Currie's breast. He tried to call hoarsely, and the spell was broken. A deep murmur of protest rose from the earth, and boulders were flung down the gorge. Then a narrow crack that constantly widened appeared along the side of the cañon and Currie realized that the earth was slipping out from under him. That at least was a certain end, and the mad fear was gone. His pony vainly sought to plant its hoofs on firm ground, and the whole cañon side tore loose. Then the noose of a lasso fell about Currie's body, and as his horse pitched, shieking below, he was dragged up the twenty feet to the edge of the cañon. An instant more and he stood on solid ground and stared with unseeing eyes at Decarnez's daughter, who still held the lasso attached to her saddle horn. With a common instinct they looked down the perpendicular edge of the cañon. Half the valley below was covered with rocks and earth. The camp and flocks were out of sight, and only a thin dust covered the place. Currie turned towards the girl, then something snapped and it was dark.

#### IV.

For two long months Theresa Decarnez, with her faithful servants, nursed Currie back to life. He had raved about the universe and the trembling of things and of looking where man may not see. One day he had a lucid moment and asked for a picture case from his coat. He did not recognize Theresa nor question his condition. When he drifted away again Theresa, with dumb,

unfeeling hands, placed the crumpled likeness in the case again. She did not notice how similar the picture was to Currie.

When Currie found himself he was being excellently cared for by the servants of Decarnez, but the man himself and his daughter, with all their valuable possessions, were quite gone. The Mexican servants could give no account of them and when Currie was well enough to go the dobe was closed and in two weeks wild foxes were burrowing on the blue grass lawn.

After a year in the East, when Currie had given up the search for the family of Decarnez, he and his sister visited an art salon to see a much-talked-of painting. Currie halted before it with a tightening at his throat, for it was the finished painting he had seen at the dobe of Decarnez. Suddenly he turned, and met the painter, the girl of the valley : she was pale, glancing from Currie to his sister, then a light seemed to dawn on her mind. For a third time she and Currie met, but this time it was she who fainted.

*L. M. Crosbie.*

*"CAPTAIN CRAIG."*

There are those at home and abroad who tell us that our nation, our age and generation are drowned in material pursuits and drunk with brutality. Our artists, we are told, sell their souls or, to save them, hurry away from a civilization that deafens thought and kills fancy. Our novelists boil over the fire of magazines; our essayists string off their chapters week by week. In short, we live in a sort of railway station, and have time for only those things and people who can catch the express with us. What a consolation it ought to be to these critics to find our poets still singing, still thinking, still alive enough to believe in the Muse; to find them still mixing with life and not yet disgusted with it.

There are many happy hours to be spent in the verses of our contemporaries, though few people, I dare say, allow themselves the luxury. For my part, I owe this new author much more than that. The honesty and simplicity of his mind, the pathos and kindness of his heart, and above all the humor with which his imagination is lighted up continually, have made me begin life over again and feel once more that poetry is part of it, perhaps the truth of it.

His poems are chiefly scenes, where his odd acquaintances talk to him or write to him. He gives a few of their gestures and attitudes. A line here and there lets you see the speaker, evading his own conscience or yielding to his desire for confession. Then the author rather slyly disappears; his hero talks himself out; and often a last note, between humor and sorrow, closes the song. Such, you might say, is life.

These people are all queer. Captain Craig, Carmichael, Aunt Imogen, Lorraine, George Annandale, Vanderberg: they are among those who after experience curl up in a corner and under persuasion will talk to you.

I keep a scant half-dozen words he said,  
And every now and then I lose his name;  
He may be living or he may be dead,  
But I must have him with me all the same.



You have met such people and felt that way ; if you have not, you care nothing for the various members of your race, you let the faces on the street go by without seeing them, you are putting on your gloves instead of shaking hands. How much you miss ! And then

There is this to be remembered always :  
 Whatever be the altitude you reach,  
 You do not rise alone ; nor do you fall  
 But you drag others down to more or less  
 Than your preferred abasement. God forbid  
 That ever I should preach, and in my zeal  
 Forget that I was born an humorist ;  
 But now, for once, before I go away,  
 I beg of you to be magnanimous.

If we meet them in this spirit, we are going to pass through a series of feasts of reason and flows of soul. The dramatist shows us men and women directly, in their action on each other, moving and lost in the stress of life. Our author is more descriptive and sees the world in a way too characteristic not to engage us in his view. His people are all very real, but he has pointed out and chosen their realities for us. His poems then are not dramatic lyrics in any sense, but introductions to his friends.

"Therefore I welcome what may come,  
 Glad for the days, the nights, the years."—  
 An upward flash of ember-flame  
 Revealed the gladness of his tears.

"You see them, but you know," said he,  
 "Too much to be incredulous ;  
 You know the day that makes us wise,  
 The moment that makes fools of us."

Which do you prefer, Vanderberg who is speaking, or Robinson who is quoting ? They were intimate friends :

Though not for common praise of him,  
 Nor yet for pride or charity,  
 Still would I make to Vanderberg  
 One tribute for his memory :

One honest warrant of a friend  
 Who found with him that flesh was grass—  
 Who neither blamed him in defect  
 Nor marveled how it came to pass;  
  
 Or why it ever was that he—  
 That Vanderberg, of all good men,  
 Should lose himself to find himself,  
 Straightway to lose himself again.

But, you say, this is not poetry. I can only answer, What is it, then? and would you give us, after the many praiseworthy attempts since Aristotle, a definition of the art? The test of all forms of expression lies not in their resembling other forms, but in their proving adequate to the thought. Otherwise literature would be a long commentary on the classics, whereas the commentary can be left to scholars, while the classics grow more varied and more numerous. The fact that so much poetry past and present is written in what professors of rhetoric call an elevated style, does not necessarily condemn authors who use plain Saxon. The metrics of Milton and of Browning do not banish loose and smooth versification. The English sonnet is not bound to be serious, lyric and climatic,—let me prove it to you:

Carmichael had a kind of joke-disease,  
 And he had queer things fastened on his wall.  
 There are three green china frogs that I recall  
 More potently than anything, for these  
 Three frogs have demonstrated, by degrees,  
 What curse was on the man to make him fall:  
 "They are not ordinary frogs at all,  
 They are the frogs of Aristophanes."  
 God how he laughed whenever he said that;  
 And how we caught from one another's eyes  
 The flash of what a tongue could never tell!  
 We always laughed at him, no matter what  
 The joke was worth. But when a man's brain dies,  
 We are not always glad. . . . Poor Carmichael!

So we have one poet more, one more of those men like us but more than we; who make life richer and clearer, by bringing the smile and the tear

nearer together, and in their mixture showing us the human face of men and women, as it looks, on the whole rather anxiously, before and upward.

*T. S.*

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*LONELINESS.*

The throngs go by ; I care not where they go,  
They move as in a dream,  
As shadows which I know yet cannot know.  
In mute, phantasmal train  
The pantomime sweeps on and on again,  
Through lands where nothing is and all things seem.

What solitude of tempest-cradled isle  
Could ever be so drear ?  
Men come and go, and all, with joyless smile,  
In mockery pass by.  
They are but shadows let them live or die ;—  
I am alone among the shadows here.

*H. A. Bellows.*

*"CLEVER" MODERN FICTION.*

There are short stories of all sorts and descriptions; long short stories and short ones; pleasant and unpleasant—the mere enumeration of them all would fill pages. There is one more distinct and prominent type, however, which may be generally designated as "clever." It is not the best side of modern fiction, but it is very popular and much encouraged, to be found in every magazine. In fact, many magazines publish almost nothing else. If, then, this survey seems to paint all black, let it be borne in mind that there is a brighter and more to be encouraged side of modern fiction which is not here discussed at all.

The short story, then, is today a very important branch of literature. There are thousands of persons engaged in writing short stories; millions engaged in reading them. Could we but eliminate many, if not most, of the thousands, on a principal of the survival of the most deserving, and force the millions to read what remained, the literary taste of the multitudes would doubtless be greatly changed for the better. This is obviously impossible. So long as the public is satisfied and the publishers are content, no change will take place, unless of its own accord. And so long as no change takes place, the market will be supplied with stories of the types now prevalent, and of the same degrees of merit. But why should not those of us who see, or think we see, room for great improvement, do a little sympathetic fault finding?

What, then, is amiss with the short story of today? Is it that the popular mind is so degenerate? Is it lack of intelligence? Is it due to the unintelligent, though educated masses? It is none of these. Surely Kipling, prince of short story writers, was duly admired. Poe is still read. The good writer is still popular, when he vouchsafes to write well. We must look elsewhere then. And, strange to say, the whole trouble is largely due to ambition. Shakespeare and Marlowe developed characters, real and living. So did Fielding and Thackeray. The former pair did it in dramas; the latter in novels. And now the Baroness von Hüften and Margaret Deland, and hosts

of others, must needs attempt the same thing in short stories. Nor are they content with this. Their character developing stories must teach a lesson, must tell mankind something it knows already; has known from infancy. In short, they must be didactic, and in so doing cannot fail to be a mass of platitudes. Nothing under the sun is new, to be sure; but if the story writers must give us platitudes, they might at least make their antiquity less obvious.

As to character developing, it is beyond the scope of the short story. A real genius might suggest a truly living character, even in so short a space; but no other could even outline one. And this can easily be reasoned out. For the novelist and the dramatist either give the history of the whole of a man's life, or of an important part of it. He is depicted under various circumstances, now acting one way, now another. The motives, aims and ambitions of his life are set forth. His whole character, on its various sides, is shown. But this is not the case with the short story. Here space is very limited. But one episode in the life of a man is recounted; but one passing object of his desire is shown; only one side of his character exhibited. It can hardly be contended that despite so many restrictions, a vivid, feeling, living, character can be created. Consequently, the characters in short stories are treated in a very superficial way; and only in such a series of narratives as Kipling's *Jungle Books* or *Soldiers Three* do we find any characterization really worthy of the name. But the truth of the matter is, that although the short story apparently purports to give us a character, it is in fact undertaking quite another thing. What the short story really does is to take a man, supposed already to exist and be known, and pick him to pieces. It deals not with characters, but with characteristics. And perhaps not so much even with characteristics as with motives. The modern short story writer is very fond of making his dummy do this and that, and then telling us what he did it for. And this most refreshingly regardless of whether the motive is adequate, or more than adequate, or whether it could possibly have moved the dummy to have acted as he did.

A recent attempt at characterization in a short story is to be found in *The Measure of a Man*, by Francis Prevost. It is a tale of a man whose

lack of principles and ideals, and power to grasp the reality of life, coupled with his attractiveness and his tender heart, lead him to marry a foolish girl for whom he cares nothing, because he has made her fall in love with him. At the same time, he has already formed a curious friendship with a married woman, and has promised her that he will never marry while she lives. What the author means his character to be is clear enough, but it fails to be a character. It does not seem living, and the reader is conscious throughout that it is all a story, that this person is merely a shadow of one who may perhaps exist. The writer gives us characteristics and motives, but fails to create a living person, whom we can feel that we have known.

The short story is, however, sufficiently adapted to lesson-giving purposes. The objection to the didactic story is not that it undertakes what it cannot do, but that it is almost invariably a mere elaborated platitude, and that it benefits nobody. Even if a man does learn some truth from one of these stories, it is highly improbable that he will ever act upon it.

For instance, one short story which has recently appeared, made, in substance, the startling statement that a girl might marry a man from a sort of infatuation, taking it for love. And, further, that if a man should find this to be the case with his particular *fiancee*, he had much better break off the engagement. Another learned author was astute enough to discover, and give his discovery to the world, that a woman might be apparently religious, and generally of an æsthetic turn of mind, and yet be quite insincere. But a third, in a crowning effort, lets us know that if an old man rubbed a magic ring while wishing that he was young, and was thereupon rejuvenated, while his mind stayed old, he would have a most unhappy time of it.

Now compare this with our best short story writers, Poe and Kipling. Never, or almost never, do they undertake to teach us a lesson in their stories. They give us pure narrative and description, full of incident and action, but free from didacticism and characterization. The same is true of Bret Harte, Frank R. Stockton and Washington Irving. And these names

rank high in the list of short story writers, and are in themselves a strong argument in favor of pure narrative. Hawthorne alone, of the many who have tried, has succeeded in handling the moralizing story successfully.

A third ambition of the short story writer, and a more commendable one, is to be original. But, unfortunately, he is not satisfied with ordinary, everyday originality. He must find some means of being originally original. He must devise an originality which actually becomes incarnate, and says aggressively: "See me. I am original, ingenious; I am the product of cleverness. Behold and admire." This originality, however, is not applied exclusively to character dissecting. It is even more prominent in plots. Consequently many plots, undertaking to be cleverly original, are ridiculous instead. Professor Hill, in his *Principles of Rhetoric*, tells us that an "impossible probability" is preferable to an "improbable possibility." In other words, that a thing in fact impossible, but nevertheless credible, is better than an incredible thing which is in reality quite possible. And this is just what the short story writer will not realize. He wants an improbable possibility, which will make everyone start, and say:—"Well, I never—"

Such a one is a recent story by Prevost, entitled *Her Reputation*. It tells of an unusually high-principled and strong, but sensitive man, who meets a woman whose husband is worthless and unfaithful. She lives in a sort of imaginary world, unwilling to see things as they really are. She likes him, while he merely pities her. She sees much of him, while he is anxious to see less of her. And finally, against his will and judgment, she leans on him for support, telling him, as if it were a privilege, that he is never to marry, always to love only her. She corresponds with him, and forces him to write her what are almost love-letters. And all this though he cares nothing for her, and only wishes to be well out of it. He finally falls in love, and tries to sever his connection with her. But when he thinks he has succeeded, she sends his letters to his bride-to-be, and the engagement is broken off. Without reading the story it is impossible to conceive of the absurd extent to which this connection is carried, but from the above the reader will see that it is incredible

that any man of sense and character should allow himself to be put into such a false position. If the plot were plausible, the story would be a good one, but the absurdity of the plot ruins the tale. For the thing might be, but we cannot believe that it ever was.

In direct contrast with this are Kipling's *Jungle Books* and *Soldiers Three*. He gives us "probable impossibilities." Of course Mowgli never did live the life of a wolf with wolves as his brothers, nor did Private Mulvaney ever find his way into an Indian temple full of beautiful women, and be mistaken for a god. When we stop and think of it soberly, these things seem clearly impossible. But they are plausibly and realistically handled, and we enter into their spirit. The fact that they seem possible makes them for the moment seem true, and we can read them without feeling their impossibility.

Still another phase of the short story is the problem story. This is due to an ambition to start men thinking on subjects which would not otherwise attract their attention. The author composes a tale of a man or woman getting into some predicament where there are but two courses to pursue. Having got into the predicament, he is very unkindly left there, and the reader is equally unkindly left to decide which course the unfortunate should follow. By way of illustration: suppose a man carries on a violent flirtation with a girl, and she falls in love with him, and he, on the spur of the moment, proposes to her. There he is, and there he is left. It is for the reader to decide whether this rash person should marry the girl, and risk the happiness of both, or break it off, and wound her tender affections.

This problem story is another form of the prevalent cleverness. The only reason that it is interesting is because of the mystery connected with it: namely, why anyone should wish to read it. It is unpleasant to me, for one, to be confronted with a moral problem as unanswerable as the Sphinx's riddle, in the guise of a short story. But the real beauty of this form of story is its *naïveté*. It considers itself so important a personage, and so innocently withal, that we almost believe it. The problem story thinks that it is doing mankind



some genuine service, that it is helping it towards immortal life, or something equally advantageous. Just how it is to attain this end is not yet clear.

So it appears that the fault with the general run of the short stories of today is due to the ambition to be what the publishers term clever. By this word they apparently mean flagrantly striking originality. Everything must be not only new, but new in a new way. And so it has come to pass that the average story reader is like the Athenians of old, always running after some new thing. And the market, having been taught to desire its literature highly seasoned with peppers and mustards, must be filled before it will turn to other things. For the writer can only be influenced by a consensus of opinion among his readers. Therefore, if the public mind could only be brought to consider that the end and consummation of all things literary is not literary pepper and mustard, we should be rid of the overseasoned products of the modern pen.

But the ambition to do more with the short story than is possible bids fair to be a far more lasting evil. It is hardly the sort of thing which the public will appreciate and grow weary of, and the only apparent way in which it can be suppressed is by the writers themselves concluding that it is futile and giving it up.

Attempts at characterization in short stories are to be regarded as evils chiefly because they occupy the limited space with unprofitable matter. Inasmuch as the characterization is unsuccessful, it is harmful to the story. The space it occupies might be utilized for better purposes. For, after all, one never reads a short story except for recreation, and, if it is unsuccessful, it is not refreshing. Pure narrative and description are the province of the short story, and pure narrative and description are the most refreshing light reading. For the same reason one does not wish to find a sermon, however good, in one's story.

Of course the forms of short story here discussed are but a few of many. There are short stories now written which are purely narrative and descriptive. Those here discussed belong to the class generally to be designated as "clever."

They are a distinct type, and an important one. For many editors encourage them, and they are numerous, consequently having a decided influence on the general trend of modern fiction. So, while it is not seldom suggested that the short story will eventually take the place of the novel, as the novel has supplanted the drama, it seems highly improbable, in view of the experiments that are being made today, that it is equal to this task. But the present time is the experimental period of the short story, as was the age of miracle-plays with the drama and Richardson's with the novel; and we cannot arrive at any sure conclusion as regards its future. We can only draw inferences. And perhaps, after all, the story will mature into an absolutely unexpected and surprisingly successful branch of literature, capable of developing characters, and teaching lessons heretofore disregarded, in a manner hitherto unheard of. And it is even more to be hoped that this is the case, than that the short story will limit itself to the scope which seems now to be all that it is capable of.

*E. N. Perkins.*

*INSPIRATION.*

It is here,  
The splendid moment—  
The world lives, breathes ;  
On mountain tops, in lonely places,  
There is a rushing as of wings,  
While, wrapped in whirlwinds of the deep,  
Canopied with clouds,  
Brooded over by stars,  
Earth works her destiny through space ;  
I see, embrace it all.  
Then comes the voice :  
Lo, thou art one with all strong things that are,  
The sad reverberation of the sea,  
The mountain, the benignant evening star ;  
Thy life is drawn from them, and theirs from thee.  
See where the streams wind down  
Past fields of toiling men,  
And turmoil of the town.  
Search out the forest glen,  
Silent, and grey, and cool—  
There meditate beside the secret pool.  
For through it all one spirit works, and now  
His hand is on thy brow.

*C. T. Ryder.*

*JOHNSON AND ADDISON AS ESSAYISTS.*

The great charm of the best essays which English literature affords lies in their brevity, and, in a way, in their narrowness. They do not attempt many things at once; but deal, rather, with a single matter in such a way as to bring out in its development all the relations and suggestiveness that surround it. The literary character of the essay depends upon its subject matter, but most of all upon the mood of the writer. Alexander Smith, in his essay on "The Writing of Essays," says: "The essay, as a literary form, resembles the lyric, in so far as it is molded by some central mood,—whimsical, serious, or satirical. Given the mood—and the essay, from the first sentence to the last, grows around it as the cocoon grows around the silkworm. The essay writer is a chartered libertine, and a law unto himself. A quick ear and eye, an ability to discern the infinite suggestiveness of common things, a brooding meditative spirit, are all that the essayist requires to start business with."

And so in comparing the moral essays of Johnson with those of Addison, one is chiefly impressed with the difference of the moods of the two writers. For, after all, is not an essay, primarily, a thing to be enjoyed? And that which can make the essay most enjoyable is its mood. We would, most of us, read the essay for relaxation rather than for study; and accordingly the ever-present good-nature of Addison's essays contributes far more to our pleasure, than does the more serious, critical, you might even say fault-finding, mood of Johnson. The inspiration of Addison's essays is the writer's good nature. He exhibits no pride of knowledge; and if he is charged, at times justly perhaps, with pedantry, because of some passages unduly elaborated with classic quotations—nevertheless it is pleasing and graceful pedantry—and is in accordance with the literary tastes of his contemporaries. Whether he is writing on "Homer and Milton," or upon his favorite Sir Roger de Coverly, or even when his essay dwells on such trifling considerations as

"The Extension of the Female Neck," we feel through them all the graceful skill, the geniality and warm-heartedness of the writer. In his essay on "Homer and Milton," comparing the action of the fables of the "Iliad" and the "Aeneid" with that of "Paradise Lost," Addison examines them in reference to three qualifications: first, that there should be action; second, that it should be a complete action; and third, that it should be a great action. In discussing the last of these qualifications he writes: "In poetry, as in architecture, not only the whole but the principle members, and every part of them should be great. I will not presume to say that the book of games in the 'Aeneid,' or that in the 'Iliad' are not of this nature; nor to reprehend Virgil's simile of the top, and many others of the same kind in the 'Iliad,' as liable to any censure in this particular; but I think we may say, without derogating from any of those wonderful performances, that there is an unquestionable magnificence in every part of 'Paradise Lost,' and indeed a much greater than could have been formed upon any pagan 'system.'"

Addison gives us a quaint picture of Sir Roger at the play—"When Sir Roger saw Andromache's obstinate refusal to her lover's importunities, he whispered me in the ear that he was sure she would never have him; to which he added, with a more than ordinary vehemence: 'You can't imagine, sir, what it is to have to do with a widow.' Upon Pyrrhus's threatening afterwards to leave her, the knight shook his head and muttered to himself: 'Aye, do it if you can.' This part dwelt so much upon my friend's imagination, that at the close of the third act, as I was thinking of something else, he whispered me in my ear: 'These widows, sir, are the most perverse creatures in the world. But pray,' says he, 'you that are a critic, is the play according to your dramatic rules, as you call them? Should your people in tragedy always talk to be understood? Why there is not a single sentence in this play that I do not know the meaning of.'"

The essay on "The Extension of the Female Neck" treats its subject frankly and yet with delicacy of humor. "I could not but observe last winter," he writes, "that upon the disuse of the neck-piece (the ladies will pardon

me if it is not the fashionable term of the art), the whole tribe of oglers gave their eyes a new determination, and stared the fair sex in the neck rather than in the face. To prevent these saucy familiar glances, I would entreat my gentle readers to sew on their tuckers again, to retrieve the modesty of their characters, and not to imitate the nakedness, but the innocence, of their mother Eve."

In the first of these three essays we have literary criticism given in the light of established literary standards; in the second, a painstaking and sympathetic picturing of an odd and whimsical character; and in the third, a merry hit at what the writer considers one of the petty follies of the day. Yet all three, differing as they do in tone, received their charm from their very cheeriness and grace.

Samuel Johnson, on the other hand, is the first to give to the English essay a different mood—virility. He is proud, even in his days of greatest poverty; and we are made to feel repeatedly in his writings the fierceness of his pride. Neither his nature, nor his lot in life were calculated to produce the same mood as that which directed the pen of Addison. His essays are of a "sterner stuff"—we feel in them that proud sensibility of his nature which prompted in his letter to Lord Chesterfield the words: "The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labors, had it been early, had been kind." Yet the mood of Johnson, although proud, also exhibits great depths of sympathy for the unfortunate.

Coupled with his virility, he shows us, throughout his essays, the keen analytical powers of his mind. By attacking inconsistencies and misapprehensions in the thought and character of his time, he rendered a great service. Reynolds says: "All who are of his school, are distinguished by a love of truth and accuracy." Life is a serious thing for Johnson; he seeks the truth below the surface; he tests and analyzes. So it is in his essay on Addison that he finds fault with Addison's treatment of Sir Roger de Coverly. He analyzes Sir Roger's character even more acutely than does the author himself. He is keen to note the limitations of Addison's work, and feels that the author

of Sir Roger has chosen a character requiring more nicety of description than he had the power to convey. To Johnson's mind, Addison has described Sir Roger as having a slightly warped imagination; and yet has failed to make use of this. He says: "The irregularities of Sir Roger's conduct seem not so much the effects of a mind deviating from the beaten track of life by perpetual pressure of some overwhelming idea, as of habitual rusticity, and that negligence which solitary grandeur naturally generates."

But Johnson's style, virile and discerning, is marred by heaviness. Clear as a thinker, Johnson is profuse in expression. He has not Addison's simplicity and grace. We should rather call his writings ponderous and mighty.

Hamilton Wright Mabie, in one short paragraph, has summed up that which gives the Spectators their charm: "Finished in style, but genuinely human in feeling, betraying the nicest choice of words, and the most studied care for elegant and effective arrangement, and yet penetrated by geniality and enlivened by humor, elevated by high moral aims, often using the dangerous weapons of irony and satire, and yet always well mannered and kindly,—these papers reveal the sensitive nature of Addison and the delicate but thoroughly tempered art which he had at his command."

Herein, then, lies the difference which has given Addison his place in the front rank of English essayists. Johnson has the virility, the insight, and the discernment—but not the grace and charm and geniality which go so far toward making an essay enjoyable for all time. One cannot sit down and read with enjoyment many of the *Ramblers* or *Idlers* in succession. The mental effort required to follow the writer in the labored expression of his thought is too exacting. His ponderous style has long since gained the title of "Johnsonian English." For, after all, it is the successful mood which makes the successful essay. It is that good-natured, kindly and graceful mood which Johnson lacked and at which Addison excelled.

*Whitcomb Field.*

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### Editorial.

Morals from the Yale game are now in order. One is obvious. Probably every man in the University cherishes the belief that we had the better eleven. At least one would look far to see a sandier or pluckier game than they put up. With the weight, record and every sort of odds against them they made, to our minds, a beautiful fight. We have, clearly, the right sort of material. We have, too, so far as the layman can see, every sort of convenience and resource for producing a good team. The question is, what keeps us from producing the *best* team? The reason is pretty generally admitted to be an inadequate coaching system. Without the least personal implication we are bound to think it distinctly unpractical to choose coaches that played a decade ago. Foot-ball changes as rapidly as any other science. On the other hand, it is claimed that a man just out of the game is not old enough to take the responsibility. That obviously demands consideration. A compromise seems the only way out. Yale has worked out such a system—Mr. Camp being head of all affairs athletic, the captain of the preceding year acting as “field coach.” There seems little reason why we should not act similarly. If one of the older men, say a successful coach in former years, should act as our athletic head—shorn perhaps of some of Mr. Camp’s extraordinary privileges—and a man from the preceding team should act as field coach, we would have a system combining the virtues of the older man and the man fresh in the detail of the game: and we should be on a more equal footing in athletic business with the other great universities.

But, it will be objected, such a system means a professional coach, and we don’t want that. On the contrary, we must, it seems to us, face the fact



that no other system is possible. If we could reorganize foot-ball from the beginning or construct it *a priori*, we would, no doubt, leave out the need of a professional coach. With foot-ball what it is, however, it is too much to expect a man to take the tremendous work and responsibility of producing a team, without a salary. Moreover the coach, under the system suggested, need not be a professional coach in the undesirable interpretation of the term. A graduate coach who is paid is by no means in the position of an animal trainer; nor even of a gymnasium instructor. He has, it must be remembered, the same feeling for the honor of his University that he would have were he not paid a farthing. He is as anxious that the team should be victorious and sportsmanlike and decent. The only difference that paying him can make is to render the work more effective, in choosing men best suited to the work, and in centering their whole attention on the task. It gives the coach all the advantage of the trained workman over the enthusiastic tyro. Bring your coach from the outside and he is no better than a trainer, it is true; but the Yale system—if it may be called that—simply makes the graduate coach effective. There is a vast difference between a man who makes a profession of coaching, and one who coaches his own college team for a salary. We don't, by any means, like the idea of it all; but it seems only fair to the college that every effort should be made to put the team on an equal footing with its rivals. It is certainly only fair to the team.

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### Book Notice.

PONKAPOG PAPERS. By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company.

Mr. Aldrich's reputation is too well established. Criticism, either favorable or unfavorable, is compelled to look through regulation spectacles at his work. Past performances are too important a factor in any estimate of the present ones. I may, however, claim some exception here. I have read nothing of Mr. Aldrich's since I read *The Diary of a Bad Boy* with contemporary sympathy. And instead of feeling handicapped thereby, I consider my point of view even better suited to the task. I may frankly say, then, at the start, that I do not believe anyone would ever have given *Ponkapog Papers* a second glance, if Mr. Aldrich had not done it. The "guinea a line" practice strikes one at the outset as the cause of its publication. It would probably never have been printed if a good many other things had not gone before to make it sure, whatever its character, of at least an eager acceptance. However, once the book is accepted, the whole point of view changes. Whatever the means of getting attention, sure it is that that attention will be held. It is fair enough to use a reputation for launching so comfortable a book into circulation.

And "comfortable" it is in all respects. It is not thrilling, not profound, will cause no revolutions in the world of thought or heavy armaments; it is simply pleasant reading. Take a bit on early rising; it is distinctly sympathetic in sentiment. "The intelligent reader, and no other is supposable, need not be told that the early bird aphorism is a warning and not an incentive. The fate of the worm refutes the pretended ethical teaching of the proverb, which assumes to illustrate the advantage of early rising and does so by showing how extremely dangerous it is. I have no patience with the worm, and when I rise with the lark I am always careful to select a lark that has overslept

himself." No apology need be offered for putting forth such comfortable advice, even if it is not especially ethical or significant.

The paper on Robert Herrick is to be taken more seriously. It ranks him high—in his field. He is not great; but he is a "great little poet." He is eminently English—"there is no English poet so thoroughly English as Herrick." He is in that, in form, and all, unique. "As Shakspeare stands alone in his vast domain, so Herrick stands alone in his scanty plot of ground," he concludes. The whole discussion is sympathetic, and interesting; but like the rest of the book it is entirely non-belligerent, and entirely comfortable.

What an adverse critic can find to abuse in the *Papers*, I am at a loss to discover. As if the substance were in need of apology, Mr. Aldrich prefaces them mildly. "They are named as they are," he says, "because there is something typical of their unpretentiousness in the modesty with which Ponkapog assumes to being even a village. . . . It no more thinks of rivalling great centres of human activity than these slight papers dream of inviting comparison between themselves and important pieces of literature." Now that is exceedingly unkind of Mr. Aldrich; verily he leaves not where the critic may stand: one can only appreciate. Which is quite enough.

W. H. L. B.

# Robert Burns

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# THE HARVARD MONTHLY.

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## *TWO ACADEMIC POETS.*

It is always pleasant to chronicle the appearance of a new essay in Arthurian verse, still more so when it is the work of a man born and bred and dwelling still in a college atmosphere. There is a growing belief that academicians can never become true men of letters. Professor Santayana has said—howbeit his statement is contradicted by the example of his own literary career—that real literature can be produced “only by a man moving in the world, but of sufficient power to hold the world and its concerns at arm’s length.” The academic litterateur does not move in the world; or rather he moves in a world of his own, peopled only by beings of a certain type, where he can never come into first contact with the multiform humanity whose common aspiration it is the function of literature to express. Such a man can write keen criticisms, scholarly essays, verse that shows the effect of much reading and profound reflection; but never by any chance an absorbing novel, a play that will act, or poetry of the kind that sings itself, that stirs the emotions and affections of many. His appeal is to a limited class, and his achievement is restricted by the limitations of that class. This being the case, the publication of a metrical romance\* by a Professor of English in Yale University may well excite interest and the hope that, after all, imaginative literature is not wholly beyond the domain of an academic poet.

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\*“GAWAYNE AND THE GREEN KNIGHT.” A Fairy Tale. By Charlton Miner Lewis.  
Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Company.



Naturally, in judging any such production, one tends to compare it with another of similar kind, not by way of reducing it to a standard, but to get a point of departure for effective criticism. In this instance, the obvious poem for comparison is Richard Hovey's *Launcelot and Guenevere*.<sup>\*</sup> Hovey was one of our Harvard academic poets whose verse, though left incomplete by his death, was in range and style typical of that produced by the younger generation of Cambridge writers. It may not be without profit to contrast the work of these two men, to see wherein their academic tendencies conditioned their failure or success, and whether the academic nature be after all incapable of producing true literature.

First of all, be it said that, judged by the simplest but perhaps most valuable of all tests, the pleasure of uncritical reading, Mr. Lewis has succeeded in creating a piece of real literature, and Richard Hovey has not. In other words, the former has written something which appeals to readers of widely different tastes and which has qualities to make it outlast its day; the latter has written what interests only a small audience. *Launcelot and Guenevere* is a poem of philosophic purpose, with so many literary merits that one cannot find space to praise them all; *Gawayne and the Green Knight* is a light-hearted romance without more serious intent than to tell a charming story simply and amusingly: yet the latter is a book one reads again, while the former grows dusty on the top shelf. *Launcelot and Guenevere* gives one much food for reflection and a vague sense of Aristotelian *katharsis*; *Gawayne* leaves one happier, more hopeful, readier to believe good things of one's fellow-men.

Perhaps part of the reason for this difference of effect lies in the choice of subject. Hovey took the old story of Arthur's guilty queen and her glori-

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<sup>\*</sup>"LAUNCELOT AND GUENEVERE." A Poem in Dramas. By Richard Hovey.

I. The Quest of Merlin: A Masque.

II. The Marriage of Guenevere." A Tragedy.

III. The Birth of Galahad: A Romantic Drama.

IV. Taliesin: A Masque.

Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

ous lover, and his series of dramas is really an attempt to explain and justify their ways to a more censorious generation. Mr. Lewis, on the other hand, takes a less familiar tale,—originally only a version of the Potiphar's wife theme,—and "turns it to favor and to prettiness," making the attempted seduction of Gawayne merely a fairy test of his integrity before his marriage to Elfinhart, the lady of his love.

Now, in these days of the problem play and the psychologic novel, no one can affirm that the philosophic temper is foreign to the artist, or that the darker passions of mankind are not legitimate subject of art. Yet, at the same time, philosophy is a pursuit of academicians, not of people at large; and surely no one can be blamed for preferring a simple poem that touches the purest and noblest sentiments to pages of glitteringly clever moral pathology. After all, is it not the lovely things of life that survive? There are those who believe that from the stage of today such plays as *The Little Minister* and *Mice and Men* will outlast *The Gay Lord Quex* and *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*; just as from the Elizabethan stage *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *As You Like It* have outlived *The White Devil* and *The Maid in the Mill*. By the same token has *Gawayne and the Green Knight* greater permanence and breadth of appeal than *Launcelot and Guinevere*, because in choosing a subject Richard Hovey followed his academic instincts, Mr. Lewis the human instincts which he shares with all his fellow-men.

More than in choice of subject, however, Mr. Lewis has been fortunate in his temper and method of treatment. When Hovey wrote his tetralogy, he aimed to produce, out of classic English material, imitations of two classic English forms of composition, the five-act blank verse drama and the masque, neither of which is in the literary fashion today. Mr. Lewis, on the other hand, though using classic material, casts it in the modern form of narrative and looks at it so persistently from a modern point of view that the old story takes on an entirely new meaning. This result he has attained chiefly through the conception of his characters. Of these perhaps the best is the Green Knight, who is no longer the grim wizard giant, "terrible to behold," but a genial incarnation of the fairy magic

of field and forest, whose love for a "merry jest" serves to identify him perfectly with the jolly baron that entertains Gawayne over the Christmas season. Mr. Lewis is exceedingly happy and original in the cumulation of figures wherewith he iterates the Green Knight's verdancy, culminating in

"One glance—as when, o'erhead, a living wire  
Startles the night with flashes of green fire."

This simile is really capital and not only illustrates one way in which Mr. Lewis obtains his modern effect, but shows how the new objects which science has brought into our life can gradually be drawn into the fold of art. Again, in Gawayne, Mr. Lewis gives us a man half antique knight, half modern football hero in armor, who, on striking off the challenger's head, is greeted by

"a mighty shout,  
As when, o'er blood-sprent fields the long cheers roll  
Cacophonous, for him who kicks a goal."

Yet Gawayne is still what all the world loves, a true lover, and his lady, Elfinhart, with the romance of her birth and fairy bringing-up, a creature to charm modern readers as she has Mr. Lewis:

"Her face was a dim dream of shadowy light,  
Like misty moonbeams on the fields of night,  
And in her voice sweet nature's sweetest tunes  
Sang the glad song of twenty cloudless Junes.  
Her raiment,—nay; go, reader, if you please,  
To some sage Treatise on Antiquities,  
Whence writers of historical romances  
Cull old embroideries for their new-spun fancies;  
I care not for the trivial, nor the fleeting.  
Beneath her dress a woman's heart was beating  
The rhythm of love's eternal eloquence,  
And I confess to you, in confidence,  
Though flowers have grown a thousand years above her,  
Unseen, unknown, with all my soul I love her."

And no wonder, for you feel withal that she is not so very different from some of the maidens of our own time.

As against these three creations, Richard Hovey has little to offer. To be sure, he has given us Dagonet the Fool, whose dwarfish personality and canny philosophic wit make him something different from his Elizabethan prototypes. But Launcelot, Guenevere, Arthur, Merlin, and the rest are all cast in the classic mold and make no compelling appeal to other than academic readers. In short, Hovey again followed his special instincts, where Mr. Lewis chose a mood with which a modern reading public would sympathize.

Another way in which Mr. Lewis has secured his literary effect is by simplicity of form. Instead of the bewildering lyric metres of Hovey's *Taliesin* and *The Quest of Merlin*, he took a single, idiomatic verse-form, and devoted his dexterity to making the most melody out of that. And in doing so, he did not fall into the besetting sin of our latter day poets, verbal finesse, a sin which Hovey committed more than once. Take, for instance, this passage from *The Marriage of Guenevere*:

" The sweet long hours whose lingering moments dripped  
Like rhythmic water-drops into a pool  
With silver parsimony of sweet sound,  
As if Time grudged each globule!"

This is pretty in its way, but it is not sincere, it is not natural; and naturalness and sincerity are prime requisites for good literature. Mr. Lewis has both these qualities, and at the same time he infuses his straightforward simplicity with a fantastic humor, a fairy delicacy, which give to his story, though modern in form, the exquisite unreality of old romance. From the moment when the first blast of a fairy trumpet announces the coming of the Green Knight, one hears, through all the music of his verse, "the horns of Elfland faintly blowing."

In modernness of temper and in simplicity of method, then, as well as in choice of subject, Mr. Lewis has done better than his fellow academician. Instead of giving us such a heterogeneous rout of accessory characters as

figure in *The Quest of Merlin*,—norns, sylphs, gnomes, naiads, dryads, fauns, satyrs, maenads, bassarids, loves, valkyrs, and angels, belonging to at least three different nationalities and mythologies, and all foreign to the principals with whom they are associated,—he sketches three vivid and delightful personalities and tells about them the old story in a new and fascinating way. To say that his temper is modern is not to imply that he nowhere touches the literary past. Indeed, his lines are full of reminiscence, from the Bible to Kipling. Nor, in choosing a romantic subject, has he divorced himself wholly from philosophy; for that he too is something of a philosopher is shown by such verses as these:

"Fie on you women's hearts! Consistency  
Hides her shamed head where mortal women be!  
True love breeds faith and trust, it makes hearts strong;  
The heart's anointed king can do no wrong!"

Nor, finally, in using modern similes and indulging his playful humor, has Mr. Lewis lost the capacity for serious thought and noble verse, as these lines bear witness:

"For poets fable when they call love blind;  
Love's habitation is the purer mind.  
Whence with his keen eyes he may penetrate  
All mists and fogs that baser spells create.  
Love? What is love? Not the wild, feverish thrill,  
When heart to heart the thronging pulses fill,  
And lips that close in parching kisses find  
No speech but those;—the best remains behind.  
The tranquil spirit—the divine assurance  
That this life's seemings have a high endurance—  
Thoughts that allay this restless striving, calm  
The passionate heart, and fill old wounds with balm;—  
These are the choirs invisible that move  
In white processions up the aisles of love."

It is such passages as this that give Mr. Lewis his truest right to the title of poet, from whatever source his inspiration be drawn, or whatever may be his temper, his method, his form, or his style.

The conclusion of the matter, then, is that Mr. Lewis has succeeded in producing a work of genuine literature in so far as he has freed himself from the tendencies and interests of his academic station and has taken a more thoroughly human point of view. After all, the material of literature is at bottom as old as the race. The real men of letters have been, not those who treated this material as archæologists, but those who took it as it came to hand and remoulded it in a form that should express the common interests and ideals of their own day and generation. It is the tendency of the academic poet to be a literary archæologist, and only by breaking away from this tendency can he produce true literature. That he can thus break away, has been sufficiently shown by the example of Mr. Lewis. Richard Hovey broke away from it sometimes, also; and when he did, his *Songs from Vagabondia* proved his power as a poet. Such lines as these from the "Stein Song,"—

"For we all are frank and twenty  
When the spring is in the air,  
And we've faith and hope a plenty,  
And we've life and love to spare,"—

will be remembered while the last copy of *Launcelot and Guenevere* is mouldering in a bookstall.

The case of the academic poet, therefore, is hopeful. Indeed, the converse of Professor Santayana's proposition may be truly stated of him: that real literature can also be produced by a man who, though in a position that keeps him at arm's length from the world and its concerns, is yet of sufficient power to move in the world and share its spiritual life. As for Mr. Lewis, one can enthusiastically say, *Macte virtute*, and sincerely hope that future achievement may bear out the abundant promise of this new academic poet.

*Robert M. Green.*

*AN ODE OF UNWELCOME.*

Spring would be wandering her fantastic ways  
Over from Italy, for leisure fain,  
From out Swiss valleys to the welcome plain,  
For wide unhurried warmth of days ;  
And here she might be weaving pleasant strife  
On vistas wildly grown and tangled brake ;  
Yet here her wanton maze  
And wayward beauty with soft verdure rife  
Conforms, is cropp't ; cringing, her vigors take  
A laced and thwarting bondage on their strength  
In straitened length on length  
Of measured prudence vile, where plies the pruner's knife.

Thrift and the peopled soil,  
The ruthless touch of toil,  
The plodding pace from morn to morn  
Content from things to things,  
Never on fluttered mystic wings  
Into the heavens borne,—  
Ashes of freedom, beaten pinions drooped,  
No nostril wide with rebel will,  
But sides to fatten, maws to fill,  
And custom-cluttered tables eager-trooped :  
These through the Spring out of the hearts of men,  
They throng it from the meadow and the glen.

W. H.

*THE RULE OF ANTONIO "LEAP-FROG."*

When Mike O'Connor rose from the ground, stunned, bleeding slightly, vanquished, none could have been more surprised than his conqueror. Mike himself was somewhat astonished: he had been the undisputed arbiter of the school-yard for more than a year, and it was scarcely welcome to have the time-worn laurels of many a conflict thus torn from him by an under-sized dago. For a moment, there was an amazed inaction on the part of the observers; then a few silently allied themselves with the new idol. The remainder more slowly followed suit. Meanwhile, Tony—known to the familiar many as Leap-Frog, to the members of his family and his teacher as Ammerina—had recovered his equanimity and, with the quick adaptability of boyhood, was already assuming the perquisites of his position.

"Y' see," he said, turning to what were now his followers, "he was lookin' for it—an' 'e got it." As if the whole matter were thus dismissed, he swaggered across the playground with conscious bravado.

The rule of the usurper had little in common with the easy-going administration of his predecessor: Antonio Leap-Frog took the responsibilities of his position seriously, and his was the galling tyranny of the Latins. Yet the school-yard gradually took on an air of peace again—albeit as it were an armed one. Tony, not having forgotten the circumstance of his unlooked-for victory, took care not to precipitate a fight; for the rest, the boy who had licked Mike O'Connor was not an engaging antagonist. It was long, however, before matters were properly appraised in Mike's juvenile mind; when the significance of his defeat at last came home to him, his leadership was already a thing of the past. It was too late to act; he did nothing; he waited.

Little by little, the field of the new incumbent was extended beyond the bounds of the play-ground; his intermittent rule carried farther than the period of recess. Tony had never been a brilliant scholar; indeed, being unwilling to study and unable to extract knowledge from the teacher under the



pretext of imparting it, he had long since fallen into the class of those who seem incorrigibly ignorant. But the conquest of the play-ground was both inspiration and means to a fresh success. What he had lacked was courage; now, with a victory behind him, only victory could lie in his path. It was characteristic of his race that achievement lent him impetus to greater achievement. He had pitted his cunning against the recognized power of boy-land, and his cunning had conquered strength. Vague dreams of new fields for similar exploitation grew beyond the power of his mind to follow. He became overbearing with his adherents; he became insolent to his teacher.

Gradually, the rebellious imaginings of the days of stupidity and failure worked themselves into practical form. The school-room, over which presided a singularly gentle maiden lady of advanced years, seemed suddenly to be turned to chaos, slight exasperations of diabolical ingenuity beset Miss Crumpacker on every side. She was confident that Tony was at the bottom of most of the mischief, but Tony kept his initiative cleverly concealed. It was undoubtedly he who gave the signal to shuffle feet, to cough, to hurl books; but when the tempest of disorder had subsided, Antonio Leap-Frog was busy perusing his geography as if nothing had occurred. The particular count upon which Miss Crumpacker could, formerly, have been certain of being able to arraign him had somehow suddenly failed her; his work was accountably excellent. It was thus that the tyranny of Antonio Leap-Frog extended into wider fields.

Confident of himself now, confident of the complete support of his comrades, his daring became heroism to the less intrepid boys. Miss Crumpacker changed his seat, but wherever he found himself, there was someone proud to rescue him, and he never wanted the answer to a question. The contagion of lawlessness seized them all; Tony was its expression and they felt brave in assisting him. As for the popular idol, he turned the one weakness of his position to advantage in a way calculated to wake admiration of his boldness: the necessary moment of hesitation, during which he received his prompting, turned to a moment of insolent triumph. He leered at the school-room; he cast defiance at his questioner; the boys held their breath;

Miss Crumpacker hoped against hope—but, each time, the frightened whisper came to the rebel and, with a drawl of confident self-possession, he voiced an answer which was generally irreproachable.

Nothing spreads so rapidly as juvenile anarchy. Tony's example was followed by other and somewhat less glittering lights of boy-land. The gentleness of Miss Crumpacker grew into irascibility; the principal was amused; the school-room was at fever-heat with excitement and nameless portents of one knew not what. Miss Crumpacker was poignantly miserable—her authority was at stake and she must conquer or give up altogether.

Such was the situation one warm, spring morning when Tony swung himself over the school-yard fence and raced through the open door of the building with a fraction of a second to spare before "tardy time." He scraped his feet noisily along the floor as he crossed before the teacher's desk. She looked up, sighed slightly, and remained with raised face, staring out of the open windows. Tony returned from the cloak-room and flung himself ostentatiously into his seat. The rebuke he had challenged was not forthcoming: Miss Crumpacker was dreamily staring far out of the window—much farther than the eye could reach.

Finally, her mind completed its fanciful circuit and returned to the classroom. Mechanically, she opened a geography at the proper place and rapped for order. The lesson proceeded spiritlessly. Across the casements swept the smell of the earth, warm, moist, pregnant of a thousand fragrant possibilities. One finger of Tony's right hand, already worn callous by the string, played lingeringly about a bright, red top in his coat pocket. It was Spring, and the heart of the world was filled with indefinable longing.

Suddenly, a geography sped through the air, as it were from nowhere. It caught the ink-bottle on Miss Crumpacker's desk, fairly. In a moment, each boy was diligently absorbed in the lesson while she wiped the ink from her second best dress, donned in honor of the season. Finally she rose, trembling, pale to the hair.

"Antonio Anumerina, take the seat behind Harold George!"

"Yes, ma'am," lisped the leader, flippantly. He gathered his books to-

gether with provoking deliberation, dropping first one, then another; at last he was settled in the vacant seat, a geography conspicuous in his hands. Miss Crumpacker was standing. She continued with enforced calm, as if there had been no interruption.

"Antonio Ammerina, what is the capital of Connecticut?"

Tony arose. He glanced about the room from his new point of vantage and awaited the customary assistance. It did not come at once. He shuffled his feet imperiously by way of reminder and stared nonchalantly at the ceiling. Miss Crumpacker, too, was waiting, her eyes glancing from one to the other of the two boys sitting in front of Tony as he stood leaning against his desk. Finally, she snapped out her question again.

"What did you say was the capital of Connecticut?"

Tony had said nothing; he was sorely puzzled. He made as if to glance over his shoulder; just then a stage whisper bore a word to his ears. He leaned to catch it again. But behind the unconscious Tony a silent drama was being enacted. Mike O'Connor was leaning far over the desk immediately back of the reigning leader's new seat, his eye fixed on the boy across the aisle from him. The latter moved uneasily, as if trying to speak; Mike dropped his arm to his side, closed his fist and raised and lowered it menacingly. The boy across the aisle subsided. Then, leaning forward again, Mike repeated the word: "Cranberries!"

Tony hesitated for a breath—the answer seemed unlikely, and yet these American towns had such peculiar names! There was no mistaking the stern purpose of his interlocutor; this was his ordeal. In the face of necessity, he cast his doubts to the winds.

"Cranberries!" shouted Antonio Leap-Frog exultingly. There was a brief period of tense stillness, then a roar of laughter broke across the room. Tony stood dumbfounded. He looked about him, appealingly, but everywhere he saw faces convulsed with exaggerated mirth; even Miss Crumpacker was giggling in hysterical relief. He felt suddenly sick with fear—possessed by his old cowardice; he sank into his seat, disconcerted, undignified, ashamed. He dared not turn to see who had been his lying promptor. At last he swung

about defiantly. His glance fell upon Mike—and he understood.

At recess, Tony had gathered the remnants of his courage together. He swaggered into the school-yard with his familiar air of bravado. Everyone paused and looked toward him. There was an ominous silence. Suddenly the shrill voice of a smaller boy tore the pall of stillness.

"Cranberries! Cranberries!" he shouted.

"Cranberries! Cranberries!" shouted everyone.

The rule of Antonio Leap-Frog was over.

*Paxton Pattison Hibben.*

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LOVE IN AUTUMN.

Ah, why need winter winds go rioting  
Where summer held her amicable court,  
And all the gentle daughters of the spring  
Be made the passionate autumn's random sport?  
The sweetest music soonest dies away,  
The fountain bed becomes a barren sand,  
The violets I plucked but yesterday  
Have turned to dust and ashes in my hand.  
All fair things fade; come then, oh more than fair,  
Dearest and best of all that I hold dear,  
While the bare trees rock in the doleful air  
And the lost winds go sighing by. Rest here—  
So in the fulness of our love's great peace  
All fear and grief for passing things shall cease.

*C. T. Ryder.*

*IN BEHALF OF A NEW COURSE.*

In glancing through the pages of the College Catalogue we notice that no less than five separate courses or half-courses are devoted to the study of the English drama. Most of these approach the subject indirectly. English 2, for instance, concerns itself with a more or less intimate reading knowledge of Shakespeare's plays, and English 14 with the works of many other early dramatists. On the other hand, English 39, which is unfortunately omitted this year, sought to give its members a slightly more practical insight into dramatic mechanism—such as might be gained by the writing of an original short play.

The drama is undoubtedly one of the most satisfactory forms of literary expression—when well written. It is far from being the most popular, on account of its extreme difficulty, and all our courses have so far failed to turn out a single artistically or even pecuniarily successful American writer of plays. In other words, neglecting for a moment the "culture" and mental fullness we gain from such courses, they have as yet been of no practical value to our graduates. A man may study Engineering, for instance, through his whole Scientific School course, and when he graduates he will be some sort of an engineer. He may study the plays of Shakespeare for a lifetime and still be no sort of a dramatist. All that this actually proves is that the personal equation counts for more in letters than in the exact sciences. But it suggests something more. Why do we spend so much time on the drama and so shamefully neglect the less difficult and more exact branches of letters? Some of them are both more practical and practicable than play-writing. For example, the short story. At present we probably have among us no more incipient Maupassants than we have "budding Hogarths or Hericks," but we may have many a man, who, had he the least technical training, might write very readable short stories.

No one who reads the current magazines can deny the present demand

for this branch of literature. We believe that there are no less than fifty magazines devoted almost exclusively to its exploitation throughout the country,—when fifty years ago there were but few. As we have become what is known as more “American”—a verbal makeshift for being in a hurry—we like our literature in capsule form, and the three volume novel has long ago sunk below the horizon bound for the “Islands of the Blest.” Kipling has written its epitaph and there is born to fill its place the Short Story, quoted at from \$10 up, according to merit, length and the reputation of the author—in reverse order. An intelligent writer possessed of a typewriter and some manual dexterity may turn out two or three a week without personal inconvenience.

This point of view presents the subject in its practical light, for nowadays an education is a very practical thing. To the large majority of modern collegians four years at a university is a speculation—it should be salable for just so much more than was paid for it. Hence the “three-year-course”—the apotheosis of bargain-counter education. While we do not look at it in this light, we realize that there are those who do. The suggestion which we are about to make, however, cannot fail to appeal to the lovers of old-fashioned learning—the best kind—as well. That is that at least one course at Harvard be devoted exclusively to the study of the short story—not only theoretically but practically. This is merely in line with the modern tendency to specialization, and yet it is a specialization of a better kind, of a sort more in keeping with the broader literary outlook. Our own college papers show to a large extent the interest taken in this branch of literature. To a greater extent they show a miserable ignorance of its most rudimentary principles—principles common to pictorial as well as literary art. The *argot* of the one is practically identical with that of the other. Emphasis, composition, perspective, atmosphere or color (*local*, if you like) are as much tools of the author as of the artist, yet the pillars of our papers blunder through page after page, unconscious of their existence. Good short stories there occasionally are, but each one of them bears somewhere or other in its texture the stamp of fortuitousness. In fact, one instinctively says, when reading the efforts of an undergraduate—“He could write better if he only knew how.”

Were he given such an opportunity as even the most elementary course in short story structure would afford, he might at least learn what not to write, which would be of the greatest service to college literature. After he graduates this would be an excellent foundation for experience, which would teach him how not to write some of the rest.

There is no reason why Harvard should be behind Columbia, which gives courses that touch on the short story in a broad fashion. And aside from practical value it is a most fascinating subject. Besides its foreign exponents—such as Maupassant, Gorky, Gautier, Erckmann-Chatrain, Daudet, Loti, Turgenev, Becquer, Coppée, Luys, and the Germans, in our own language we have Hawthorne, Poe, Stevenson, Kipling, Irving, Hardy, Crane, Conrad, Morrison, Clemens, Harte, Field, Hale, O'Brien, and even Anstey and Beirce—the list is endless.

If such a course were given here it could not fail to be of the greatest popular interest and value. Since the American drama has reached the low-water mark which it holds at present under the leadership of Clyde Fitch and Eugent Presbrey, it seems a waste of time to devote courses to a subject which now deals less with artistic and literary, than with physical form, and which seems to be merely manual, both in its composition and stage-production.

G. S. G.

"THE NATURE OF GOODNESS."\*

The Puritan and the Cavalier represent very familiar moral types. Each is represented to us by individuals, or better still by alternating moods of our own. The one is sobriety and discipline, the other playfulness and grace. They have a very discordant way of spoiling one another, as in the home-bred boy's emulation of the *bon vivant*, or the stammering self-consciousness of the half-"civilized" man. But these are the strands out of which life has somehow to be woven. Everyone knows well enough that hard rigorism is not the best because it is niggardly, repressive and hesitant, and that a whole-hearted abandonment is not the best because it is blind and self-destructive. The best is to be had neither by self-denial nor free-rein, but by an action that shall be both strong and gentle, like the artist's. Such conduct requires the supremest skill—for its excellence is qualitative and not quantitative. Aristotle said this, the ideal which his teacher Plato had already expressed in the well-known passage at the close of the *Phædrus*:

"Beloved Pan, and all ye other gods, who haunt this place, give me beauty in the inward soul; and may the outward and inward man be at one. May I reckon the wise to be the wealthy, and may I have such a quantity of gold as none but the temperate can bear and carry."

This is the kind of goodness which Professor Palmer's book sets forth and seeks to justify. As respects the history of philosophy, it is the Platonic conception interpreted in the light of the modern development of idealism. Goodness consists for all beings in "the expression of function in the construction of an organism." A good object has both "worth" and "value," in that it must have parts mutually helpful, but with reference to some use of the whole. Such organization requires both "sprouting" and "pruning," radicalism and conservatism. The good *person* will be a being whose

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\*"The Nature of Goodness." By George Herbert Palmer. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.



parts are so co-ordinated *self-consciously*. The good person will be further characterized by self-direction, self-development and self-sacrifice, which are implied in the organization defined above when it becomes a self-conscious affair. The paradox of the moral life lies in the fact that my moral interest is both my deepest concern for myself and my chief motive to self-transcendence. The solution of the paradox lies in the discovery, which comes in the course of the moral life itself, that my real self is a social, if not a universal being. I have, moreover, a hope of immortality in the fact that moral development is not self-limiting, does not wear itself out.

Professor Palmer's treatment of this question of immortality is a good case of the conservative spirit of the book. It avoids vexed questions. And partly as a consequence of this, one cannot but feel that there is something of over-simplification in the treatment of such questions as those of desire and self-sacrifice. Granting that the best life is the organized life, what is it that is organized and makes up the content of such a life; and what is the motive that induces me to undertake the organization, or what is the relation between *best* and *best for me*? The latter question may belong to a deferred discussion of the conception of duty, though the absence of a more adequate treatment here leaves the reader with many unanswered questionings. But the former, in its well-known form of the problem of pleasure would seem to deserve a larger place in this book.

The merits of the book as a whole are such as justify the expectation of one who is familiar with the author's skill as a teacher. The short and discriminating bibliographies, the numerous illustrations, and above all the fresh and direct appeal to experience not only reduce the *labor* of the reader to a minimum, but make him glad to think. Contemporary philosophy will profit not a little from Professor Palmer's freedom from technical verbiage, while the general public now becomes his debtor for his willingness to admit all readers to his class-room.

R. B. Perry.

*BALLAD OF THE "TRENT."*

In the year of '44,  
The "Trent" left the shore,  
The church bells were a-ringing  
And the people ran to see.  
The sailors were a-singing  
And the gallant-yards a-swinging  
As the good ship "Trent"  
Started out across the sea.

In the year of '45  
There was none left alive,  
For a storm it came a-sweeping,  
As many storms there be.  
And the women are a-weeping  
For the true brave souls a-sleeping  
With the good ship "Trent"  
At the bottom of the sea.

R. C. S.

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*A TALE OF TWILIGHT.*

The Boy ran through the long, terraced orange-groves with light, bounding steps, and dashing through the open postern-gate threw his cap high in air, shouting gayly. The work with the glum, sleepy old monk at the musty books was over for the day, and for two hours his soul and his body and the very forests that covered the low hills roundabout were all his own. The Abbot himself did not know the woods as he knew them, and the cheery minstrel he had met once in the village when he had stolen away from the monastery for a look at the great world, could conjure up no stranger shapes than those that accompanied him on his twilight wanderings.

*"Languir me fais sans t'avoir offensée plus ne m'es cripz . . . ."*

The minstrel's song was on his lips. It was very wonderful to him with its bright trills so different from the sonorous chants of the monastery and its mysterious words that spoke of beautiful and incomprehensible things. He had never dared to sing it inside the walls, but here on the hills he was free, and the song was his as much as were the friendly nodding oaks and the tall, whispering grasses. Free? What an odd little word it was. His brows knit and for a moment the dark eyes were serious. Then he broke into his song again.

The sun had sunk into a bank of myriad gilt-edged islands to the west and the Boy rested at last, sitting down among the grasses on a knoll, where he could watch the stream of fire sink from cloud to cloud, now drowning all in a shower of gold, now hiding here and there to show up each isle in copper-edged purple. Below him lay the monastery, white and still; beyond dozed a tiny hamlet of thatched, clustered houses, bathed in the lavender mists of the sunset.

The world, the minstrel and the song were all forgotten. The Boy was dreaming, and a voice first low and far away, yet coming ever nearer, did not stir him. Its full, rich tones were beside him, yet still he did not move, but smiled—a vague, mystic smile—as he blended them unconsciously with his dreams. The voice was still. Without a word a girl sat down beside the Boy. Thus for a long time they sat together, gazing into the half-shrouded auburn of the west. At nightfall, as they rose, their eyes met in a flash of fellowship that bound them by a strange, close bond. They went their ways and in a moment were lost to each other in the dusk.

Slowly the Boy walked homeward. The singular meeting on the hill-top had scarcely astonished him. In his circumscribed life where vision and reality blended like the colors of twilight, it excited him no more than had the thousand and one apparitions, less tangible but no less vivid, that his fancy had brought before him in other hours of solitude. He believed in nymphs and dryads as firmly as ever did shepherd in Thessaly, and he would have doubted the existence of the woods themselves as readily as the existence of

their soft-footed denizens. They were not creatures of dreams to him: his wide-open eyes seemed to see, in the haze where beeches closed the vista like a wall, lithe forms flitting from trunk to trunk, dancing a moment, then fading again into the mist.

Yet none had come so near to him as this slender, fair-haired maid, none had gazed at him with eyes so strange and clear. Would she come again? The question startled him and spread a soft flush over his features. Then he threw back his head as if to shake off the wood-dreams, and closed the postern-gate noiselessly behind him.

A day and many days passed, and to the Boy the vision became always more real and beautiful. The girl came again, at first merely to sit in silence beside him; then speaking to him of things that brought vague recollections. He felt he had always been with her, for the words they spoke to each other seemed the expression of an interrupted thought—an old thread, lifted unbroken. And so when their lips met the touch seemed the awakening of a slumbering kiss. Twilight drifted into night, the silver horn of a waning moon hung cold over the dark village, yet still they sat on the hill-top, gazing peacefully into the dim-remembered past.

A white-robed old man laid his hand softly on the Boy's shoulder; when the Boy turned, they were the Abbot's eyes that gazed with unspoken sympathy and tenderness into his own. Half frightened, the girl, too, turned, grasping the Boy's arm and looking up pleadingly into the monk's face. He returned her glance mildly; but without a word drew the Boy to him and walked with him slowly away. Once, by a common impulse, they turned and saw the girl's white figure still sitting among the grasses.

In the Abbot's cell, dark but for a smoking candle before a crucifix, the monk spoke at last. He was sitting on a low bench, the Boy weeping softly at his feet.

"Child, child." The monk's voice was rich and melodious and his eyes were clouded with tears. "I would not chide you, little brother. The love of a boy and a girl is the most hallowed love of all, I think. It is so untouched, so

innocent of the care and the dross of the world that later creeps into even the most chaste and secluded of lives. It knows no passion, no desire, only love—only love.” The last words were scarcely whispered and for a time the Abbot was silent. “I loved long ago,” he went on slowly, “and your love could be no fairer and sweeter than mine was then. I was a boy, too, but I was a priest,—as you must be.” The Boy trembled and looked up, a dull glow in his eyes. The old man put his hand on the other’s shoulder. “Little brother,” he said, “it is a great thing to love a woman, but it is a greater to love the Master. Fast and pray and learn; perchance He may grant you forgetfulness—as He has granted it to me.”

The Abbot took the Boy’s hands and raised them gently. “Brother?”

The Boy looked up dazed; then his eyes closed in pain. The Abbot knew which love he had chosen.

Three years passed as slowly and as swiftly as years will, and in the cold walls of his cell the Boy learned. It had been an unceasing torment at first. In the twilight hours, when from his narrow window he had watched a white figure on a distant hill-top, waiting, waiting, day after day, he had often sunk in quivering agony before the crucifix. But slowly strength had come. The white figure, and the tender voice that came on his ear now and then through the night, seemed but to guide him on his way. He had learned faithfully: the end of his novitiate was at hand.

Before his crucifix the Boy was kneeling, offering the last prayer of his freedom. He felt very resigned and very strong now, and the old doubts and longings seemed buried deep in the past. There was a sound of footsteps in the corridor, and the Boy rose to his feet to meet the monks that were to lead him to the chapel. But the sound passed by and he sank to his knees again.

Suddenly, dim and far away as on that first evening on the hill-top, he heard the soft voice of the girl. It came ever nearer until it rested beneath his window.

A sharp pang darted through the Boy’s body, but he continued placidly

in his devotions. The voice was still singing. Through the mumbled monotony of his prayers the old memories came back to him, the strange fellowship, the complete understanding,—how wonderful they had been. Surely it was not wrong to linger in these a moment. He was still free. Free? He knit his brows, and shaking the tempting thoughts from him strove to repeat his prayers again.

The voice still sang—a low, shepherd's song that he had loved in the old days. The Boy raised his head and listened. How sweet it would be to see the tender face again, to look for a last time into the chaste depths of those eyes. In the strength of his manhood he smiled at himself for even considering the thought. It would be so preposterous a sin that he dared not even take the temptation seriously. He wondered vaguely if three years ago, if two years, if one year ago, he would have yielded. How strong he was now,—surely he had learnt well. But the voice—how little it had changed since that autumn evening of the long ago. Were the eyes, too, the same—unchanged in their unfathomable serenity? He remembered that he had looked into them for hours once and had turned away at length, still puzzled. He had learnt so much,—would he be able to read them now?

Frightened at his worldliness and desire he crossed himself reverently, and prayed once more. Surely to-night he might speak of her in his supplications, to-night, to-night—. God! How he had loved her once!

Some voices came down the corridor and the Boy sank together before the crucifix. But again they passed by.

The Boy attempted to pray, but his thoughts were in mad confusion. The Abbot was right, he cried to himself, it could be the boy and girl love no more,—it was passion now, passion, the world's love—. He sprang up from his knees and dashed to the window.

The dark flush died on his cheeks and his features relaxed. All thought of temptation or worldliness was gone,—it seemed itself a wrong before the perfect chastity of the face that looked up to his. His heart beat very quietly now, and his spirit seemed flooded with a strange, unutterable peace. The girl walked slowly away and her song melted into the gloaming.

The footsteps in the corridor stopped at the Boy's cell, the flickering candles of the monks darting curious shadows over the gray walls. The Boy turned, his face radiant.

"I have been granted a vision," he cried, triumphantly. "And I have heard the heavenly voices."

*Hermann Hagedorn, Jr.*

## THE HARVARD STORY.

This season has lacked the usual supply of college stories; but those that have appeared are in a way significant. Mr. Owen Wister's *Philosophy Four* is important as showing what can be done with the college story; *The Land of Joy*, by Ralph Henry Barbour, and *The Torch*, by Herbert M. Hopkins, as showing, in a rather back-handed fashion, what can *not* be done with the college novel. "Back-handed," I say, because they do it by their outright dodging of the question. The first leaves a carefully labelled Harvard atmosphere half way through the book for the less impossible South; and the second deals with the faculty of a State University rather than the students. They seem to admit, practically, the impossibility of writing a college novel. They use college life as a background, a mere stage-setting, but not as material for the plot.

Such, in fact, is the conclusion that one is almost forced to, if experience is any test. For the experiment is by no means new. In 1869 Mr. Washburn produced *Fair Harvard*; in 1878 Mr. Severance, *Hammersmith*. Four years later Mr. Stinson published *Guerndale*. Then the famous *Rollo's Journey*. Since then came Mr. Post's *Stories*, Mr. Hubbard's somewhat unpleasant *Forbes of Harvard*, Mr. Flandrau's *Episodes* and *Diary of a Freshman*, Mr. Kaufmann's *Jarvis of Harvard*, and lastly Mr. Johnson's *The Cult of the Purple Rose*. Of these a few of us have heard of *Guerndale*, fewer of *Hammersmith*, and fewer still of *Fair Harvard*. Of the latter books we have most of us read and concluded not to take too seriously, *Jarvis of Harvard* and *The Cult of the Purple Rose*. They evidently do not comprise a "body of literature." In fact, the only ones that we can claim any interest in are *Rollo's Journey*, the *Stories*, and Mr. Flandrau's two books. That fact, if true, is rather striking. The larger, more pretentious books have failed; the mere stories have succeeded.

The explanation of this phenomenon—if it may be designated so grandly



—is fairly simple. To write a novel, one must, as a rule, have something to say. And as a rule there is extremely little to say about college in the form of a novel. One cannot construct a novel out of pictures or clever incidents. It must have some substance, and some single substance. A very common conception of the novel (today at least) is the story of a man and how he got him a wife. Or, more profoundly, it is the history of some human passion—it may be love, or pride, or ambition, or what you will. The main fact is that a novel must have some “human interest”; it must in some way be a picture of life.

“Life” we have at college, to be sure; but it is not novel-material life. Without necessarily posing as infants we may honestly confess ourselves learners of life, rather than its performers. We take our courses in Philosophy not because we are philosophers, but because we want to be—some of us. We take our courses in Mathematics (when we do) not because we expect help in our cash-accounts from the theory of quaternions, but because we want to get our minds into working order. We are simply in the position of getting ready. If we set out to make a team or a paper we do it not so much for the end itself, for the cap or shingle, as for the practice involved. We do not do it so consciously as that might imply, and occasionally it is hard to imagine that there is anything but intrinsic importance in the struggle for a place on a team; but the principle at the bottom of the whole institution is that same one—we are imitating life, not living it. However seriously we may take it, however much profit we get from it, it is all mere practice. That we get pleasure out of it, that there is no time in life (so they tell us) when we are so happy, that here we make our best friends—all this is a mere by-product, due to the fact that we are young and are thrown together in a healthy atmosphere of mutual interests. Our life is not a life at all; on that well-worn “stage of life” we are not the actors themselves, but their understudies.

That this is not good novel material it is hardly necessary to point out. We may be picturesque, individual, and full of sweet boyish pranks, but there is nothing in all that to excuse a novel. Start your hero here, if you must;

but you can never finish up a real story in an unreal atmosphere. Herein they have all failed. See *Jarvis of Harvard*; Mr. Kaufmann takes a few local names and places for "color" and then tries to build up a mature story on the misdeeds of a rather calfish Freshman. His failure was inevitable, however good his intentions. Tom Brown, to be sure, seems a standing objection to any such sweeping statement. But in reality he only proves it the more strongly. He was well managed, he was a real boy even before he got into the book, he had everything in his favor. And he made a story while he was in Rugby. But for some reason he was not so interesting after he got to Oxford. When he was young he was interesting as a small boy is interesting; but when he entered college he was just half way, neither boy nor man—and the result was not successful. The long line of less attractive failures is only to be expected.

The short story, on the other hand, is not barred out by the nature of our atmosphere. It is even encouraged. The very fact that the college world is an imitation makes it inevitable that it should be filled with *little* comedies, *little* tragedies and trivial things of interest. The field has been recognized with quite eagerness enough. No self-respecting college is now without its stories, a neat little book, usually, saved by local hits from being the exact duplicate of its predecessors. There is always the story of the great guard on the Blanky-Blank eleven who came up from the country and won the game and the most prominent debutante of the region; there is always one "pathetic" story; and always a dialogue by Juniors that sit around on pillowed divans, smoke, and talk epigrams. They are always illustrated with scenes of the "campus," filled with handsome athletic youths, small caps on their heads, hands in the pockets of very flappy trousers, and their coats carefully kept unbuttoned to show an enormous X on their besweatered bosoms. The type is too well known to need description—it is only the "student" in all his glory. Obviously it is not a very high standard of literature; but there is material enough for good short stories, and occasionally a set appears that justifies that belief.

In that field we have fared well. Rollo's experiences are classic; but

they do not throw much light on the future possibilities of the short story—he unfortunately can come to us only once. And Mr. Post's *Stories* are attractive. But they are not very different from the regular type; they are collegiate, but not particularly "Harvardy." Mr. Flandrau, however, has accomplished a good deal, and his books are fairly indicative of what may be done with the short Harvard story. To begin with, his preface states the impossibility of representing the whole University—he writes only of "a very small corner of a very large place." Calling them Harvard stories is therefore not quite fair; it was due really to the publisher's more commercial point of view. But granting that practically inevitable fault, there is in them a good deal of positive value.

For one thing, Mr. Flandrau writes real stories. Take *Wolcott the Magnificent*. There are three, possibly four, well conceived and minutely drawn characters; their interplay makes the plot; and that has interest enough to justify its existence even without the local application. It is a microscopic edition of the old and actual misunderstanding between the born snob and the "other half." And it makes out a pretty good case for each. *Wellington*, too, differs from the usual pathetic story in having some unaffected natural tragedy in it. And *The Class Day Idyl* might draw a smile from even an outsider, though it is not up to the standard of the others. Clearly Mr. Flandrau has not been satisfied to rely on the usual patriotic self-flattery to assure a reception for his book. *The Diary of a Freshman* (which, by the way, is a series of short stories, not a novel), also has some claim to outside notice, though it was far less successful artistically. It is Mr. Flandrau's ability, chiefly, it is true, that makes so successful a treatment of college material possible; but his work does indicate what *can* be done by a clever workman. And it is in striking contrast to the long row of failures on the part of the college novel.

One fault, however, harms all Mr. Flandrau's work. He has, it is true, confined himself to giving the atmosphere of one particular corner of Harvard; but it is not fair to attribute the attitude of that corner to the rest of the college. "If the primitive custom," he writes, "in vogue, I believe, at

certain colleges. of choosing by vote 'the most popular man,' 'the handsomest man,' and so on, were numbered among Harvard traditions (thank Heaven, it isn't), Wolcott would never have been elected, etc., etc." Now of course we like to be different from the ordinary college, but there is no need for being so emphatic about it—it is a sort of cultivated individuality which is not the most admirable. Mr. Flandrau's "gentleman" too, is a person very conscious of the fact that he is one. And so on. It is fair enough to Harvard to put snobs in her stories; but it is not fair to adopt the snobbish point of view for the purpose. Wolcott, "the magnificent one," was genuinely a snob; but he didn't know it. There is a vast difference between that sort of snobbery and the acquired, self-conscious sort. There is some excuse for the former.

Mr. Wister's booklet is in that respect a comforting opposite. In fact, in distinction to the *Episodes* it marks pretty well the *desideratum* for a college story. It deals with exactly the problem that *Wolcott the Magnificent* does—that is, it goes to show that the "sport" is just as much of a man as the "grind"—and it does it with a wholesomeness that Mr. Flandrau most conspicuously lacks. There is no straining after the aphorism and the clever line; it tells a tale in the most un-selfconscious way. There is no reference to the famous luxury supposed to exist in Claverly. There is nothing that suggests the self-made snob. And while it has local color in abundance, yet it can interest the mere outsider—its popularity shows that. True, for Mr. Flandrau's somewhat obvious "artisticity," his analysis and finish, it substitutes only rough, boyish fooling; but considering the field it is a question which is the better art. In fact, *Philosophy Four* seems, without being extraordinary, to answer the question of the college story pretty satisfactorily. For it has both local color and interest for the outsider; and it is an unaffected picture of college life.

Laird Bell.

### Editorial.

Some significant figures were printed in the *Crimson* for November fourteenth. It was on the matter of the membership of the Union. They showed that eighty per cent of the Senior class, seventy of the Junior, fifty of the Sophomore and fifty-two of the Freshman, had joined by that time. Aside from the rather peculiar fact that more upper-classmen than lower-classmen are registered, when one would expect the former, with more clubs of their own, to be less, they indicate a really serious state of affairs. The two upper classes were here when the Union was opened; the first enthusiasm is for them at least a remembrance. The other classes came in when it was an institution meaning exactly the same thing to them that it will mean to each succeeding class. The figures would justify the conclusion that regularly only half the men entering hereafter will join. If the Union is to count for anything in Harvard a half is not enough. We can't very well have a Union presented every four years just to keep up the interest. More seriously, we should much dislike to feel that the Union was a failure, or that it will not be self-supporting. We have been put in possession of a tremendous gift; we are in mere decency bound to keep it on its feet.

In spite of the fact that the Union's existence and purpose are explained in the voluminous literature sent around during the summer to the Freshmen, there seemed at the beginning of the year to have been a good deal of ignorance as to what it is, and why one should join. There are, moreover, plenty of demands for those ten dollars; it is not hard to see why the men do not hurry to the Union office. To correct that fault either the Union must be made more attractive or its attractiveness must be better advertised. The latter seems more necessary. If its advantages were explained in an early *Crimson*, and the need of joining emphasized; if the members of the Freshman Reception Committee were to enlarge on that; and the sage upper-classmen were to dwell upon it when advising their "young hopefuls," surely there would

be less ignorance, at least, concerning the desirability of joining. This is really no slight matter. There is no exact parallel to the Union in any college in the country; this is a bewildering place to the newly-arrived anyway; and there is no reason why everything possible should not be done to make the Union's value clear.

Even when the membership has been raised to a suitable level, however, a good deal remains unaccomplished. In fact the biggest part of the problem is not to get men into the Union, but to keep them there. The mere contribution of ten dollars will accomplish little; one might as well contribute to the Peabody Museum from a feeling of patriotism. The fact is that we join the Union, we of the older classes especially, from a sense of duty. Once joined we go back to our rooms or our clubs with a feeling of intense satisfaction which only comes of doing our duty to our neighbor. We ought, on the other hand, to *want* to join it; and we ought to *want* to go there. Clearly this is not the actual state of things. The reason is not hard to find.

The Union was intended to be the "center of undergraduate life." It was to be the proper place to loaf, to talk over the teams, to smoke out a vacant hour, to play a bit of pool. The University was big and bulky, it had no definite center of things, no "student headquarters"; and some such thing as the Union aims to be seemed a crying need. But it is not so easy to create a "center." One cannot beckon to it, or reason with it. One cannot build a house and put a center into it. A center in the nature of things does its own locating; it is defined only as a relation to other things. And it will grow into a recognizable form only in a place of its own seeking. In other words, if you want to locate the center of college life in a certain place you must move college life so that its center will be that place. Your center follows the circle, not the circle the center. And it is unreasonable to expect the center of Harvard life to go hurrying up to Quincy street merely because a most attractive home has been built for it there. The Union ought in the first place to have been placed in the middle of the University. You may

quarrel as to where that is; you may hold it to be Holmes Field, or Mount Auburn Street; it is surely not next Warren House.

However, the Union is built now on Quincy street. It seems a pity to let it lose the office to which it is almost ideally suited. There must be something which will take Harvard life that way without forcing it. Meetings have been tried. But there is no balking the fact that a meeting is a fearful thing—an out-and-out bore, to be frank. It has the same cheery spontaneity that makes a “beer night” so delightful. One goes from a sense of duty, one smokes bad cigarettes, drinks warm beer, makes stupid small-talk and laughs outrageously at poor jokes. There is something repelling in the very idea of a “meeting.” The fact that they have been none too well attended only makes it more obvious that some substitute should be found to draw men into the Union. And that something must be above all *natural*. We are informed that it is our *duty* to go to the Union; worse than that we *feel* it our duty. It is an attempt almost to bully us into wanting to be good friends with everybody, which, however laudable in theory, is far from practicable. Going to the Union, unless it fails of its purpose entirely, must be perfectly natural.

What more in the line of natural attractions can be provided than at present, it is a little hard to see. There are billiard tables, there are all the papers and magazines, there is writing paper, there is even a barber shop—surely masculine demands can hardly go farther. Yet the aim of it all does not seem to have been fulfilled. The most obvious reason is that already suggested: one hesitates to take a ten-minute walk to read the papers; Leavitt's, being the *actual* center, absorbs the billiard trade; and so on. Perhaps if the new lecture halls were to be placed about the Union it would become a more natural thing to drop in there; that would be making the circle move its center toward the Union. Or perhaps some more immediate remedy could be found. One field the Union touches at least; and its success there suggests something more. There is no good restaurant in Cambridge, and no place where one can drop in for a comfortable meal. The Union supplies that want to a certain extent; but the prices are necessarily somewhat prohibitive of a thoroughly

democratic patronage. The field, however, is a large one. And if some arrangement could be made to have less expensive meals; or if the Union could in some way be recognized as a popular place to drift into for dinner, it might possibly become a "center" in a perfectly natural way.

This is impracticable, it is true; but something ought to be done. It seems ungrateful to ask anything more of the Union; it certainly seems ungrateful not to support it as it is. The most immediate fault lies in us. The Yale men assure us that the success of such an institution in New Haven would be boundless; discounting a certain amount for their loyalty, that clearly leaves us in a pretty unpleasant position. If we do not support the Union we are open to all the ancient and hoary charges of indifference and lack of college spirit. If there were a keen interest in all that the Union did it would surely accommodate itself to all needs; it is our part to take that interest and to join. It may not be a duty, but it is a privilege, which we are practically bound to accept.

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### Book Notice.

"THE KINSHIP OF NATURE." By Bliss Carman. Boston: L. C. Page & Company.

Those who expect to find in Mr. Carman's first venture into prose a whiff of the air of Vagabondia will be disappointed. Beyond frequent mentionings of April and occasional nature-pictures, there is little to echo the spontaneous note of the "open road" in his early poetry. He is the rover no more. He is the staid, middle-aged gentleman in his arm-chair who sees nature not as one who loves it for its own sake, but rather as the school-master, using it to clothe the nakedness of his thought. *The Kinship of Nature* is full of suggestions of the school-book and the rod. Its didacticism is strictly of the commandment order, pointing to "you—the reader" as the prime mover in the follies assailed. That writer, who letting us laugh at the weaknesses of others, shows



us by degrees our own, does us far greater service than the one who says directly "Thou shalt" or "Thou shalt not."

If Mr. Carman had any new message to bring to us, his didactic attitude might be forgiven him, but it scarcely seems worth while to reiterate such bits of information as "Many a man makes a wreck of health and happiness through worry." There is too much teaching and not enough nature and we wish for more of the old "wanderer" as we see him again in such passages as this: "True idleness consists in doing nothing, with the grace and mastery of an accomplishment; this is an art."

Still, in spite of its obviousness of ideas, *The Kinship of Nature* as light reading is fairly entertaining, especially as the essays are here and there brightened by epigrams singularly fortunate. "Art is the universal metaphor of the soul" shows a possibility of interest that is not sustained in the rest of the book.

H. H., Jr.

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# THE HARVARD MONTHLY.

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## *THE HUNGER OF PHOCIDES.*

### I.

Through the crowded Suburra, in which an endless throng of porters, soldiers, and citizens toiled, shouldered, and hurried on diverse errands, only Phocides wandered wrapt in that aimlessness which is at once the distinguishing mark of the pauper and the millionaire. In his case, however, there could be no doubt as to the condition of his wallet—if he had one. His soiled toga, made for a person of shorter stature, scarce fell below his knees. Where it was not torn, moreover, it was patched—in several colors—and stained brown with soup and red with wine. When to this was added that the wearer was a swart, hairy man, with a face like a knotty excrescence on a tree-trunk, that his hands hung down to his knees—which themselves were misshapen and red,—that he was splay-footed and tow-headed, it is small wonder most of the passers-by turned to stare at him, though the city was Rome, and the time the reign of Antoninus Pius.

Phocides was thinking of his dinner. It was getting to be a more and more frequent occupation with him, this thinking of his dinner. Yesterday he had eaten nothing but some black figs, which he had been at no small pains to steal from a drunken muleteer who—unfeeling brute—had given him the decorative welt across the face which caused some passing Prætorians to jest at his expense. Meditating upon his condition, Phocides had turned the

corner of the street and was gradually working himself into a mood of petty desperation, when he felt a light touch on his elbow. Turning, he saw at his side a tall Nubian.

Phocides stared.

"My lord," said the black, with that unreasoning servility which Roman masters demanded of their slaves, "will you be pleased to follow me? It already grows late; we must hasten, if we would not be awaited."

"Here is some mistake," thought Phocides; "possibly there is too the means of obtaining a dinner."

He hesitated but an instant, and then, in the most matter of fact way possible, said simply: "Lead on."

The slave at once raised his hand and beckoned to someone down the street. A moment later a handsome litter, borne by four stalwart Gauls, all of great stature, came through the crowd in the thoroughfare, and was set down for the expectant Phocides. Being a man of much self-possession, except in the face of physical danger, he stepped in coolly, and told the bearers to proceed. Resigning himself to the pleasure of the moment, he lolled grandly back on the scented cushions, and gave himself up to the delights of speculation.

At the end of a short time the litter was set down before a large house near the Forum Iulianum, and Phocides, hungry but not a little apprehensive, alighted. The Nubian, going up the steps, knocked with his ebon truncheon, and the door was immediately opened by the porter within. The eunuch, bowing, requested the Greek derelict to follow him, crossed the atrium, and led him to the baths. Here the adventurer underwent that complex series of bathing, anointing, and massage which at once delighted and enervated the Roman populace of the second century; and he emerged, at the end of an hour, clean, scented, and luxuriously clad in the finest of snowy woolen.

His black guide awaited him, and now escorted him to a low-studded room on the right side of the house, which the first glance showed to be a library. Hundreds of cylindrical boxes for holding scrolls were ranged on

the shelves and on the small tables of citron wood. Between two mounted lamps, in a chair that somehow seemed too big for him, sat an emaciated little man swaddled in a loose toga. His chin was sunk on his breast, and he lowered at the hungry Phocides with all the outrageous insolence of a patrician of the older type. A book was unrolled on his knees, and with a sudden dab of one clawlike hand he tossed it to the floor. Then with a gusty violence he exclaimed, glaring at the Greek: "Faugh! A downright Thersytes!" Then straightway held up his hand as if to forbid an answer.

Phocides was not a little taken aback by such a reception. He rallied, however, and made a faint attempt at dignity.

"Sir," he said, "I am a free-born citizen of the Empire. Moreover, in Egypt, my birth-land, I have been scribe to the monarch Oxyrhynchus, and later in my life strategus at Ombos. Although, through the treachery of jealous and unscrupulous rivals—"

"A fig for your unscrupulous rivals!" cried the master of the house, grasping the arms of his chair with his thin hands and leaning forward as if to bite the astonished Greek. "What is your past history to me, you scum, hey?"

His eyes, beneath their overhanging brows, grew red with passion, and the veins on his wrinkled forehead became so distended that Phocides, utterly at a loss what to do or say, wondered if they would burst.

"Why did you come hither?" asked the Roman, settling himself in his chair as if exhausted.

Phocides thought of his dinner.

"I was hungry, your puissance," he replied meekly.

The old man gave him a quick glance, and, apparently assured of the truth of the statement, began to cackle feebly. Then he said abruptly: "I am an hundred and two years old."

"And mad doubtless," thought Phocides; but he refrained from speaking.

"I am an hundred and two years old, yet never have I suffered from



hunger. You, who are so young, dare you come here to me prating of your miserable belly?"

The Greek stood silent, to all appearances quite abashed. Within him a loud voice was clamoring for food.

"I devoutly hope that you, my lord, may never be without the means of assuaging such acute pangs as are at this minute gnawing at my vitals," he said artfully.

"Do you think it likely I shall?" demanded the ancient testily.

"No, my lord; but the gods are capricious at times."

"Not in their dealings with the house of Remmius!" cried the Roman. "Not with them!" He muttered to himself a little, and then said to the Greek, who still stood before him, humility made flesh: "There is that you can do for me. Done well, it will not be a question of one paltry meal, but a life of feasting."

Phocides, in the face of an offer of this nature, did not hesitate an instant. There was no crime known to him—and it must be admitted that both in vice useful and ornamental he was a person of experience—which was worth sticking at with such an reward in sight. He readily signified his assent by inclining his head.

"Then," said Remmius, still with an air of blended insolence and distrust, "concentrate what wits you have on the subject which I am about to unfold to you. The sole remaining descendant of my line is my granddaughter Lollia. She, after the lewd fashion of her time, has conceived a mad passion for one Sothion, a gladiator. I was most patient: I labored with her for the better part of half an hour. She flung my years, which are a credit to myself and to my house, she flung my years, I say, in my teeth, and declared that the tame and insipid matron of old Rome was a toy out of date. *Edepol!*" cried the old man, "to *me*—to *ME*—she dared to say it!" and he lay back in his chair, his fierce eyes glowing.

"Truly, it is not without cause that it is said our women have become shameless," murmured Phocides, thinking the while of a certain woman of

the Jews. In his own experience he had found the fair sex difficult to deal with—quite mercurial, in fact. “But how,” he went on, “can I be of service to my lord?”

“Easily, O wily son of Nilus,” sneered the other. “Tonight, so I have learned, she would leave me for this paltry Sothion. Do you therefore take his part. I instructed my slaves to search out the ugliest vagabond they could find—one who was in all respects hideous, yet young and active; capable and resourceful. You have been brought to me.”

It would be futile to attempt to describe the feelings of the Greek on being thus roughly handled. It is one thing to be abused roundly by an equal whose ire prompts him to descend to gross personal vituperation, yet it is quite another to be coolly and casually consigned to the cohorts of the ill-favored by a social superior who would feel it infinitely beneath him to have any personal interest in the question. What with his hunger, his weakness of character, and the helplessness of his situation, Phocides was almost reduced to tears.

“You,” began Remmius again, “will be on board the *Heron*, grain-ship, at ten tonight. In half an hour Lollia will arrive. Let her not see your face till the ship is well under way for Alexandria. Then claim her; you are welcome to her—she is fair enough, the wench.—and to whatever moneys she takes with her.”

“And Sothion?” asked Phocides.

“That I have already attended to,” returned Remmius, and cackled until his rheumy eyes were bulging out of their sockets.

“A very pretty business,” thought the Greek. “I wonder if the lady pared her nails today? Something more than one paltry dinner, indeed. And Egypt—home once more! Really I could wish to visit my worthy mother e’er she gets past supporting me. And the moneys. . . .”

Phocides, quite surprised at his own temerity, at this juncture heard his voice saying, as if of its own volition: “Of a truth, noble Remmius, I shall

find pleasure in doing this your behest. But, I pray you, let me first have food ; else, by Pan, I faint for hunger."

The old gentleman snorted contemptuously and with a barking laugh : "You can wait well enough. A full stomach, an empty pate."

He rang a small clay bell, in answer to which the Nubian reappeared.

"Take this man," said Remmius, "to the *Heron*. Say to the captain those things I told you, and see that my orders are regarded. If you let your charge but cram one mouthful of food into his ugly maw, you'll sit the tree tomorrow."

The slave bowed in eastern fashion, and the master, stooping with more suppleness than Phocides would have accredited him, picked up his roll from the tessellated floor, waved the pair from the room, and was again reading before they had withdrawn.

## II.

At ten o'clock Phocides was installed on board the *Heron*. He awaited the arrival of Lollia with an eager impatience which was somewhat tempered by fear, since little doubt existed in his mind that the lady—evidently of a wilful disposition—would make herself a far from cheering companion in the first moments of their interview. The Greek wandered restlessly about the poop until he heard the sound of oars, the cautious bustle of coming aboard, and soft steps approaching. His heart beat so as half to suffocate him when out of the darkness a languishing feminine voice called gently: "Sothion!" Phocides shook all over; he could hardly force himself to turn to face the speaker. When he had done so he perceived dimly that before him stood a woman in white, apparently wearing a thin silken veil.

"Madame," stammered Phocides, quite without will of his own; "Sothion is not here."

"Not here!" cried the lady. "Not here! But he should have been on board half an hour ago. The ship sails at once. But who may you be?" she continued, a touch of suspicion in her voice.

"Madame, I am at once his friend and yours," answered the Greek, casting about for some scheme, and inwardly cursing his folly.

"What keeps Sothion?" demanded Lollia, evidently much disconcerted by the turn of affairs.

Phocides was suddenly smitten, overwhelmed, carried away by the most magnificent idea which had ever been born in his nimble brain. He saw a chance by which he might at once rid himself of this persistent bundle of lawless affection and enrich himself with whatever money and jewels she might have with her.

"Remmius—" he began; but Lollia interrupted him with an abrupt consignment of her grandfather to nethermost Orcus.

"Patience, noble Lollia," said Phocides, "your grandfather has Sothion completely in his power. Your lover is awaiting torture in a house outside the city. Tomorrow Remmius, who is, as your ladyship but just now intimated, of a supremely vindictive disposition, will afford himself the pleasure of torturing Sothion till he expires. As an old friend—"

"What do I hear!" gasped Lollia.

"The truth," answered the schemer solemnly, and with all the vigorous resentment of a hardened liar whose word is doubted. "Nothing but the truth. And now as I am an old friend of Sothion—"

"An old friend?" she repeated, not, he thought, without a note of suspicion in her voice.

"As I am an old friend of Sothion," he said again, as impressively as he was able, "I am here to render you the greatest service in my power. If you know where your lover is confined, and set upon his delivery with all speed, it may be accomplished before sunrise. Pay me, and I will disclose the whereabouts of his prison; it is for that purpose I came here."

"If you were his friend," she protested sharply, "you would aid him yourself, and you would not claim a reward."

"Very well, then," he returned with a smile he tried to make persuasive, "say I am your friend. It is all one, so he be delivered."

"You may be a hireling of Remmius."

"Of Remmius?" the Greek echoed indignantly. "I hate the old beast! He has insulted me, and would have had me starved. It is owing to Remmius that you see me at this minute suffering the tortures of the damned from hunger."

Evidently the vehemence of his manner made an impression upon her, but she still hesitated.

"How can I tell that you are not a complete impostor?" she asked, as if half to herself. "What proof have I of the truth of your story?"

"Why is not Sothion here?" retorted Phocides. "Pay, and you may once more embrace your lover, now in danger of death for having loved you; refuse, and you will never clap eyes on him again."

She craned her neck forward in the dusk as if she would read his face, but she did not speak.

"Oh, very well," Phocides said, half turning away, and trying to speak as if it were all a matter of supreme indifference to him, "if you choose to minister to the spite of Remmius and to sacrifice the gladiator to his rage—"

Lollia started as if he had struck a lash across her face.

"Pyrrha!" she cried. "Here! Make haste!"

A slave girl, bearing a casket and a shawl, grew out of the darkness and came aft. Apparently Lollia, having made up her mind, was in feverish haste. She caught the casket from the slave and thrust it into the hands of Phocides.

"Take this," she whispered eagerly: "take this. Now tell me. Where is he? Where is he? Where? Where?"

Phocides took the casket with great show of deliberation. His joy was such that he was emboldened to prolong it.

"Doubtless, noble Lollia, there is something to open this with. Do you happen to have it?" he asked.

"Here, here," she exclaimed, hurriedly thrusting into his callous paw a small key.

"Outside the Ostian gate stands a house," Phocides said, gravely to impress her and slowly that he might have time to invent, "it is the second as you go from the city. It is in ruins, but two of the cellae of the slaves still stand. Only one of these has a door; it is in that one that Remmius has had Sothion confined."

From the darkness behind the Greek broke a snarling chuckle, which sent a horrible chill to the very marrow of his bones. He felt a pair of irresistible hands grip his throat and neck; they contracted, increasing with frightful rapidity an intolerable compression which even at the beginning it seemed impossible to endure. The impostor tried to cry out, to escape; in an agony of fear he struck with his fists and kicked with his feet, overwhelmed by a paralyzing sense of the utter futility of his efforts; he felt his heart beating as if it would tear its way out of his laboring chest; strange fires danced before his eyes; he clawed only half humanly at the muscular wrists, corded as if with steel, that were at his throat. Almost drowned in the roaring which whirled in his bursting ears, he was conscious as if another than himself heard, the voice of Lollia as she shrieked: "Sôthion! Sothion!" If Remmius had let the gladiator escape and the mighty hands of Sothion were at his throat—But the thought was swept away by the passion which convulsed his whole being for air—air!

### III.

When, just as the *Heron* was setting sail, yellow Tiber rolled a misshapen body seaward, the hunger of Phocides was ended—and forever.

*Oric Bates.*

*UNRAVELED WISHES.*

I saw in the children's eyes today  
The shadow-sweetness of the dreams—  
With light of valleys fair and wondrous streams—  
That once I knew, at play.  
And once I listened to a laughing voice  
That planned old, happy turns and curious plays,  
And promised still the smooth yet noble ways,  
That I had walked, in choice.  
I might have dreamed before the fire here  
The old, dim dreams that faded long ago—  
Of summers passing, sweet and slow,  
And gentle action, self-severe.  
But there at my heart is an unvoiced pain,  
And a wistful memory at my eyes;  
The years I dreamed of are a by-gone train,  
And life is glad, but not as I was fain,  
Long since, in sweet devise.

*H. W. Holmes.*

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*NOTES ON DRAWINGS BY J. M. W. TURNER IN CAMBRIDGE  
AND BOSTON.*

The Turner water-color drawing of Devenport—recently presented to the Fogg Museum by Charles Fairfax Murray, Esq., of London, in memory of the late W. J. Stillman—makes possible to the students of Harvard University a knowledge and appreciation of the work of one of the great painters of the world, hitherto quite beyond all but those few able to study in the galleries abroad. Being one of the finest finished examples of Turner's mature

work in water-color, in which, as we shall find, Turner is almost invariably to be seen at his best, it is most precious not only for what it may teach us by itself, but that it makes plain the purpose of other drawings and paintings, for the most part less characteristic or of an earlier period, accessible to us in this country, and shows us their place in relation to his best work. It is with the idea of calling wider attention among the students of Harvard University to this and to other works by Turner in Cambridge and Boston, and of pointing out, as far as I am able, what principal qualities are to be looked for in them, that I undertake this article.

On looking at this drawing of Devenport, I suppose your first thought will be, if you know no more of painting than the average Harvard student, that Turner could not draw figures anyway; and you will probably decide that it is not of much use to look for any good in the picture—indeed, you will very likely find it impossible at first to look at anything else in it, when those figures are drawn “like that” the very first thing. Moreover, there will hardly be a thing in the picture to attract an ordinary observer at a first glance. That looking rather common-place at a first glance, however, you will find to be a way that most of the really finest things have, be they pictures, or buildings, or people, and I must beg you not to give up this drawing right away just on that account. Those figures, though, are vulgar—and rather awkwardly drawn, too, and the absolute lack of form in the heavy boat by the buoy is hardly understandable, when one looks at the delicate drawing of the little sail-boat by the big man-of-war at the right. So for the present you may have leave to be as much offended as you please, or to laugh, if that is your way, at Turner’s awkward drawing of these funny, vulgar people, though you must remember at the same time that Turner saw what fun there was as well as you, and that moreover he might have put into this very drawing figures as gracefully posed as the Apollo-Belvedere—if he had chosen. That he chose instead to represent these common English “jackies” and their blowzy lasses, was first, because he had always a tremendous and usually a noble sympathy with the joys and sorrows of common



people—more than with the well-posed heroes of classical mythology; and, furthermore, that these simple men and women out for a holiday were the plain fact of the matter on this particular day in Devenport harbor.

After you have first satisfied yourself then with having found all the mistakes in the drawing of these figures, and have become enough accustomed to their peculiarities to be able to attend to something else, take a look around the rest of the picture, from the men-of-war in the mist of rain on the left, over to the great ship-sheds and the quiet steeple and house-tops in the mellow sunlight; finally up into the opening in the clouds and through the highest of them to a delicate patch of melting turquoise sky which you will not have noticed at all before. Be sure to take a good bright day—or better, days—to look at this sky, otherwise the gradations and changes of color are so subtle, you will not half see what is there, and you will utterly miss the space expressed by that touch of sky seen through the high film of sun-lit cloud.

After you have looked for awhile, however, at the passing rain clouds, and the precious sky, and the wreaths of broken cloud touched with bits of red and gold by the sun, come back again to those same foreground figures, and, keeping the rest of the picture in mind, I think you will now feel that somehow or other some of the heavenly color has suddenly fallen from the sky; for in this group of clumsiest figures by the buoy, there is a mosaic of the pure color of the firmament which you surely did not observe at first. And looking still closer you will see that this central group is wrought in the form of a jewel with radiating lobes—only that it is beyond any mere jewel in loveliness. This ought to teach you how much you have need to train yourself in sensitiveness of perception really to see the greatest beauty. Not one person in a hundred—or a thousand, can for a long time take in the full beauty of a passage like this, either in a drawing or in nature, especially when it is somewhat hidden, as in this case, by a mask of commonplaceness beyond which the superficial gaze cannot go; and this is only one small part of the beauty in this drawing, to say nothing of what surrounds us every day in cloud and tree and flower.

So with all the figures in the drawing. Look at them as parts of a jewel, and you will find that there is most precious color, and even most delicate drawing, where at first there was apparent little but haste and indecision. The errors in the drawing of the figures (and as you look more at the picture, you will find them to be really very slight, though perhaps prominent at first) are entirely due, I think, to the fact that Turner was putting out all his strength on the color and the ornamental design, and almost forgot that he had to paint figures *as well as* jewels. And so he did not disturb the purity of the color of the red cap even to give the poor man beneath it pushing on the buoy his human share of neck. That spot of color was the thing that must be right, and he let the error stand forever frankly as an error, rather than make a worse one by spoiling the color which he held so precious (it being necessary, of course, in order to get pure quality in water-color painting, to lay on the color freshly at first and not disturb it).

If you will look back again now to the sky, you will understand the main purpose of this near group of figures in relation to the design of the whole drawing—namely, to echo, and to contrast with more decision, the soft and fading colors of the clouds.

Thus, you will see, Turner had a two-fold interest and purpose in painting this group of homely people: first, he had deep sympathy with it as simple human life; and secondly, he saw a divine loveliness cast on it or over it by the warm sunlight, giving it a beauty not inherent in itself, but common to all simple, natural things when shone on by pure light.

This drawing of Devenport was originally owned by Mr. Ruskin, and in the catalogue for the exhibition of his own collection, there is a very helpful note on it; I postpone it, however, until so late, because I want you to see and appreciate, if only partially at first, the great beauty of color and form even in this group of figures, looked at as mere natural objects in the warm light, before you read Ruskin's note, which refers merely to the part they play in the thought of the picture aside from the formal design. And if you

care to study this and any other fine Turner drawings to which you can get access, humbly and thoughtfully, taking Turner seriously as a teacher, you will get tremendous training in the perception of the beauty of the natural world—more than you can have any idea of, if you have never been pupil in this way to some great painter. And unless we do come to noble painting in this way, there is little excuse for spending any time on it at all: either that it may train us to see more and more of the beauty—the manifestation of God—in the world about us, or that it may tell us something of that beauty as seen by a greater mind than ours, who has given his life to seeking it where it is manifested most nobly. Of course it may also be a valuable historical record of human life, and there may be the moral reflections of a great mind expressed in it, but this power of training us in the perception of natural beauty, is peculiar to the art of painting, and, I think, what it possesses of most helpfulness and use. Come to this drawing then with the idea that you may learn something worth knowing from it. It is this right of serious teaching that is denied to painting today by the majority of people, including even painters themselves. But we can never hope to produce nor will ever deserve to possess fine works of art, until we get over the idea that painting (all art, for that matter) is a mere indulgence for idle moments, and until we begin to consider painters as responsible teachers, whose duty it is to give honest instruction in always useful, if but humble lessons. We must bring humility and reverence with us when we come to look at any noble painting, as if we were coming to a sacred place, and if we want amusement or recreation for a few idle hours—what many people seem to look for in an art museum, and what more unfortunately many modern artists are wasting often great power trying to give them—we had much better wait, at least, until we can give serious attention; for noble paintings are produced only by hard and honest thought, and cannot be understood by any less pains. We must remember, too, that whenever we give idle praise, we become partly responsible for all showy and dishonest painting, just as much as when we give foolish blame. Now this, of course, does not mean that we

are never to find anything in a picture to give us pleasure, for we may be sure that we do not understand any great work of art unless we do enjoy it and love it; nor that we are always to keep long faces in a picture gallery, for great art is often—usually, I think—full of humor, and a man shows nothing but his dullness by his perpetual solemnity. You see whole audiences sitting through the most humorous parts of a Beethoven symphony, or even the "*Meistersinger*," as if they were hearing a sermon; I dare say, many would be shocked at an appreciative chuckle. Only remember, too, that there is noble and trivial humor. One person may be amused at what is really expressed in the music; another may see only the ridiculousness of the sawing elbows.

Before you read this note of Ruskin's I should advise you to have a good look at the drawing—or these notes of mine, for that matter, though I don't see how I am going to get you to do that before you know at all what the drawing is or why you should look at it. You will always find it most helpful, however, in looking at pictures, to study them a little and find what you can in them first by yourself, before you read anyone's notes on them. In the first place, it will train your power of perception; and after you have attained something of that, it will prevent your judgment's being warped by other people's shallow or false opinions. Bear in mind, too, that this of Ruskin's does not pretend to be a complete note on the whole picture, but only on certain points which can be seen particularly well in this. So do not lay too much emphasis on the part about the figures; as you come to know the drawing better, whatever there is to offend you, will be easily put up with, for all that you will find in it to love.

"By comparing the groups of figures in this drawing with those in the other four which I have arranged with it, and the boy's drawing, No. I,\* I think it will be seen that much of what the public were most pained by in Turner's figure drawing arose from what Turner himself had been chiefly pained by in the public. He saw, and more clearly than he knew himself, the especial forte of England in 'vulgarity.' I cannot better explain the word than by

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\* These drawings referred to were in the exhibition of his own drawings. For Notes on them see "Notes by Mr Ruskin on his Drawings by the late J. M. W. Turner" or "Ruskin on Pictures. Vol. I, Turner" (George Allen, 1902).

pointing to those groups of Turner's figures exaggerating this special quality as it manifested itself to him, either in Richmond picnics, barrack domestic life, jockey commerce, or here, finally, in the general relationship of Jack ashore. With all this, nevertheless, he had in himself no small sympathy; he liked it at once and was disgusted by it; and while he lived, in imagination in ancient Carthage, lived practically, in modern Margate. I cannot understand these ways of his; only be assured that what offends us in these figures was also, in a high degree, offensive to him, though he chose to paint it as a peculiarly English phenomenon, and though he took in the midst of it, ignobly, an animal English enjoyment, acknowledging it all the while to be ugly and wrong.

"His sympathy with the sailor's part of it, however, is deeper than any other, and a most intimate element in his whole life and genius. No more *wonderful* drawing, take it all in all, exists, by his hand, than this one, and the sky is the most exquisite in my own entire collection of his drawings. It is quite consummately true, as all things are when they are consummately lovely. It is of course the breaking up of the warm rain-clouds of summer, thunder passing away in the west, the golden light and melting blue mingled with yet falling rain, which troubles the water surface, making it misty altogether, in the shade to the left, but gradually leaving the reflection clearer under the warm opening light. For subtle, and yet easily vigorous drawing of the hulls of our old ships of war, study the group in the rain, no less than the rougher one on the right."

I hesitate to say anything more in regard to the formal design in this drawing, for fear that it may take away some of the pleasure you may have in finding the things out for yourself; but it may be helpful, on the other hand, for me to note one or two of the main and simplest things, that you may understand more what to look for. Of course, everyone will understand the value of the spars on the left in throwing back the sky. Notice also the beauty of the line formed by the dark accents on them, together with the ship's side and the figures, and note how the figure of the admiral is made a vigorous dark against the figures in sunlight beyond, to accent the end of the curve—also, of course, to give him his proper authority. There are also some lovely bits of interchange managed. The right side of the central group of figures comes out light against the ground of water; follow it with your eye to the men in the striped jerseys, and it comes out dark against the lighter and warmer space of water. To the extreme left, the figures are all in cool shade against a warm ground, while the right hand figures of the same group are accented brightly against the dark reflections of the ships. And notice the value of the deep purple spot of docks and boats in giving a

principal quiet mass, about which all the rest of the drawing seems to be balanced. The large ring on the buoy just misses being a clasp for the central jewel of figures, and it is a bit disappointing at first, just slipped away; but then you notice that in a way it acts as a clasp for the whole design, and it would have been too prominent and outspoken the leading purple mass, if the idea of the jewel-clasp had been more than hinted at.

I have taken up this drawing of Devenport at length, because I wished you to see what was characteristic finished work of Turner's mature period, before you looked at any of the other drawings in Cambridge or Boston, which are either of an earlier period or merely studies not originally intended for any sight but his own. And I think we shall find it helpful to think of all the drawings of his earlier periods, along with the notes and studies of his mature period, as merely leading up to these later finished works, taking 1820 (when he was 45 years old) as the approximate date marking the commencement of his mature period, though remembering, at the same time, that no definite date can be set, and that some drawings of a much earlier time show almost, if not quite his full power. Most of his drawings up to 1820, and of course he made almost as many finished drawings before then as after, should be considered as done merely for practice; they have usually many faults when compared with his later drawings—the faults being due to the fact that he had not yet begun entirely to represent what he saw, but was still influenced by some of the old conventions of eighteenth century water-color painting.

But before we can understand these other drawings properly, some knowledge of the general development of Turner's power will be necessary. Unfortunately, unless you have been able to study the drawings in the English galleries, you will have to take my word for most of this, the drawings I can point to being few, but there seems to be no other way for it. I find, moreover, that in the present article I shall not have time to write in detail even of the few drawings at hand, but must confine myself, in what is left of my space, to references to them necessary to illustrate what I say in regard to

Turner's development, hoping that what I do say may help you, somewhat at any rate, better to understand all the works of Turner you may see.

Turner was born in 1775, and died in 1851. Useful divisions of his work into separate periods have been made, but for our present purposes it will be sufficient to remember that Turner attained his full power—that is, mastery of the language of painting, and a fine perception of the vital elements in the beauty of organic and inorganic nature, at about the year 1820. The early part of his life, up to about 1800—was spent mainly in learning the technique of water-color painting, and this chiefly by constant practice, Turner owing little of his power to training anything like that of our ordinary art school. He did any sort of work that would give him practice in laying on washes of color; thus he put in backgrounds on architects' drawings, colored engravings for print dealers, copied the pale water-color drawings of Sandby and Cozens and other painters of the eighteenth century, and drew out-of-doors, on the Thames or in the country—often in company with his friend Girtin. There are two drawings of this period on the screen in the Fogg Museum, one marked "Early Drawing," and the other, "Mansion with Wooded Grounds." The first, I should say, must have been done about the year 1790 or even a few years later, and the other not before 1800, and very likely several years after that. He did a great many, probably hundreds, of drawings similar to this last one, on his trips about England, walking slowly along a few miles a day and making drawings of people's houses for small sums, as he came to them. And all through his life he made drawings of places where he was staying, partly for practice and partly to please his patrons.

We must stop here, however, to notice one or two points which, I am afraid, may seem a little irrelevant at first, but are important nevertheless. Speaking of observation in the sense of the "direct acquiring of facts through intelligent use of one's own senses, and not through descriptions given by other people, either orally or in print," President Eliot writes in the *Atlantic Monthly* for November: "Children used to books will memorize what they

read about birds, insects, kittens or puppies, and seem to know something about these creatures, although they have never examined for themselves bird, insect, cat, or dog." Now the same thing may be said of many grown-up people's, and especially cultured people's, knowledge of landscape. What most of us know about landscape is largely what we have learned from pictures, and not at all what we have learned from our own observation. And the worst part of this is that most of the painters that have instructed us, have been really dreadful liars, not wilful perhaps, but merely through their carelessness or inability to see anything straight themselves; so that either we have come to accept their statements as the truth, or else have decided that painted landscape is one thing and real landscape another, the two having little connection, some people being actually reduced to hold this latter opinion. False statements being so common in painting, it becomes absolutely necessary then, that we carefully observe something of nature ourselves before we can know whom to believe and what pictures to study. This point I insist on, for it is one not usually thought much of, especially in "artistic circles." Much of modern critical writing on painting is almost perfectly worthless on this very account, the critic, as a rule, not considering it important that he should ever study anything but pictures, and consequently having no idea what pictures are *worth* studying. Of course, after we know something of real landscape ourselves, and can tell who are the great painters, it is their duty to train us in still keener perception of nature, and also to tell us of nature as we have not time or power to observe it for ourselves, just as it is the business of a novelist to train our ability to see and understand human character, and also to tell us of some we could never observe for ourselves, although at the same time we must have been observant too of all the people around us before we can tell what novelist to believe. One hundred years ago Turner was tremendously cried out against by the critics when he began to observe nature rightly, and to tell others truly what he saw. They actually charged him with speaking false when he was merely denying some of the falsehoods which they had blindly accepted as the truth, and was



for the first time in history, recording accurately plain facts about the color and form of land and sky.

What we must notice, however, at present is that it was a long time before Turner himself came to find out that he could not believe everything that other painters told him about landscape, and before he began to study it thoroughly, and at first hand, for himself. Thus, in the "Early Drawing" on the screen, there is little indication of Turner's observing anything of the main facts in the scene before him. He merely went out-of-doors and tried to paint as his masters, those eighteenth-century water-colorists, had painted, paying most of his attention to getting his color washed on with purity and precision; and he at first succeeded very well in telling us no more than they. But, being constantly in the country, he came to see finally, that there was a great deal in nature that those old fellows had never said anything about, nor even seen; and we shall presently see how he devoted the rest of his life to constant and eager study of natural form and color, so as to paint good and helpful—if we have a mind to make them so—pictures for us.

But before we come to that, there is another point we must notice. So far as color went, these early water-color painters made little attempt to represent anything but *relative* hue: that is, they distinguished between cold color and warm color, and told something of the relative amounts of yellow, or red, or blue, in the colors of various objects, but they made almost no attempt to tell the actual, *positive* hue of anything. You will easily understand this by comparing the "Early Drawing" and the "Devenport." The warmest color in the earlier drawing is a pale, yellowish pink, and the coldest, a very timid green. The pink rather pervades the drawing, being laid as a first wash almost all over it, and it gives the whole thing a pretty, quiet tone; but you understand immediately, on comparing it with the "Devenport," in lieu of real nature, that there is no statement of positive hue in it, but only that the part of the cottage in sunlight is "yellower" and "redder" than the part in the shade, and that the sky is "bluer" than the clouds. And this is true of all landscape painting, with no exception, I think, from 1600 down to the

nineteenth century. Your "Poussins" and "Claude Lorraines" have quite a different look from this early Turner drawing, the seventeenth century painters running, of course, to brown color and deep tones, and Turner doing so too at first when he paints in oil; but, so far as representation of hue is concerned, one comes about as near as the other. The difference between this eighteenth and early nineteenth century water-color painting, and the seventeenth century painting was that these humble water-color painters now took an interest in common people, and every-day life, and all simple, homely things, instead of only in the artificially ideal characters of the classic mythology, up to that time in fashion; and that they painted for the middle classes, who loved the country, more than for the fashionable world. It is, of course, part of the same movement that expressed itself in the poetry of the latter part of the eighteenth and of the early nineteenth century, the work of Turner and of Wordsworth both being expressions of the full development of the same general movement.

Now in Turner's painting from 1790 to about 1820, we can trace a steady transition from this old representation of *relative* hue (the earliest attempts at color being what are called "tinted monochromes"), to the new representation of *positive* hue, the "Early Drawing" standing typically for the one, and the "Devenport" for the other. In reality it was a new language that Turner developed—or rather an old one made use of in the representation of landscape; for, of course, the old Italian painters made statements of *positive* hue—look at the copies from Titian and Veronese and Botticelli on the back of the Turner screen—only they were not much interested in landscape, except as a back-ground for their figures, and so they did not get far in the representation of it, though they attained near perfection in the representation (including statements of positive hue) of the human figure and of drapery and of all fore-ground objects in diffused light. Of course this representation of positive color would have come some time in the nineteenth century, without Turner, as an essential result of the modern observing spirit, but Turner was the first one to represent the positive color of land-

scape completely, and he developed the idea practically independently. The "Mansion with Wooded Grounds," you will now easily understand, comes part way along in the transition, there being comparatively bold statements of color in it, though still not accurate (notice especially the foreground, where the plants are drawn in conventionally, almost without reference to color). Notice also that when he made this drawing, Turner had not yet begun to see tree or cloud form at all as they really were, though he had learned a good deal about the sunlight and had acquired much sureness of hand and eye.

Turner, beyond everything else shown in his mature drawings, was an accurate observer of the great fundamental laws of organic and inorganic life—of the growth of tree and plant, and of the motion of wave and cloud and rock, so that he was really among the foremost recorders of scientific fact of the nineteenth century. I cannot hope, however, that you understand this fully, or even at all, unless you are able and willing to give some time to the study of Turner, together with much careful study of the laws of natural form. Some will object that I am giving Turner no credit for great design, whereas, on the contrary, he was one of the very noblest masters of formal design that the world has yet seen; only, I do hold, great designers are always, first of all, great perceivers of the vital beauty in natural form. The Gothic sculptors and illuminators of the twelfth century were primarily careful observers of the principles of plant growth. And Turner's power of formal design seems to have developed right along with his knowledge of natural form. By the time he was forty-five he had tremendous knowledge of the laws of life, and also a wonderful power of perceiving the most important elements—that is the lines most indicative of the vital history, of tree, or rock, or other natural object; and his power of endless variety in design was largely the result, I think, of his constant poring over the beauty of these natural forms.

Our present task, however, is to see how he acquired this power of seeing nobly and accurately, the main end in his early work being, conscious-

ly or unconsciously it does not matter, to acquire this power of seeing. He first, as I said, worked in the manner of the eighteenth century water-color painters, and saw, at least represented, with little more accuracy than they. In the first years of the nineteenth century, he studied also some of the more noted painters of the world, and especially those then in fashion in polite society; and he painted in the manner of each, partly by way of study, partly to please the public. Thus, he painted a series of oil-pictures in the manner of Claude Lorraine, of Poussin, and of Van der Velde, one after the other, merely imitating their "style" as closely as he could, and not expressing color or form much more truly than they. But, this sort of work forcing him to make comparisons between the works of these men and nature itself, he found that they usually missed the main things worth talking about; and so he soon gave up trying to learn any more from them, and set himself to the first-hand study of nature, to train himself in finer perception and expression, especially of form. A large part of his work in this early period was with the pen or pencil point alone, and he made hundreds and hundreds of careful drawings—not intended for anyone's sight but his own—simply to train himself in accuracy of perception and delicacy of expression. A large part of the upwards of 19,000 drawings in the National Gallery consist of delineations of this kind, and most of them done in this period of study between 1800 and 1820. They range from rapid but delicate studies of whole compositions, like those in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts marked "early drawings in Scotland," to careful studies of details of plant or animal form. Characteristic of this latter class, are two reed-pen drawings in the National Gallery, one of horse-chestnut foliage, the other of laurel, a mass of the foliage of each being drawn first, and then a leaf of each studied separately at closer range, a single laurel leaf being drawn from several different angles to get the varying curvature. In addition he notes on the margin in writing: "Horse C. full yellow-green when young, but darker more advanced"; "laurel dark green, shining leaf, young shoot light yellow." Drawings of this latter kind were done mainly for the sake of studying the object before him, actual

note-taking of this sort always fixing the facts in one's head and compelling close attention. It may almost be said that Turner never made a pencil or pen drawing merely for its own sake, but always with the idea, either of its helping him to see better what he drew, or of its serving as a memorandum of the scene before him; for Turner always carried away with him much more in his head than on his paper, his lead-pencil lines often being mere short-hand which he alone could understand at all. The taking of notes to aid the memory is, of course, the only method possible for a painter who aims to represent in his picture the effect of light and color of a moment; without a powerful memory you are absolutely hopeless: but the development of the necessary memory and of the power of selecting quickly the essential points to be remembered, requires the hardest and steadiest work of the kind I have been describing. Of course, the painting of good pictures requires also rare talent, but without the work, the talent is good for nothing. Only it is so very easy for even mediocre talent to make a taking display and win the coveted fame or fortune (all that is usually thought worth striving for) *without* the work, that I suppose it is not to be wondered that the honest work and the rare talent have been so seldom in conjunction. But remember, when you look at a drawing like the "Devenport," that there was some forty years of as hard study as man ever did in front of it, and that, when Turner tells you something of cloud, or wave, or rock, he knows whereof he is talking, better at any rate than any man before and than few, if any, after, and that surely you may learn from him something helpful about these things, as well as get noble pleasure from the formal composition pure and simple. But I insist, also, that it is in these small water-color drawings—most of them intended for publication by reproductive engraving and sale among the middle classes, that Turner is to be seen at his best; for in these, he is bent almost solely on recording faithfully, and with keenest sympathy, what he saw about him of the life, past and present, of rock, and wave, and cloud, and flower, and tree, and, above all, man. His larger works in oil were almost all done for exhibition to the fashionable world and to the critics, with direct

reference to popular taste—either to please it or defy it, and most of them have the grievous faults of all pretentious work. They almost always contain much fine work and noble thought, and some few are equal in every way to his finest work in water-color, but you will hardly understand what is best in them, I think, unless you first know something of his other work.

Two other drawings, the "Simplon" and the small one in the Boston Museum, evidently a bit of the Rhine, make it necessary to say something of Turner's method of work during the latter part of his life. Out-of-doors he would, as a rule, make a few hasty pencil scrawls on a scrap of paper, of any scene that pleased him, noting the main forms, especially those indicative of rock structure and of ground formation, as well as the arrangement of the main masses, and making memoranda of the placing of the main colors by initial, as v. for violet, g.g. for grey-green, and so on. (On returning to his inn he would sometimes make a finished color-drawing immediately. More often, however, especially toward the end of his life, he would make a more or less incomplete drawing, carrying it only as far as his own purposes required—as far as was necessary for his own pleasure, or to fix all the main colors and forms so that he could make a finished drawing when he chose. Many of them he never carried any farther, largely on account of time, but these are just as valuable to us as his own sketches of finished pictures would be, only that the finished pictures in this case never existed except in Turner's head. The two drawings I speak of are superb examples of this class; only, as they are not finished for the general public, I am afraid you will not make much of them by yourself, unless you know much of the conventions of painting, and I have time to say but little about them. In the "Simplon" (sun on morning mist), note that the color is the main thing Turner is after, and, so far as that goes, he finishes really with great care; but he does not develop any but the main forms. It is a glorious piece of color, though, and it will serve at any rate to test your real love of fine color. The small drawing in Boston is, of course, more rapid, but notice that it has all the essentials of a complete composition. The drawing on the screen above the "Simplon" is a much simpler note, of course, than either of the others.

I shall not be able to write, in detail, as I had hoped, of any of the other examples of Turner's work accessible to us, but before I bring this article to a close, I must, at least, call your attention to the additional drawings and engravings, by or after Turner, which you may study if you wish to increase your perception and enjoyment of noble beauty. After even the little I have been able to say about two or three drawings, I hope that you will understand much, at any rate, that is helpful in the others; perhaps you will enjoy them more for discovering the beauties in them for yourself.

And, first of all, is the drawing of "Tintagel"—on temporary exhibition at the Fogg Museum, as some may remember, a year or two ago—which its owner, Mr. Francis Bullard, has kindly offered to let us see again for a short time. It is an exquisite drawing dating from the year 1818, still showing, I think, a faint trace of the conventional greenish color of the older water-colors, but superb in the drawing of rock and castle (note especially the subtly accurate indications of erosion by water), and very typical of Turner's thought in the contrast of grand old ruin of past ages with busy, simple life of the present. Then on the back of the screen opposite the "original" drawings, are several copies by William Ward of drawings of about the "Devenport" period. These may be relied on as very faithful copies of form and color, showing everything almost as well as the originals, except the mere handling. You may learn practically as much from them as from the originals. Then study all you can the prints of the "Liber Studiorum"\* in the Gray Collection, all but three of the seventy-one published plates, which date from 1807 to 1819, being etched by Turner himself and a few entirely engraved by him; also the volumes of line-engravings after Turner's drawings, "Rogers' Poems," "The Rivers of France," "Milton," "England and Wales," etc. The line-engravers, of course, often missed the best things in the draw-

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\*Attention must also be called to the loan exhibition of superb prints from the "Liber Studiorum" (including many very rare, and some unique proofs) soon to be opened at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. The reproductions from Turner's works in the recent edition of "The Studio," though very numerous, will hardly, I think, be of much service to you; for they are so coarse that they almost invariably miss just what is worth having in the original. Of what is most distinctive of Turner at his best they can give you almost no idea.

ings ; but, on the other hand, these prints will show you something of the extent of Turner's work as well as much of the general bend of his mind, and the best ones have a great deal of the beauty of the original drawings. Good impressions of almost all the plates in the "Liber Studiorum" are to be considered as if by Turner's own hand. In the lecture-room of Robinson Hall, you will also find a very lovely William Ward copy of the "Huysdam," the original being dated, I think, 1815, from which, as from the other Ward copies, you may learn practically as much as from the original. In the water-color room in the Boston Museum, there are also one or two drawings besides those I have already mentioned, and, of course, in that museum are also the two large oil paintings, "The Slave Ship" and "The Quilleboeuf," but, of course, I cannot say anything about them now.

If you can, of course, make drawings from some of these paintings and engravings, not necessarily to show anyone, but as Turner made his drawings from nature, to see and understand what is fine in each picture you study. If you have any ability to draw, that is probably the best use you can make of it ; for what Daniel Deronda says of music is just as true of painting ; "We should have a poor life of it if we were reduced for all our pleasures to our own performances. A little private imitation of what is good is a sort of private devotion to it, and most of us ought to practice art only in the light of private study—preparation to understand and enjoy what the few can do for us."

*Arthur Pope.*



*HEIMWEH.*

*Oh! the wanderer's heart is sick  
And the wanderer's way is far,  
And strange is the path and strange are the men,  
And dim is the guiding star.*

The wind is still in the tree-tops :  
Give me back the noise again,  
Give me back the streets and the struggle,  
And the jostling of many men.

Where the toiler has work to finish  
And each hand a task to do,  
And a man knows why he is living  
And a heart knows why it is true.

I am tired of lolling and dreaming—  
Give me back the rush and roar,  
And the rest the hills cannot offer  
And the strength that is mine no more.

They are fair—the fields and the mountains  
And the white-capped, throbbing sea,—  
But give me the world and the working  
And a homeward pass for me.

*For the wanderer's heart is sick  
And the wanderer's way is far,  
And strange is the path and strange are the men,  
And dim is the guiding star.*

*Hermann Hagedorn, Jr.*

"YALLER" IGO.

It was late one evening in early fall when I first saw him. Old "Bud" Carver, the E'town freighter, and I had drawn our freight wagons up beside a spring in a small park-like opening in the Cimmaron cañon and had just got our camp-fire burning when he came riding up on a pinto pony, and driving ahead of him a pack horse with his bed strapped across its back. He was rather tall and slender—shoulders stooped and slouching—with long gray hair and a longer gray beard, through which yellow stains of tobacco juice made their way downward from the corners of his mouth.

"Buenas noches," he greeted us in a quaking voice as he drew rein before our camp.

We returned his salutation, and I was glad for the sake of company that he pitched his camp with us. I soon saw, however that his company would not be very enlivening; for all during supper he sat mumbling and muttering to himself as he minced at a plate of bear's meat. After supper he spent the evening cleaning and polishing an old Colts' six-shooter—muttering all the while, with an occasional oath thrown in for punctuation.

Late that evening after the stranger "turned-in" Carver and I lay in our beds by the fire, smoking. From time to time he glanced at the old man, who lay under my wagon sleeping a broken sleep, and then turning to me cleared his throat as if to speak, but waited for the fire to die to embers and darkness to hide us.

"You see that feller layin' thar," he began at last, "an' do you know who he is? Wal thet's 'Yaller' Igo. Of course, you don't recollect when he fust come yere. Thet wuz about twenty years back an' he wuz about the finest lookin' cow puncher an' bronc-buster on the range. He didn't come next after nobody an' thet's praise enough. Ther wuz no 'Yaller' to his name those days—jest plain Jim Igo. An' he wuz slick an' fine, too, an' chewed no terbacco, an' 'hed no beard—sort o' a proud feller, but powerful good-natured. Whar he come frum most fellers didn't know an' don't know yet,

fur he ain't never hed a waggin' tongue, but it jest happens I do, an' as most what knew him very particular afore he come yere is dead, I reckon it ain't no great harm fur me to tell you what I recollect.

"The Bad Lands up in Dakotee is whar he come frum. Up thar he hed some other name an' he wuz mighty popular. The most popular man up ther, I reckon, fur, when he come to leave, a sheriff an' ten deputies follered him fur three weeks tryin' to get him to come back an' pass the rest o' his life with them. They 'ed 'a' took him dead or alive, jest to get him, but he wuz set on leavin' an' kept shy of 'em ridin' fust this way an' then thet, ropin' in a stray pony from some ranch now an' then to help out until at last he reached the Red River country yere an' decided to stick, if nothin' turne up to change his mind, an' nothin' ever hes so yere he is. What made him so powerful popular up yonder in Dakotee nobody yere seems ter know, but I reckon it wuz some sort o' horse stealin' or brandin' in calves thet didn't belong to him. Sech things tend to make a vaquero pretty much in demand."

A prolonged howl from a loafer wolf, far down in the valley below interrupted the story and Carver paused, smoking and listening contemplatively to the sharp "yip," "yip," "yip" of a fox who had taken possession of a point of rocks close to our windward.

"Mighty cheerful critters these foothill foxes," he began irrelevantly, and then continued his story: "As I wuz sayin' he come yere about twenty years back an' wuz the finest goin'—could ride any horse thet ever made a man hunt his buckin' rim—he could ride 'em slack reined an' never touch the saddle with his hands. He wuz a good roper, too, an' such an' agreeable chap thet he got to be mighty popular. All his stealin' habits he seemed to 'a' left behind, an' he didn't go much on tarantula whiskey, as the Greasers sell, an' he didn't play much show-down, so it wa'n't long before he wuz promoted an' became range boss of the H. T. outfit. That wuz when this wuz all open range an' the H. T.'s wuz the biggest concern south o' Colorado. Wal, he kept a' savin' an' investin' his money an' soon hed a

mighty promisin' lookin' bunch o' white-face cattle over yonder on the Uraca Mesa an' owned all the water claims on the Poneo jest below.

"All the while he kept gettin' letters in blue envelopes frum back in the States. They wuz wrote in a easy hand an' mighty neat, so we fellers,—I wuz workin' under him then on the H. T. round-up wagon,—knowed he must hev a girl back thar an' 'lowed thet wuz why he wuz so kind o' reserved like an' took no stock in them girls as is so common yere in the west. Finally he fixed up a swell 'dobe shack down thar on the Poneo, an' fixed it up great. We fellers joshed him pretty much an' told him it was a great shame to waste so much money in fixin' sech style jest fur some Greaser, or maybe fur some blue-eyed Coyote girl. Them is the kind, you know, thet most cowpunchers marry when they settle down, as they don't often do. While we were a-joshin' he didn't say a word, but all of a sudden like disappeared an' wuz gone fur a month er more, an' when he come back he brought with him the finest lookin' woman this country ever see. She wuz a queen—tall an' handsome—an' she jest adored young Igo. Young Igo thought the sun rose an' set in her an' the fellers didn't say much, but they all agreed they wuz a pair to draw to.

"Fur a year or so things went on all right, but then the question of ratifying Spanish grants come up in Congress an' trouble began. Every mother's son of them Greasers hed some grant or other thet he wanted ratified. Thet wuz the time when Bell Ranch an' the Circle S ranch an' all those other big concerns in New Mexico wuz laid out. They wuz square—the Bells an' them,—but ther wuz a concern up yere thet wuz a bluff an' no mistake an' caused a heap o' trouble. It happened like this. Condrodo Andrade, a Greaser, hed a grant of a bit of land on the Cimmaron about ten miles below yere which he gambled away to Jim Fleischman, the man who runs the Commissary at Sanchez. Jim, with a lot o' other sharpers, after killin' or scarin' away all the Greasers an' poor white squatters 'round close, bribed the government surveyors an' got the names o' some rivers as bounded the grant swapped around so thet it took in over

five million acres instead o' five thousand, as it started with, an' took in Igo's ranch, thet wuz twenty miles frum the Cimmaron. Igo wuz a white man an' no squatter an', so they went slow about gettin' him out o' the way, hopin' to get it passed Congress before he knowed what wuz doin'. But not a bit of it. He wuz on to 'em an' wuz raisin' a powerful racket—wrote to Congress, an' the like—an' would 'a' sent their scheme into the air like a hard-boiled hat in a gale o' wind. They wuz afeared to kill him in cold blood, he wuz so popular; an' he, knowing how anxious they wuz to kill him, steered clear of a row. Not thet he wuz afeared to fight, fur we all knowed he could knock the head off a runnin' jack rabbit an' never draw sights, but his wife didn't go much fur shootin', an' so he kept low.

"Suthin' hed to be done, an' mighty quick; so they jest hired some sheep herdin' Greasers to keep him out o' mischief. Like Mexicans always does, they got their ropes crossed an' didn't do nuthin' as they aimed to, but comin' up to his house at midnight they killed his wife by mistake, him gettin' away an' wingin' three o' the cowards as they ran.

"The change thet come over Igo thet night wuz sad to see. Frum a handsome, smilin' young feller, as he used to be, he wuz changed to the scraggly, broken down, jack-rabbitity sort of a critter you see him now. Always before when he come to town his face wuz bright an' smilin' an' he'd be a-ridin' his cayuse in a sort o' easy lopin' gait, but this mornin' he come all ker-flop, his horse wreakin' with sweat an' blood droppin' frum its sides whar his spurs hed cut. The story hed already reached town an' we wuz jest startin' out to look fer him, so he didn't need to tell much story.

"The moment I set eyes on him I knowed he'd had more nor he could stand an' wuz in a fit way fer a wreck, so jest took hold o' him and tried to steer him outer saloons an' away frum where the poker wuz, but it wa'n't no use. In less 'en a week he wuz all in, money, steers, pride, an' all. Them as used to be his friends, kind o' thinkin' it wuz all fate anyway, he'd skinned him o' all he 'ad an' left him lyin' in a shanty drunk an' havin' a sort o' fits. Thet's the way it is out yere, when yer up the fellers all stand pat, but

when onct you've lost yer hold its all over an' you'd best pass in your chips an' be buried.

"When Jim—he wuz 'Yaller' then—come to it wuz all over an' the grant ratified. Thar wuz some o' us 'ud 'er stood by Jim an' helped him spill some blood, but it wa'n't no use. Miles's gang hed the cards an' when it come to a show-down ours would 'a' looked like a bob-tailed flush. So we jest kept out an' told Jim he'd best find a new lay. It seemed kind o' tough, but thets the way o' the west—you 'er got to draw to the cards thet's best an' not to the twos an' threes."

Carver paused and we both involuntarily looked over at the bed where Igo, worn out by a long day's ride, lay still muttering, but sleeping heavily. Something seemed to trouble his sleep and his head bobbed and tossed as though his spirit, struggling to be free, pulled it hither and thither.

Carver's voice was low and almost sad as he continued. "Igo's beard," he said, "grew long an' dirty as you see it now an' to the young fellers he become known as 'Yaller' Igo because o' his yaller-stained beard, but me an' his old friends still call him Jim amongst ourselves, though he don't know narry one o' us no more. Fer you see, frum the time he sobered up he hes been sort o' loco, an' every night since—some twelve years now—he hes done jest as you see him tonight: he has sat an' cleaned that broken-down old six-shooter, and plotted, mumbling how all to one deal he could get shut o' Miles and that gang o' Greasers what made him so much trouble. It ain't no use. He is 'Yaller' now an' I guess his trail ain't fur to go."

*P. P. Crostie.*

*SACRED AND PROFANE LOVE.*

In eager hope I fled to love and thee :—  
I never knew that joy could die so fast ;  
A mocking future and a phantom past,  
No more is left to me.

The breathless silence of the silent night,  
The level reaches of the swaying sea  
Are in thine eyes, and mirrored there for me  
Is God's own perfect light.

H. A. B.

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*COLLEGE CRITICISM AND "LITERARY SLANG."*

## I.

That undergraduate criticism is harder to read than undergraduate fiction and that its faults strike one more is evident to everyone. Therefore, the reader insists that the former shall approach absolute excellence whereas for the latter he does not set so high a standard. The general aversion to criticism, even at its best, is perhaps due to three reasons; that it is the form of literature farthest removed from life itself, that it requires from the reader the greatest concentration of mind, and, "what will always be a limitation to its interest and power," the lack of the "element of beauty which it of necessity largely forges in its concentration upon truth." There cannot fail to be at least some little of the "element of beauty" in the crudest piece of undergraduate creative writing; there rarely is in the best undergraduate critical essay.

The question whether criticism is worth while at all presents itself here. Many contend that all the criticism ever written would not be missed if destroyed, others see in it a necessary sequel to creative writing—so-called—

and read it in hope of bringing out and systematizing their own ideas. There are two kinds of literary criticism, that of which the type is the book review, that concerns itself wholly with estimating an author's work; and the better kind, of more general interest, that sees in the author in hand only a particular case, and occupies itself with constructing therefrom larger hints on the methods and aims of literature. This second kind that has a life of its own apart from its immediate subject does not entirely waive a claim to the "element of beauty." Such are the essays of Matthew Arnold on Keats and on The Study of Poetry,—and no one, I think, would say that they were not worth while. This criticism has a permanent value; the more orthodox variety appeals only at the time and to readers of the author under consideration.

An undergraduate has not often sufficient foundation of knowledge to admit of producing criticism of the larger and more vital kind. But what detail work he can do should not be regarded as wholly worthless inasmuch as it leads up to a maturer ability and a power of creative criticism.

It is a question whether all undergraduates who write at all should not at once begin to attempt sketches of life in prose and verse, or would not greatly gain by also studying and criticising others who have succeeded. In the matter of style too the framing of ideas about literature is a great help. There is a very interesting light on this in two brief "Notes" in the *Chap.-Book* of 1896. The first is by the editor. He says: "In the gathering of the material for the Chap-Book, nothing is more difficult to secure than the essay. Nothing is offered in smaller quantity nor of so low an average quality. This is in spite of the fact that editorial exigencies would induce one to be extraordinarily appreciative. . . . I do not feel that I am forced to prove that a great critic is as great as a great story-teller or poet. It will always be the creative imagination that will most fill us with wonder. That a minor critic is quite as wonderful as a minor story-teller, I do claim; however, and also that he is rarer. The literary essay demands, above all, charm of style. One must be even more deft than in story-telling. And style is exactly what



Young America has not." In reply to this a contributor writes, "It is a fact that very *poor* fiction is acceptable when a very *fair* essay is tossed aside as dull and old-fashioned. Editors and critics believe, and say so in print, that the essay is, of necessity, simple platitude—a mere preparation for the serious work of writing fiction dealing with east side drinking bouts. . . . So why should anyone waste time in an attempt to master the most difficult form of literature after blank verse and the sonnet, simply to accumulate ridiculous posthumous works?"

Of course, this last is rather extreme. Criticism is a no more difficult form of literature for an author of naturally critical turn of mind to master, than is the art of how best to tell a story for the born story-teller. But to one who has not evidently one kind of mind or the other, critical writing is more difficult than story-telling. In college it is too early to know, except in marked instances, whether a writer is predestined to great criticism or great fiction. But for the ordinary undergraduate, in the mere matter of practical style—that is to say, an ease in writing that will be of use in after-life to a business man or a lawyer—the attempt at criticism is more productive of result than ventures in story-telling. And even if a man in college has evident talent for fiction, critical essay-writing as a side interest will help him, along with his short stories, in the arduous, the fascinating pursuit of a skill for saying something with real charm and dexterity of manner.

In criticism, as we in college try our hand at it, the usual article is that of the orthodox variety. We select a contemporary author of some half-dozen books, we read all he has done—or most of it—and in the reading take many notes. These we arrange in sections as pertaining to his matter, method or style, and make a skeleton frame of an article which we fill in with the digested material of our notes and reading. Or we take alone some one characteristic of the author and enlarge on it in the same way.

Of course, there is a very small audience that is willing to read such an article—a few editors and candidates of the paper perhaps, a few friends, some member of the English department who kindly undertakes to review

the number for the college daily, and possibly a stray admirer of the author we have written about. The audience is small, but a very pleasant one and more than usually sympathetic. They tell us if we have at all succeeded in our attempt, and they do some intelligent fault-finding that is very helpful. Besides this select audience there are others of a greater number, subscribers and buyers of the paper, and these represent our college "public." After reading the stories and the editorials with the fresh interest that these deserve, they glance through an article, and finding it dry, say things that are also helpful.

The greatest faults that are generally brought up against us by members of our "audience" and "public" are two—those of *obviousness* and "*literary slang*." It is held that what we say about an author was pretty self-evident before we said it, and that in saying it we have tended too much toward various phrases that have become battered and meaningless through long use in the hands of others. It should be interesting to consider the justice and significance of these accusations and their relation to undergraduate criticism.

The probability is that since we are writing primarily for our own training we try for our own satisfaction to do as good work as we can. Undoubtedly much of what we say is obvious, but this is generally due, not to wilfulness or lack of effort, but to immaturity, a matter of chance in the date of our birth. Of course, many obvious things have to be said, but they should be followed up by others that are really noteworthy and not likely to suggest themselves to casual readers. If we fail to discover these latter it is our misfortune, not our fault, and should be leniently judged against us.

## II.

The accusation of using *literary slang* is more serious and must be dealt with more at length. The feeling of the college "public" is best expressed in a recent review of the MONTHLY: "Generations of undergraduates replace one another so rapidly that it is no fault of the new-comers if they are ignorant how worn are all the phrases that delight them with their novelty and

fitness. How much fresher and more individual would critical articles in the MONTHLY be if authors were forbidden to use such terms as these: *Finely critical, sensuous couplets, instinctive felicity, subtly 'conscious, meretricious!'*

The responsibility for undergraduate *literary slang* may rest with the MONTHLY because it does not keep a "style-book" in which such time-worn phrases are noted down as a warning to critics. Perhaps it does whenever an article shows them in unduly large proportion. Of course, a young critic in his first attempt, when he is trying to separate and express a score of jumbled notions, often turns with relief to such convenient tags and overloads himself with them. But afterwards he is very likely to conceive a disgust for these makeshifts, and thenceforth he will keep them as far from him as his limits of vocabulary will permit.

But when the number of jargon terms is few, the cause must be sought deeper,—in the language itself. Language is at its best a lame affair, and the particular words that are possible to literary criticism are hopelessly overworked. It is not only the undergraduate who suffers. In college criticism it is not merely crudity and ingenuousness that are responsible for *literary slang*. The very greatest masters of vocabulary and style feel the same trouble to a less degree. Mature and competent critics are driven into saying things in a way that have been said before. In an article by Mr. Bliss Perry, on Kipling's *Five Nations*, in the December *Atlantic Monthly*, occur the following phrases: *sincerity of conviction, fundamental seriousness, extraordinary psychological insight, new felicities in the interpretation of Nature, irresistible in its humor and pathos*. Every one of these phrases had been on paper many times before the December *Atlantic* went to press. But the criticism was none the less sound for that.

The language of criticism, like the language of philosophy, must use such words as it has. The author under critical examination can have only a limited number of traits; unfortunately there are only a very small and unusual number of specific words that will express those traits. A simple or-

dinary word will not do; it is not definite enough. The average reader may say that a book is good or bad, or exciting or dull; the critic must tell why it is anyone of these. It may be good because of its style; its style may be noticeable for its power of impressing strongly its meaning; this power comes because the words are *incisive* or *full of color* or *felicitous*,—and here you are already wading in *literary slang*.

And, after all, is a word or a phrase always to be avoided because it has been used before? Some words are all we have, and we must continue to use them or suffer for their absence. One of the terms quoted in the review of the MONTHLY was *subtily conscious*. Professor Wendell's book on *English Composition* has shown itself a stimulating and practical treatise on style;—might it not be cited as an authority? In one chapter of the book occur these phrases, *more subtle*, *that subtle something*, *subtle and wonderful thing*, *infinitely subtle thing*, *exquisitely subtle*, *subtle trait*, *subtily feeling*,—the word *subtle* seven times in thirty-five pages. But if that word had been ostracised Mr. Wendell would have failed seven times of attaining as near to absolute expression as English will permit.

Or take another example from the review, *sensuous couplets*. It is a definite term. It defines a certain phase of poetry just as clearly and concisely as *teleological idea* defines a certain phase of philosophy. But it is very aged. Why, a century ago *Endymion* was also written in *sensuous couplets* Precisely. But this poem happens to be also, and the fact is technically interesting as partly accounting for its effect. Yes, but say it in some less hackneyed way. Let us try. Obviously, what we want is something like this, *lines rhyming two and two, and so worded as to produce a soothing and luscious effect on the imagination*. I doubt if you can characterize such verse more briefly, without using the convenient two words from which we made the paraphrase. And, moreover, *sensuous couplets* was exactly what was *meant*, and this long ramble is not.

This does not mean that I advocate a vicious and constant use of trite words. Avoid them as far as possible, but don't avoid them to the extent of

spoiling a definite meaning. In technical criticism they are often chosen of necessity. A lecturer in one of our literature courses never hesitates about such a phrase as *sensuous couplets* or *fundamental seriousness*. The reader must recognize that the vocabulary is limited. It is absurd to insist, for example, that *meretricious* is a word no longer seen in our best vocabularies. It is a word with no exact synonym, it is quite indispensable—in its place.

So long as there is language and literature, there cannot fail to be criticism in the one of the other. What our critical vocabulary will be in five hundred years no one can tell. Our vocabulary of poetry is no better than in Shakespeare's or in Chaucer's time, but it is no worse. And this is in spite of constant repetition and wearing of words among the little echoing poets, even whose names have not come down to us. Criticism, no doubt, deals with a more limited vocabulary. But it will probably have as good a vocabulary to work with a thousand years from now as it has today.

In college, criticism holds its own in spite of occasional outcries against it. To some it gives pleasure; to others, at least profit. It is valuable as a training in expression and, perhaps because its faults are more patent than the faults of college fiction, it urges to greater effort than does fiction. Its existence is its excuse, but not its apology, for existing.

*Swinburne Hale.*

*CARTER, CORRESPONDENT.*

Carter was expecting a visit from his younger brother and two other "sub-freshmen." On the table lay a full cigar-box, in one end of which five of the cigars were cunningly loaded with sulphur—"just enough to spoil the flavor and make the kids cough a bit," said Carter, "but not enough to make them suspicious."

Carter was telling me about his newspaper work. "Successful? Humph, look at this copy—and this. And here's a whole drawerful of the same kind. They've accepted nothing for the last three weeks. If I had to depend on my facile typewriter for my living, I'd be eating at Randall for twenty cents a day, and taking transfers at Harvard Square whenever I wanted to go in town."

"Why don't you try the little house in the middle of Harvard Bridge?" I suggested. "You could interview the keeper, and find out how he lives, and something of his history. Then you could pad the article out with a description of the draw, and tell how many boats go through in a year. Take a few photographs, and work the thing up in style. It ought to make a first-rate Sunday story. And you could take me to "The Earl of Pawtucket" off the proceeds.

Carter rubbed his hands. "A mighty good idea. I'd go down there tonight if those kids weren't coming. They ought to be here now: it's quarter of eight."

The time dragged slowly on. Half an hour passed. "When a prep-school boy makes an engagement with an upper-class man," remarked Carter, "he should be punctual. Let's go down to the bridge and interview Horatius."

"Not I, with an Economics conference tomorrow," I replied. "But I'll walk as far as the car with you."

Carter put on his hat. "I'll take a few cigars along; they'll help 'meller the organ,' as Dickens says."

I left Carter at the corner, waiting for a car.

At half-past ten, I was fully prepared for the Economics. I could discourse volubly and at length on anything from capital to wealth.

"Carter must have come back by this time," I thought, and I went over to his room. There was a light; and the latch was up; I entered. The bedroom floor was strewn with towels and handkerchiefs; vaseline, Pond's Extract and Omega oil gave the very air a healing sweetness. In the midst of these, clad only in a black eye and a number of mottled bruises, sat Carter.

"What luck, old man?" I tried to look sympathetic.

"I didn't go to the bridge," he answered, sadly. "Sanford met me and I went up to his room. They were boxing, and, of course, I had my turn. So here I am. Do you think my eye will turn yellow over-night?"

"I'm afraid it will." I replied. "Who gave it to you?" A few more questions brought out the details, and I went home to bed.

The next morning was clear and cold. I awoke at seven, and, just by way of an appetizer, took a brisk walk toward Boston. Eight o'clock found me at Harvard Bridge. The thought struck me, "Why not interview the keeper myself? Then I can take Carter to the theatre." I reached the middle of the bridge, and descended a dingy wooden ladder to the "island."

A little red-headed Irishman sat on a box in front of the house, idly whittling at a stick. He eyed me suspiciously. "Good morning," I began politely; "I'm a reporter for the *Globe*, and I'm going to write a story about your job here, if you'll tell me about it. I'll send a photographer around this afternoon, and you'll see the whole thing in the paper a week from Sunday. Will you have a cigar?"

"Go to hell wid ye'r seegar," yelled the draw-keeper, jumping to his feet. "One o' your breed was here last night, an' he got his belly-ful—an' so will you, if ye don't be hoistin' yer-sel' up that ladder, an' dam' quick. 'Tis too much when—"

I showed a dollar-bill.

"Tell me about the man who was here last night. What happened?"

"Well, sor, he was a big feller, wid a hook-nose an' a shifty, sneakin' look in his eyes. I knew he was up to some game. He knocks last night an' says he's from the *Globe*, an' all the rest that you said. The boss treats him fair, an' the feller sits down an' hands out seegars just like ye offered me. Then he an' the boss gets to talkin' about Novy Scoty, where the boss comes from. The seegars was good—'least mine drew well, but all of a sudden the boss begins to choke an' splutter, an' the seegar gets all blue on the end. The feller sits there wonderin' like, an' cracks a silly grin. 'It's all a joke,' he says, beginnin' to explain—

"'Joke be damned,' says the boss, 'I'll joke ye,' an' he starts fer him.

"For his heft, the boss is an able man, an' maybe that feller doesn't disappear. The boss hits him twice, an' then fair roots him up onto the bridge. That's all. I misdoubt he'll serve ye the same, if he sees ye suddin'. He's inside, now, takin' a nap.

"Thank ye, sir. Yes, he was a big feller, wid shoulders that broad, an' black hair, an' a hook-nose. Yes, he wore a grey suit. If it's more questions ye're wantin' to ask, I'll be—"

"Not today," I said. "I'll call again. Try this cigar. It isn't loaded, I promise you."

From the bridge, I looked back at the house. There was nothing to be seen, except a broad Hibernian smile, obscured by a fast-growing cloud of smoke.

Carter has signed off.

*F. D. Webster*



### Editorial.

The relative worth of creative and critical writing has been discussed with somewhat wearisome thoroughness. That, through the inevitable infusion of the personal element, criticism has fallen from its original guiding-hand position cannot be denied. Nor can it be questioned that whatever interest it may have must be an intellectual one and not an æsthetic. From the practical standpoint, therefore, and still more from the artistic, criticism has been assigned to a pretty low place in the literary world.

This comparison has likewise been carried into the sphere of the college periodical. It is claimed that criticism is barren and consequently unworthy of effort; and it is asserted that, as in the maturer work, it must take a lower place in our literary sphere. That is in some degree a misconception. Above all, it must be remembered that college papers are not so much for the men that are good enough to subscribe, or, rarer, to read, as for the men that write. These latter—when they are sincere, and no other case need be considered—work not for the particular end, for the effect to be gained by any single story or essay, but for the training involved. This holds for story-writer and essayist or critic alike. The injustice of putting either one above the other appears when the radical difference in the training each involves is considered.

As in maturer work, "artistically" the story has all the advantage. The man who writes a story, however poorly, cannot fail to get a certain amount of artistic training. That is exactly the aim of the instructor in composition who sets a task in "Narration" or "Description." The only difference is that the man is working for a definite reward and his manuscript is going into print, not into an instructor's hastily inspected portfolio. The task is the same; the difference is the stimulus. The instructor, however, sets more tasks than this. He naturally considers that the artistic is not the only aim of composition. The "mere man" in the course is trying only to overcome the

difficulty of clearly expressing his thoughts. And for that reason he is given tasks in "Exposition" and "Argumentation." The academic garb of those arts is not very attractive; the drudgery of a composition course does not make them particularly more so; and they are very properly disliked. Criticism puts them into a concrete form a little more congenial to the man with literary tastes; and the reward of a position on an editorial board adds the sadly lacking stimulus. It is not an artistic training that this gives; it is simply an embellished form of expressing a man's thoughts. But is it too much to say that that is fully as worthy an object as the clothing of a story in artistic raiment? The undergraduate is all too apt to take his ideas ready-made—to be dominated by one forceful or witty man; there can be little harm in encouraging a few of his number to do a little unimitative thinking. Comparison between this sort of training and the artistic sort further than that is absurd, one may be better reading than the other, one (as it is often done) may appear easier than the other; but that is no indication of their relative value to the undergraduate writer.

Such comparison is invited, however, by the common belief that the man who criticises a bit of creative work in that act advertises his own belief that he could do it better. It is true that the tenor of the immature cynic's essay may suggest this pretty strongly; that, it should be explained, is simply youthful conceit and a common result of uncontrolled sarcasm. As a matter of fact criticism need in no way imply the "Olympian" attitude; one would hardly suggest that the lecturer who said King Lear's lines were overpacked with meaning was pretending to a skill in blank verse; nor do we mean that we could do better when we criticise a bad fumble. It is very unfair to consider criticism a covert form of bragging. It is merely a form of literary training; similar in value to story-writing, but different in sort.

# Robert Burns

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# THE HARVARD MONTHLY.

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## *A RECENT BOOK ON GREEK SCULPTURE.\**

A member of the Harvard Graduate School, who had performed successfully what he called "the stunt of substituting a card-index for brains" in the preparation of a thesis, once said to me: "The Germans have us today, but Thank Heaven! we are younger, and shall probably outlive them." He was embittered against our modern ideal of scholarship because it had compelled him to live for several years mentally underground, and he wanted the taste of fresh air. With no injustice to those scholars who have descended into the past with pick and shovel and increased the store of our information, one may question whether our everlasting analysis and our attention to *minutiae* promise any longer an honest payment for our trouble. To take a concrete instance, students in letters are engaged today in an exhaustive examination of sources. This study which ought to reanimate the past with light and color, reconstruct a living environment for great men and great books, now but half-understood because isolated from their proper background, has become instead a sort of fanaticism for names and dates, producing chiefly dust and ashes. We investigate the sources of sources. A book on Chaucer, with its patient discussion of all the facts about him except the spirit of his art, his thought, and the life of his day, is commonly about as entertaining and as instructive as those lists of the posterity of Hebrew gentlemen in the Pentateuch. We want a better sense of relative values, to keep in view the

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\*"Greek Sculpture—Its Spirit and Principles." By Edmund von Mach. Ginn and Company, Boston.

ends for which scholarship exists. It is a builder of roads, and it ought to build them to some land beloved of Gods or men, not to that "ominous tract which hides the dark tower."

Because of the absolute inertia of much of our learning, doubly gracious is that into which has been breathed the vital spark; where the scholar, impatient of the dead level of mere accuracy, has the courage to leap a little, and the vision to look behind his facts to the laws they exemplify, and the forces that called them into being. Such scholarship Dr. von Mach has brought to the study of Greek art in his *Greek Sculpture*. Greek art is a subject in which the specialist has been peculiarly indispensable. Because of the fragmentary condition of the monuments and the temper of the Greek mind one cannot entirely trust the first impressions made by the statues on a modern, however vivid and interesting those impressions may be. One finds occasionally in philosopher or poet criticisms of Greek art that kindle the interest and make the art infinitely more alive than libraries of archeology can ever do, but too frequently these criticisms read into the statues feelings, ideas, and motives that never were there. As a corrective, the archeologists for a century have been doing an excellent work in ascertaining the facts, but if we go on tabulating and checking facts till the crack of doom, archeology will go for naught, so far as any real culture can come of it, unless it shall be made the basis for a constructive criticism, a mental restoration of the past. Now the histories of Greek art have hitherto been archeological, mere catalogues of statues and sculptors. Even Mr. Tarbel's history, frankly designed which the specialist has been peculiarly indispensable. Because of the fragmentary condition of the monuments and the temper of the Greek mind one cannot entirely trust the first impressions made by the statues on a modern, without losing caste among the scholars, is really an abridged catalogue. Dr. von Mach, trained in the severe school of the archeologist, and fortified by it against the misconceptions of insufficient knowledge, has treated the subject with a much broader vision, and his book is the result of a happy combination of the archeologist's grip on the facts with the artist's *scent* for what is be-

yond them. Without sweeping generalizations, keeping close to the statues, explaining them and calling his scholarship to aid in establishing his case, he yet contrives to give us an insight into the higher laws at work behind the sculptor, the moral and intellectual forces there, and the fine unity, the oneness, of the whole art. Compared with this new book of his, former histories read like mere collections of notes.

The problems of the Greek artist, the difficulties and possibilities of his material, and the conditions under which his art developed, were wisely treated in the first part of the book as a preparation for the discussion of the actual statues. This introduction is written in a firm, well-knit style, except in the first four chapters. There the style, particularly in the definition of its terminology, is not sufficiently vivid for the ideas it contains, and this is the more unfortunate as these ideas are the most important in the whole book. They provide an explanation of the part played by the temper of the Greek mind in developing not only the technique of Greek sculpture, but also what Mr. Pater calls that "intellectualization of physical form" apparent in the masterpieces. Dr. von Mach centers his discussion of the matter about his theory that the Greeks carved not from models, but from a mental image. Greek art was thus an effort to visualize a mental image of man, and the mental image at its best was not merely the memory picture of our animated bodies, but of those bodies as expressions of the wholeness of our nature. To the artistic Greek there could have been no meaning in the phrase "to express the spirit as well as the body," for to him the spirit and the body were one, his conception, or "mental image" of man being not dual, as ours, but single and simple. The Parthenon sculptures, with their union of frank, physical beauty and high character, their appeal to the spiritual imagination, have far too much simplicity of conception to admit of our believing they grew out of an analysis of our nature. The fact is that the Greek conception of man was developed through the medium of form as ours is developed through logical abstractions; or to put it again, the Greek developed a "mental image" of the perfect man where we develop a mental formula for man in his perfection. For pur-

poses of art the Greek habit of mind was obviously superior, for the expression of his highest imagination could be visible and direct. Dr. Donne had caught a glimpse of this Hellenic temper when he wrote—

"Her pure and eloquent blood  
Spoke in her cheek, and so divinely wrought  
That one would almost say *her body thought*."

The growth of the Greek conception of man, of his mind, his character, his power and amplitude of soul, was thus written in an ever nobler picture of his beauty, as if the Hellenic mind were all *eye*, and the sculptor had the simple task of carving true to this "mental image." Such a view explains why the Greek of the fifth century refused special attention to the head in his sculpture, choosing rather to express himself in the body; it helps one appreciate the Greek's love for the nude, his delicate sense of character in drapery from its intimate connection with the human body. It explains even the accidents of the sculpture—for instance, the anomalous position of Polykleitos. It might bring new light to bear on the subtle change that came over Greek sculpture when the philosophers and poets had begun to give a new definition of *vous*, though Dr. von Mach does not press it so far. The idea, in fact, is almost infinitely applicable to every stage in the progress of Greek art, and though Dr. von Mach does not drive home its consequences as he might have done, and though when we first read those chapters on the "appeal" of Greek art, and on its relation to nature we catch perhaps only the drift of their meaning, we find them recurring to us as we go on, find them illuminating the dark places of criticism, and finally we come back to them with a new insight for their implications.

In the discussion of technique Dr. von Mach has applied his idea at some length, and in so doing supplies a criticism lacking in most writers on the subject. Walter Pater, in his essay, *The Heroic Age of Greek Art*, remarks that a complete criticism of the statues "must approach them from both sides, realizing that they address themselves in the first instance, not to the purely reflective faculty, but to the eye." "People forget," says Dr. von Mach, "that

the appeal of a work of art is directed to the higher faculties of man; *but that it is made through the eye.*" The Greek took this into account, made allowances for the peculiarities of human vision, and his statues gave a physical pleasure to the eye. He never overlooked the humbler duties of art in performing its higher duties—partly, it might be said, because the physical and imaginative pleasures were not separate in his consciousness, and one was not possible without the other. This ministration to our nature as a whole, and not to one or another side of it, is what really constitutes an art as classic. Dr. von Mach's criticism, by approaching the sculpture "from both sides" leads to a more reasonable conception of the function of form, or style, in art, and could be applied to other arts besides sculpture, correcting the common impression that form or technique is somehow uppermost in the classic temper. The abiding satisfaction one gets from Greek sculpture is due partly to its freedom from physical discords, because that freedom permits the perfect accord of every human faculty involved in the enjoyment of the art. The clear perception of such matters gives to Dr. von Mach's discussions of technique their suggestiveness, and transforms what otherwise would be the mere inert matter of the archeologist.

Bringing to the discussion of the statues themselves the light got from much experience, much living with the whole subject, as it were, Dr. von Mach treats the individual monuments with a semi-dramatic interest. We see the archaic sculptor at his block of stone and realize the forces that work in and through him—Nature sitting upon his neck and working through his hand, to adapt a phrase of Emerson's. The merit of all Dr. von Mach's criticism of individual artists is his use of the phenomena as means for getting at the spirit and principles of the art. He has a fine sense for the relative value of details. He has no vain glory of facts, no wish to marshal them into a spectacle, imposing perhaps from the point of view of scholarship, but unimportant, if true. His archeological discussions are brief. But at the same time the book seems valuable even to the specialist. The discussion of Lysippus, of the Aphrodite of Melos, of perspective in early reliefs,

of the influence of drapery on the treatment of the nude, of the Lemnian Athena (with the note) are contributions to the archeological side of the subject. The book constantly gives evidence of a first-hand knowledge of the subject; direct acquaintance with the authorities and the statues, as giving it a right to speak with authority in the ultimate estimate of their bearing on the spirit and principles of the entire art. It is refreshing to find here and there some commonplace of the archeologist brushed aside, as, for instance, the "archaic smile"; and still better, to come upon passages where a deeper interpretation of the art as a whole gives a satisfactory explanation to matters which the archeologist has failed to grasp, as the so-called "principle of elimination," and the valuation of the art subsequent to the fourth century.

Perhaps one of the best things about Dr. von Mach's book is the fact that it was written not by a practicing artist or a professional critic, but by one who is primarily a teacher, and that it is a book primarily useful for teaching. The literary work of teachers is too often of the guide book species. It points the way through a subject and builds a framework more or less valuable, but it might do more. We remember the saying of Mr. Ruskin that our distinction between the fine and useful arts is a false one, and the very distinction is proof of our lack of the spirit of art. Well, so in a measure is our distinction between books and text-books proof of our lack of the best ideal of scholarship. One need not expect heroics of a text-book to require that it use the subject matter for larger purposes than the mere conveying of information. A text-book ought to be more than a disguised laboratory report. The number of text-books conceived in a larger spirit is happily increasing, and among them I should class Dr. von Mach's *Greek Sculpture*. It is really a text-book, though I have not called it such because the term would be misunderstood, and would do injustice to the breadth of view and the truly literary spirit in which it is conceived and written.

George C. Hirst.

*SAMSON TO DELILAH.*

“Three times hast thou deceived me,” thou hast said,  
“Therefore thou lov’st me not”—Nay, but the secret  
Is life, and pride, and conquest, being hid,  
But death, and shame, and bondage, being known;  
How shall I dare to trust it from my lips?

I have known many women in my time,  
But they were tasteless, I grew sick of them;  
All dainties had turned nauseous in my mouth.  
Then I saw thee, and all that I had been,  
And seen, and done, became an empty smoke,  
And all the pith and fibre of my life  
Was passion for the lure of thy fierce eyes,  
Thy bosom’s firm majestic rise and fall,  
And all the fire and richness of thy body.  
The joy of these is like the joy I knew  
When in the brakes of Timnath, with bare hands,  
I tore the lion open, jowl to maw.  
Man glories in his manhood for thy sake!—  
Great God, can such a noble thing be false?

What do I care? Must Samson then be safe,  
Content with less than all that he desires?  
Better for me to be all thine and die,  
Than hold one tittle back and not have lived—  
Know thou the secret.

C. T. R.

*VANITAS.*

With apologies to *The Harvard Lampoon*.

The social life at Harvard is peculiar; no one knows everything about it; a few know something about it; many know nothing about it at all. There are clubs and fraternities and conferences and associations; wheels within wheels, diamonds that cut diamonds. There are organizations with a purpose, organizations with ostensible purposes and organizations with no purpose that has yet been discovered or made manifest. To pick out one of these as typical of Harvard were to say that a Hoosier farmer is a characteristic inhabitant of these United States; it depends on the point of view. One cannot say that this or that is the most remarkable feature of life at Harvard—at least, one does not say so, if one be a Harvard man; Harvard men seldom refer to anything as “most remarkable.” It might, however, be permitted a stranger to say that some one feature of Harvard life is remarkable to him; the statement seems sufficiently qualified to furnish loop-holes for retraction. One must always be prepared for retraction in issuing decisions on Harvard; experience is a great teacher, and here, too, much depends upon the point of view.

With this preliminary apology, one may at least feel himself safe in selecting a single feature of the University and dilating on it at length. What one says will, of course, be criticised (by those who are thoroughly familiar with the subject treated) as having been written without familiarity. But as it might not be considered the best taste for men thoroughly familiar with such a subject themselves to write frankly of it, the world must languish in ignorance unless some bold spirit jot down what he knows, as he knows it, timorously, fearfully, conscious of his own incompetence.

I am that bold spirit.

The uninformed must first of all be told that the various boards of editors



in control of the various University publications are (with some exceptions) quasi-social bodies. Men who are uncongenial are somehow or other unable to write enough acceptable material for any one paper to demand the recognition of an election to the board. This may be regarded as an evidence of the hand of divine Providence in sowing the seeds of genius. It may also be regarded in other lights. For the sake, perhaps, of widening the somewhat limited field of admitted Providential influence in Harvard, the fact may as well be considered due to that agency. Such a consideration of the matter will, at any rate, avoid controversy.

When it has become clear to the observer that the literary boards are indeed social organizations, he cannot but speculate on the attractions they offer as such. These are three: the associations therefrom gained; a convenient and comfortable loafing-place secured; an opportunity for occasionally meeting other literary lights of the University, past, present and future, and sometimes even for meeting the remaining members of the board to which a man has been elected. No order of importance has been observed in this enumeration. The associations gained by election to a paper are obvious to the rest of the University through the publication, on the editorial page or in some equally inconspicuous place, of the names of the editors among which that of the newly-elected member may be found. If it be not promptly so found, he has the alternative of sending marked copies of the paper to his friends. This means of securing for himself the desired association may be regarded by a member of any literary board as fairly sure; curiosity, if not politeness, should impel the recipient to endeavor to discover the identity of his unknown benefactor.

The benefits accruing from the possession of a convenient loafing-place are, of course, obvious; in the *sanctum* of his chosen paper, the literary man may while away many an otherwise weary hour. He may read the papers of other colleges and universities—always at least a comforting employment of no mean educational value. He may also peruse the back files of his own periodical—a pursuit which may be both inspiring and, at times, amusing.

This latter is sometimes true of the confessedly humorous papers. Here, too, the successful literary man may meet and badger the humble aspirants to his lofty position; by judicious employment of the opportunity thus afforded he may greatly extend his influence and reputation among his schoolmates; he may even widen the range of his acquaintanceship, though at Harvard this does not necessarily follow and is a matter of choice with the editor. The line of familiarity must, of course, be drawn somewhere.

It is in the purely social gatherings held under the auspices of the paper that the greatest advantages may be offered to the members of an editorial staff. Not only do they rejoice in crackers, cheese and sometimes even punch or beer (at the expense of the business management), but they may even become acquainted with their coadjutors and often with other guests of honor. Just what opportunities for examining and observing a fellow Harvard man may be given an editor of a paper at a "punch night" will best be seen from a description of such a social function.

The occasion of a "punch night" is usually the initiation of some new members of the board. The initiation continues until the punch is almost exhausted and then the invited guests are made welcome. By this time, the *sanctum* of, let us say, *The Weekly*, presents a peculiarly disordered appearance. The room is low-ceiled and blue with smoke. About two sides of it runs the bench-like divan and the walls are covered with framed relics, significant of some epoch in the past history of *The Weekly*. In one corner is a piano and along the center of the apartment a table stretches, garnished with glasses, and steins which have been taken from their places on the rafters above, grouped together in disorganized confusion; in the middle of the table, the now-depleted punch-bowl stands, eloquent of the thirst-engendering exercises which have previously been the order of the day. By common consent, ceremony is waived though not, of course, forgotten.

Here and there among the occupants of the room an individual is rendered conspicuous by a circlet of ribbons hung about the neck, to which adornment, in each case, is attached a medal. The ribbons are the colors of

*The Weekly*, the medal its seal; the whole dangles before the waistcoat of the wearer, who appears conscious of his decoration and uncomfortably proud of it. He intends to present no such appearance; the entire matter is of no consequence to him and he would be chagrined to think that anyone would regard it otherwise. He is a newly-initiated member of the board.

In the course of time, when the room has completely filled with thirsty and voracious guests, a man is requested to play the piano. No one is impolite enough to urge him, nor has he the bad taste to demur excessively. Perhaps he accedes or perhaps he does not; sooner or later someone plays. Meanwhile a keg of beer is quietly broached and the trend of the crowd seems to be towards the corner where it stands; but there is no unseemly haste. A song, discovered in a stray college song-book is played by the pianist; a few join in the singing and waver through the chorus; others, perceiving something familiar about the air, essay to hum it. A popular melody of the day is struck up, the piano catches it with gusto and soon the whole room is singing vociferously. The "punch night" is beginning to be a success.

A little more beer, and pairs of men here and there are seen to display, suddenly, the symptoms of hilarity; they start songs and sing them in resonant tones, heads close together; they clank their steins and shout to friends across the room; in all, their attempt to exhibit a spirit of good-fellowship is laudable, but isolated—perhaps premature. Few other members of the party of visitors are even affected by the dregs of the punch or the first few steins of beer. The entire gathering is divided into groups of men whose acquaintanceship has antedated this particular night; now and again, a conscientious editor of *The Weekly* performs a few perfunctory introductions, but owing, possibly, to his ignorance of the names of the parties thus brought together, the formality is often ineffective. For it is not to be supposed that a Harvard man, however much he may have been drinking, would take advantage of his accidental proximity to another to intrude himself upon his neighbor's attention.

The efforts of those who are boisterously inclined increase with time

and more join their ranks. That they may not have been sufficiently stimulated to warrant such abandon is, of course, never questioned; such a question would be rude in the extreme. Their purpose is obviously excellent and that should be, and generally is, enough.

A group has collected about the piano and song follows song. As the hour grows late, there is even an appearance of general enthusiasm. But the pianist has perhaps grown weary or received a suggestion from someone; he breaks into the chords of *Home, Sweet Home*, which is sung with feeling. Its effect is not immediate; a few still hang about the corner where steins are filled. The pianist, with possible inappropriateness, plays *Good-Night, Ladies*, at first softly, then with insistent reiteration. The crowd begins to dissipate—at least, those who do not return at once to their rooms may be said to do so—and the apartment is shortly almost deserted. The pianist dons his coat; a thoughtful editor shuts off the lights. The *sanctum* is left in darkness and disorder.

The keg is yet half-full of beer!

*Paxton Pattison Hibben.*

*SAM DODGE: LOBSTERMAN.*

A thick fog-bank stretched across the mouth of Pollock Harbor like a closed door. At the channel-buoy, Sam Dodge rested on his oars, took a dory-compass out of the stern-locker, and laid it on the boards before him.

"South an' by west, to the dot," he murmured, "an' two miles and a quarter to go. It'll be cold out there." His hand trembled on the edge of the locker; then entered, and reappeared, clutching a brown bottle. Sam smiled as he saw it, and instinctively passed his other hand across his mouth. "I'll take just one swallow; it'll keep me warm."

It was a long row, that two miles and a quarter. The fog closed in behind, like a gray curtain over the gray sea. The shifting wind, as it died, had left a quartering cross-chop, that kept slapping at the oars and shouldering the dory off her course.

"Curse this chop," said Sam. "My left arm's a' worn out with keepin' her head straight. It is cold out here." The locker was still open; the brown neck of the bottle showed just above the edge. Sam stopped rowing, and drank; then took up his oars again. "Grunt-grunt, grunt-grunt," the oars grumbled against their pins: "click" went the dory-compass when some large wave taxed its patience. No other sound broke the silence.

Sam Dodge's thoughts matched the day.

"The lobster-smack due day after tomorrow; an' here I only have sixty lobsters in the cage. No blankets this month, nor new oil-skins. Just the same old grub—pork, an' flour, an' beans, an' only one bottle o' whiskey."

Sam picked up the bottle again, and looked through the brown glass. "Not much left. I guess I'll take one more drink, though."

Then he went on rowing. The waves were bigger now, and the dory kept edging around, to meet them broadside on. Sam's left arm was quite tired, and more than once the dory rose in the trough for a full dozen strokes before Sam made a move to set it back on its course.

"It's queer, now," Sam was thinking, "I ain't caught twenty lobsters on the ledge this month. It seems as though the place was gettin' fished out. I've shifted the pots, an' I've changed the bait, but it don't do no good. An' it's funny, Jim Weeks, from the Neck, fishes on the western ledge, only half a mile away, an' they say his old blue dory comes in loaded chock full, every time he goes out. I guess my luck's gone. The devil's in the pots. Must be nearly there now. It is cold."

Sam shivered a little, and bent forward, where the bottle-neck showed under the locker-cover.

"Grunt-grunt, grunt-grunt," the oars began again. "Yes," said Sam, "I guess the ledge is played out. If I don't find lobsters today, I'll pick up the pots, an' set 'em along-shore. It's too far to row out here every day for nothin'. Ah, ye would, would ye?" as he saw the dory turning her flank to the waves. "Back ye go on yer course, an' there ye shall stay. I ought to see some o' the buoys now."

He rose to his feet, and balanced himself in the swaying dory, while he searched the fog ahead. No buoy in sight; nothing but the gray fog, the gray waves.

What was that? "Tap, tap—tap, tap"—the sound of oars; and then, a bang, a rattle, the oars snapped in-board.

"Somebody out here in the fog," thought Sam. "Lost his bearin's I reckon, but why should he ship his oars? And my lobster-pots are right here somewhere." Then the idea came upon him, slowly, word by word. "Someone,—some-one—is hauling—my—lobster-pots. Yes, that's it. There's what's spoiled my luck. No one would come out here except for lobsters, at least, on a day like this. An' my lobster-pots are the only lobster-pots on the ledge.

Sam shifted his oars forward to the high rowlocks, and began to row silently in the direction of the sound. The dory-compass, in the stillness, clicked alarmingly. No need for a compass now, with that noise on the star-board bow. Sam stopped rowing and stooped to muffle the click with his coat; then turned again to his oars.

A minute passed—two minutes; and Sam saw only the gray fog ahead.

and the gray waters tossing beneath. Then, right over the bow, came the rattle of planking, the spatter of water on wet boards. The thief had taken a lobster-pot aboard: Sam had him red-handed. Five strokes, ten, twelve—a dancing shadow darkened the fog ahead. Two more strokes, and Sam was beside a great blue dory—Jim Weeks's.

"Hand over them lobsters," Sam shouted, "they're mine."

As he spoke he took his painter and jumped clumsily aboard the blue dory.

Jim Weeks was bending over, taking lobsters out of the slatted trap. He turned, and looked up as Sam spoke.

"Hello, Sam Dodge. Ye've lost yer bearin's, haven't ye?"

"Gi'me them lobsters. They're my lobsters." Sam repeated.

"Sam Dodge, ye're drunk. This is my pot, an' they're my lobsters. Get into your own dory."

But Sam knew he was not drunk. He had followed his course to his own lobster-pots, and here was Jim Weeks with a dory-ful of lobsters, and a trap just hauled. It was all too plain that Weeks was trying to keep the lobsters by some excuse.

"Ye damned thief," he shouted at Weeks, "ye damned thief. Them lobsters are mine." He stooped and began to pick up the dark-green shell-fish that littered the grated dory-floor. The lobsters were very hard to grasp, thought Sam, but that was because of the choppy sea.

Jim Weeks seized an oar. "Sam Dodge, ye've missed ye'r bearin's. This is western ledge, I tell ye, an' the lobsters are mine. Drop 'em an' get back to y'r dory or by—" he shook the oar threateningly.

Sam felt, rather than saw, the gesture, and ducked, forward, downward. Something hit him on the head, beside the ear. He staggered, fell on all fours; and tried to regain his feet. As he reached out to recover his balance, his fingers closed about the handle of a big rusty bait-knife, stuck in the gunwale. Another blow sent him reeling. He struck at Weeks, blindly once, the rotten oil-coat ripped under the blade; twice—something warm spurted over Sam's hand: again—Sam hit nothing, and fell sprawling over the body of Jim Weeks.

Slowly, uncertainly, Sam rose to his feet, and steadied himself with one hand against the gunwale. He looked at Weeks, lying there on the grating, his head thrown back against the mast; he saw the dropped jaw, the staring glassy eyes.

"Jes' like a deal cod-fish," said Sam. "Jim Weeks, you look jes' like a dead cod-fish. Ugh, my head aches. It's cold, too." He shivered a little. "What I need is a good drink."

He clambered back into his own rocking dory, and lifted the brown bottle. As he looked back at the blue dory, the buoy of the lobster-pot caught his eye—a bit of wood dangling on the gunwale. Was the name carved on that buoy S. DODGE? It did not seem familiar. Sam rubbed his eyes, and looked again; it surely looked more like J. WEEKS. But the buoy was swinging with the waves, it was hard to make out the name.

"Never mind," said Sam, thickly. "O' course the name is Dodge. The pot's mine, an' this is my fishin'-ground. I can't read because the boat's rockin' so. But here's bad luck an' damnation to all lobster-thieves like Jim Weeks."

He pointed at the blue dory and drank.

"And here's to my good luck, found again. May it never leave me."

Sam raised the bottle and tipped it up, up. Not a drop came: the bottle was empty.

That night a gale came from the South. In Pollock Harbor the word passed from house to house, "Sam Dodge ain't come home."

In the gray of the morning, a dripping messenger from Gould's Neck appeared. "Has Jim Weeks landed here?"

Before noon the sea washed a blue-painted oar upon the beach.

"Jim Weeks's," said the messenger.

An hour later, the ebbing tide left a yellow dory-side on the sand.

"Ah," the old fishermen shook their heads, "this lobsterin' off-shore is a risky business."

*F. D. Webster.*



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*WIND VOICES.*

Why do you weep so lone, so lone,  
Upon the craggy shore?  
The wind hath neither sigh nor moan  
And spring is at your door.

Why are your eyes so old, so old,  
Beneath your maiden's brow?  
Mourn you a lover's heart grown cold,  
Or broken fairy vow?

Why do you smile so chill, so chill,  
And tremble so oppressed?  
The spring hath broken winter's will,  
And the wild wind from the west.

Ah! That is why I weep so lone  
Upon the craggy shore,—  
The wild, west wind hath stilled its moan,  
And calls to me no more.

It cried a name from out the deep,  
A voice from off the sea,  
And star-lit night can give no sleep,  
Nor springtime comfort me.

And all the world is lone, is lone,  
And all my heart is chill,  
Because the sea hath lulled its moan,  
And the wild west wind is still.

*Hermann Hagedorn, Jr.*

*A CRUISING IDYLL.*

It was blowing half a gale when Seton came on deck ; he didn't look forward to two hours of being responsible for the old tub, with that infernal cloud-wrack cutting out the sky, and the waves slapping up into the cockpit when you didn't watch her. In fact, he would have given anything to finish out his sleep, but he took the wheel with a grunt and sat there alternately studying the binnacle and casting anxious glances at the water dashing along over the lee rail. Henry, whose watch it was below, seemed painfully awake and cheerful at the prospect—and Seton vouchsafed no reply to his remark that that sea had been getting up for the last hour and that the watch would probably be a nasty one. Henry looked at the sky a while—"Well, keep your eyes open—I'm going below—call me again next watch." "The Devil!" said Seton, opening his lips for the first time. "Why?" "Fred's sicker'n a dog, don't know what's the matter with him—better let him sleep."

"All right," said Seton, "T'aint a thing but cold, is it? Good-night!"

There were only three of them on board the *Necuna*, and for college fellows off on a cruise, they were certainly getting their share of adventures. The boat was a tiny thirty-foot fishing-schooner which they had rebuilt to suit themselves, and once had they been on fire, once parted company with their rudder in a squall, and once somewhat disastrously discovered what they were pleased to call an uncharted rock, which adventure entailed several others. And now Fred Hobbs was sick, there were enough provisions on board for one meal more, and it was going to blow hard before morning—at least so Seton thought. And his surmises proved correct. By four o'clock it certainly was blowing hard. Both the boys had been on deck since two when Seton had called Henry to help shorten sail. Fred was still sleeping uneasily below. They had passed Ram Island about sunset the night before, and their course had been by Monhegan Island and in through the Muscledridge channel. By this time they were just off Whitehead. "If it's blowing



the house. Still it's better than starving while we wait for dad to reinforce the cash box."

"Huh!" said the night crew, and unceremoniously tumbled below, leaving Hobbs to run the boat through the Fisherman Island passage with only a water-soaked chart as adviser. This he did successfully; but "there's many a slip—"

They were about half an hour's sail from the Thoroughfare when two heads appeared simultaneously in the hatchway. "Say, we're leaking like a sieve—water woke me up—I'm simply soaked."

"The Devil," said Fred as he looked below, and added several uncomplimentary remarks about the boat. Henry got out the small rusty pump and began to work vigorously. After about ten minutes he gave it up as a bad job. The transom mattresses were afloat.

"We've got to beach her somewhere."

"There's no beach on North Haven and none anywhere else, as far as I can judge by the chart, except at the back of a little inlet in Vinal Haven—that's pretty close—guess we'd better run for it; let her come up a little,—there, that's good, as she goes."

It was nip and tuck the last quarter mile, but finally the old tub brought up with a run on the little pebbly beach when another bucketful would have sunk her.

"'Pears we're on somebody's back door step," said Henry, and true enough about fifty feet from the water was a summer cottage, and a long pier ran out over a ledge close by them. "There's the old man himself!"

"Well I'll be blowed," said Seton, and grabbed the glasses. "By Jove, that's just who it is! Say we're in luck, that's Dr. Ronold, one of the bulliest men I ever met, he took me cruising once and he's a corker! I guess he's coming out."

"What's the fine for trespassing on other people's land?" said Henry.

About five minutes later the doctor boarded them. "Just in time for dinner," he said as soon as Henry and Fred had been introduced. "If your

overalls are wet, come ashore in oilskins—I generally dine in shirtsleeves myself. O don't worry about the boat, just toss an anchor ashore, and I'll get Brown to come over in the morning and patch her up.

They went to dinner and preformed startling feats with a big roast of beef.

"Most amazing hospitable friends you've got, Seton," said Henry, as he stretched himself luxuriously in one of the three beds that had been set up in the doctor's spare room.

"Yes," answered Fred, "I guess this is about as good as North Haven.—Sorry not to see auntie, though," he added, and promptly went to sleep.

C. S.

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"COFFEE-POT."

"Jimmy," said Joe Martin, as he carefully laid a fresh log of piñon on the open fire, "do ye recollect 'Coffee-pot' as used to break bronses fur the D Z's?"

Jimmy Jones and Joe Martin were winter fence riders at the Circle S ranch. During the summer both as strangers had joined the Circle S round-up wagon and had worked with it all the season, but on different guards, so that they had scarcely become acquainted with each other. But after a month alone together in a fence camp they were like old comrades, and, as old cow-boys always do, had discovered they had many mutual acquaintances.

Jimmy reckoned he did recollect havin' seed him once at a big round-up; he wuz a queer chap, but he 'lowed they hed better pull the moralls off them little old ponies and turn them out fur the night before they went to swappin' yarns. Then, too, he reckoned they hed better pack in enough wood to keep a roaring fire all night.

"'Coffee-pot' wuz a most oncommon man," continued Joe, when they were once more comfortably installed in rustic reclining chairs before the fire.

"I recollect it wuz when I wuz with the D Z's, down on the Alamo, workin' the hills back frum the river, thet he come driftin' into camp. He wuz a purty stout lookin' lad then an' crazy as a buffalo, an' kind o' give to talk. It seemed frum the stories he set rollin' thet he wuz a young un frum England an' uv some high family. He spread it on thick them fust few days as how he'd throwed his chest out at Rugby an' kind o' raired back on his bridle until he got chucked. Then his dad hed got his back up an' made it sort o' unbearable at home—not as I'd blame him nuther fur ther' is kids is born loco an' it no use bein' agreeable to 'em,—so the kid shipped fur America, an' driftin' out this way got hooked up with O'Connell, who knowed his dad in the Old Country. O'Connell wuz runnin' the D Z's then, so he sent the young un out to our wagon an' give him a job wranglin' horses.

"Gawd, he wuz a green un! But he sure did have some sort o' stuff in him. It's like 'Billy the Freighter' says: 'Ther' is some kids as can larn an' won't; an' some as can't larn no way; an' ther' is some as hadn't ought to larn fur the brains they hev, but is so dog-oned bull-headed thet they get it driv in, in patches. He wuz one uv these thet hed it driv in. He hedn't the sense o' a jack-rabbit, but he wuz so stubborn-like thet he kep' gettin' whacked on the head by experience an' jest hed to larn. When he come, life wuz runnin' kind o' dry on the Alamo; we wuz workin' easy an' needed some excitement to keep frum killin' the grass where we laid fur a nap. He stirred us up alright. The night he arriv', he laid out an' told us his tale o' woe,—spread a broad streak about his clothes an' fine doin's over there an' 'lowed he wuz makin' a big hit. I reckon he wuz, too,—thet is he wuz makin' a big hit as bein' a most oncommon fool.

"The next mornin' we hed a chance to see what a bull-headed lop-eared mule he was. Thinkin' he 'uld be a real live vaquero, he riz afore the sun wuz in sight an' went clatterin' around camp in his new chaps an' draggin' spurs. He calkilated, I reckon, that cowboys wuz on the wing afore the sun. Nobody riz until sun up except the cook, an' he jest to shy a biscuit at the kid fur rattlin' the fryin' pans, but when we did roll our beds there wuz some

excitement. Not ez we wuz in a hurry to get to work nor feelin' oneasy, but the kid wuz gettin' anxious to ride. He didn't know nothin' about a cayuse; but, like most o' them tenderfeet as hes been to school, he hed read a heap about broncs an' 'lowed he could top any of 'em,—jest hangin' on by his toes like a bob cat,—so the boss roped in the rawest ornesiest un in the outfit,—it wuz a pink-eyed sorrel, as is always meanest,—an' turned it over to 'im. There wuz not much doin' in saddlin', but when the kid got on, Mr. Bronc gave a little run an' a zig-zag jump thet sent him sailin' head on into the coffee-pot thet wuz boilin' on the fire. He wa'n't hurt much,—just a little burned,—but he hed hooked onto the name o' 'Coffee-pot' thet hung to 'im an' ther's where he showed how dog-on mulish he wuz. We all 'lowed he'd hed enough fur the fust day, but up he come an' wants the cayuse. We done our darnedest to keep him out o' the saddle, knowin' it wa'nt safe to do too often, but it wa'n't no use. He hed his head sot on ridin' the pink-eyed critter, an' ride he would. After spillin' the kid a couple more times the horse give in an' the kid rode him the rest o' the day.

"Thet same cussed bull-headedness kep' him goin' all summer. It wuz this, thet, an' something else, thet he didn't hev' sense enough to do, but he wuz set on doin' an' in doin' 'uld keep scratched an' bruised most o' the time. Once he roped a six-year-old steer an' got hisself wound up in the rope an' would 'a' been killed but fur someone shootin' the steer. Then the fellers played tricks on him er got 'im to arguin' an' rantin' on all sorts o' loco things, like the British gettin' cut up in India. But he'd only stutter an' kind o' swear an' tell 'em what a lot o' ignerimus fools thy wuz. Did ye ever notice how kind o' helpless some folks get when they try to swear an' say ornamental things? Well he wuz thet sort. The madder he'd get an' the more he 'uld try to swear, the more helpless he'd be till at last he'd jest stutter an' say damn.

"Jest about the time the round-up got to town in the fall his dad located him an' sent him a wad to come home on. The kid really acted sort o' decent at first an' set up drinks all around, but Lord how he spread his wings an' boasted how he 'uld soon be Lord Vaughn! He even give one uv the girls

thet come out visitin' the wagon a slap in the face fur thinkin' a bloomin' Englishman 'uld mix with the like o' her. Finally he got started fur home with a swell new suit on his back an' his pockets full o' dough.

"Somehow I felt he wa'n't startin' in the right sort o' spirit to go so fur alone an' I 'lowed so to O'Connell, who knowed him better 'an we, but he jest kind o' smiled an' didn't say nothin'. A feller what ain't sense enough to know when a cayuse hes him throwed, ain't got the proper jidgement to travel alone, an' sure enough, in less 'an three weeks we got a letter frum him in Chicago sayin' he hed left his money in a faro bank an' wuz ready to come back an' he 'uld take it a great favor if some o' the boys 'uld send him a ticket. I reckon he thought a ticket 'uld be safer 'n money fur him to handle.

"Early next spring his mother sent him another wad to get home on, hopin' he 'uld use it to travel on an' not to speculate in minin' stock, ez he said he hed with the other. This trip wuz the same ez the other, only he tied up in Kansas City instead o' Chicago. When he come back he went to work fur keeps. He wa'nt no earthly use, but he wuz so bull-headed he didn't know it an' O'Connell didn't want to fire him, so he let him stay on. The same horse 'uld unload him three or four times, but he 'uld keep at it until the broncs hed to give in. Little by little the fine points uv ridin' wuz driv into him an' at last he got so thet most cayuses couldn't chuck him, an' those thet could couldn't keep him chucked. Every once in a while some uv us thet knowed that if a man ain't a born rider he hed better keep off uv broncs 'uld tell him to keep out o' the saddle an' go foller a plow, but he 'uld come back with a tale o' woe an' say he wa'n't tryin' to stick on all the time, but jest experimentin' on lightin' and gettin' the science uv it.

"It wuz kind o' interestin' to see him get throwed, but, fur my part, I could never get particular interest or instruction in bein' throwed myself. 'Coffee-pot' seemed to thrive under it, though. He 'uld top anything thet come along an' if it wuz too much at first he 'uld loose holds an' take a header,—landin' all in a heap. Finally he got so used to bein' tossed off an' gettin' on again thet he knowed every jump a cayuse took what 'uld come



next an' 'uld jest move back an' forth frum head to tail, so thet when the critter lit he 'uld come down square in the leather an' be ready fur the next. This tickled him so he calkilated he could ride anything thet 'uld carry leather. It's kind foolish fur a feller to get sech an idea, ain't it?"

Jimmy had risen to replenish the fire, and Joe paused his story to bring in from the kitchen a jug of dark Mexican whiskey.

"Damn foolish," replied Jimmy, as he lowered the jug from his lips. "Most always steers a man up against a cayuse thet'll break his neck. There ain't no cayuse that can't be rid, an' there ain't no man can ride every cayuse."

"Thet's jest the way," continued his companion. "'Coffee-pot' 'lowed he could ride 'em all, an' he wuz a good rider by thet time, but when he took it into his head to ride Old Jack, the commissary mule, he wuz barkin' up the wrong tree. Old Jack knew his game an' in six jumps made him look like a bob-tailed flush an' on the seventh sent him spinnin' smash through the hind wheel o' the chuck wagon. When we picked him up he wa'n't much but jelly an' we 'lowed we 'uld have to plant him, but darn my skin if in about ten days he wa'n't lyin' in bed cursin' the mule in his helpless sort o' fashion an' boastin' thet he 'uld ride him yet.

"A feller uv his sense hadn't no business on the range, an' I reckon his dad knowed it. Fur when he heard frum O'Connell how bad off his son wuz, he sent right back fur the old man to bring his kid home an' he 'uld pay expenses an' a couple o' thousand besides when he got there. O'Connell didn't want the money, but he hed a fancy fur the bull-headed kid an' the idea uv a trip to the Old Country wuz pleasin', so he wrote back they wuz comin'. O'Connell says to 'Coffee-pot': 'Come, let's get in the wind. Yer dad is all broke up an' wants ter see ye an' I am going over, too.' 'Coffee-pot' wuz ready to go alright, but he kep' quizzin' 'round an' sayin' his dad 'uld be sendin' him a check, until he kind o' savied how things wuz an' then he jest laid back on his hind legs an' said: 'No, I ain't travellin' C. O. D.'

"Thet wuz the end uv it. He raired back an' said 'no', an' his dad said he wa'n't sendin' no more money to be wasted, so he jest stuck where he

wuz. Frum thet time on he kep' gettin' more locoed all the time. Ez soon ez he wuz up outer bed he took a day off an' rode the old mule,—rode him bare-back until he wuz weak in the knees. The old man fired him several times, but he always come back in the spring when ther' wuz broncs to break an' the old man always took him on again. At last a little old colt he wuz brandin' give him a kick in the back thet killed him. His folks sent out fur the body to be buried in town an' wuz purty much cut up, I reckon; but they wuz spared a lot o' trouble when he come over yere."

*P. P. Crosbie.*

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*THE CARAVAN.*

On through the burning sand,  
Under the burning sky,  
With the sun like a glowing brand,  
And the hot wind singing by,  
Where for endless miles on either hand  
The shimmering deserts lie.

Night stalks over the plain,  
And the rushing whirlwinds roar;  
And you cry for rest from your pain,  
For the town that waits before.  
And yet for the sake of the empty gain  
You will dare it all once more.

*H. A. B.*

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*THE OUTSIDE DORMITORY: PRO AND CON.*

It may seem trite to speak of the rapid growth of Harvard during the able administration of President Eliot, but it is to this growth that we owe many of the problems which confront us today. Not the least of these is the dormitory system. When the size of the University rendered the college buildings inadequate to supply the needs of the student body, and made it impossible for all men to room on the Yard, the old life of Harvard as a college was at an end. Henceforth she was the University, and as such had to meet new conditions. Many of the students were scattered widely through the boarding-houses of Cambridge, often distant from the centre of University activity. To meet the demand the outside dormitory grew up. The effect of this new factor on the structure of our social life has been variously estimated. As a rule, it has been unequivocally condemned. It is not the purpose of this article to attempt either a justification of the outside dormitories or to attack them, but merely to suggest some of the more obvious advantages and disadvantages of the system.

To consider the question from a purely material standpoint, the University has apparently been injured financially by the outside dormitories. Every year there are a certain number of college rooms which are not rented and which represent just that much dead loss to the University. Furthermore, if it were not for the outside dormitories, the college authorities would have put up more buildings, and would have received at least a partial equivalent of the revenue which now goes to private investors.

But the Corporation probably had a fixed and definite policy in not erecting dormitories. Harvard, like almost every other college in this country, is bound to rely largely on voluntary gifts for its support and improvements. Therefore, it would seem unwise for the Corporation to spend money for objects which might come as gifts. If the college built dormitories of its own, prospective donors of such useful articles would be far less enthusiastic

about their benefactions. The goose and her golden egg must not be frightened away.

Again a new and somewhat unexpected justification has been found for the outside dormitories, namely to placate the wounded feelings of some of our legislators in the Great and General Court, who desire to tax the University property. That this direful event should ever happen is extremely unlikely, and yet it would seem wise to keep down agitation in this direction. The outside dormitories, the existence of which is due wholly to the presence of the University, are taxed and freely taxed. In this way the University, while not taxed itself, practically creates taxable property. Thus some of our law-makers are enabled to reconcile the exemption of the University property from taxation with their tender consciences.

These considerations, however, are trivial in comparison with the social aspect of the outside dormitories. It must be admitted that Harvard is not held together by the same bonds of common interest that were active a quarter of a century ago. This, we are told, is the logical result of Harvard indifference, Harvard snobbishness and Harvard exclusiveness. On the contrary, it is the result of the lack of a social unit. We have no means of moulding a dominant feeling common to the University, no way of putting pressure on rough places. We are too individualistic to be firmly united.

As everyone knows, before the development of the elective system the class was the social unit. The daily lectures and recitations were prescribed year by year, and a man met only his classmates in his courses. Now it is often a toss-up whether one sits next a freshman or a third-year graduate student. The elective system, whatever its advantages, has destroyed one social unit.

This factor, together with the lack of accommodations in college buildings and the consequent partial isolation of many men from the centre of college life seem a sufficient reason for the lack of *esprit de corps*. But where do the outside dormitories enter the problem? The Mount Auburn Street buildings are the result of this loss of *esprit de corps*. They may have ag-

gravated it and intensified it, but they are not primarily responsible for it. The outside dormitories drew men from the Yard, and the reasons for the exodus are not far to seek. Probably a primary one was a desire for cleanliness, a desire which the college authorities seemed at that time to consider unwarranted and presumptuous. Again the system of assignment of Yard rooms was unsatisfactory. These conditions are now being changed; but the harm is done.

The tendency to build luxurious and expensive dormitories, such as we have on Mount Auburn Street, is found in colleges other than our own. Our neighbors at New Haven, for instance, with all their so-called democracy, have a building owned and operated by the college, which equals in "luxury" anything which we have here. At Princeton conditions are better, but she, too, has her exclusive buildings. Now if buildings of this nature are inevitable in a large college under modern conditions, as the facts would seem to show, is it not better that the college should not have a hand in breaking down democratic institutions in this way? The authorities at Harvard have taken no direct part in the "segregation of the rich."

Indirectly the Corporation may have caused to a certain extent the existing conditions. Not only was no efficient effort made to supply men with quarters in college buildings or to make the existing ones comfortable, but Massachusetts was dismantled as a dormitory and turned into two very inferior lecture rooms. This seems a distinct mistake. That the associations and traditions of Massachusetts should be destroyed without adequate reason appears indefensible. As a lecture hall it is a mere shell, unhallowed as it is useless. If "the Yard is the heart of Harvard," why should one of the arteries be cut out and put by itself to wither? In consideration of the fact that the sentiment connected with the Yard buildings is the one attraction for a great many men, any loss of sentiment reduces the drawing power of the Yard.

As the leaders in undergraduate life, the men who form public opinion, are scattered through the private dormitories the common ties which hold the University together are weakened. But the most pernicious effect of the

Mount Auburn Street dormitories, according to the opponents of the system, is the hard and fast line which they draw between the rich and poor. This ought to be stated advisedly, realizing fully that by no means all the men in the Yard are poor, any more than are all the men on Mount Auburn Street rich, in the accepted sense of the term. This "gold coast" then, is held a menace to our democracy and our dearest traditions. A man working his way through college cannot fraternize with a man in one of these buildings, the contrast is too great. No matter how real may be the mutual interest and desire for a closer relationship, any strong and lasting friendship is rendered practically impossible by the conditions of life of the two men. It is said that if all men were in college buildings true democracy would flourish. The distinction between the rich and the poor would be blurred; the rich would have no chance to congregate by themselves. The individual would then have a fairer chance to gain recognition by his own efforts, he would be in closer touch with his fellows. If all men were gathered again in the Yard, a "true college life" could be established.

But can it fairly be said that men stay away from the Yard through any wish to live apart from their fellows, or that they consciously mar that "true college life?" The force of environment, purely external conditions, tend to lead one class of men to Mount Auburn Street, rather than to the Yard. They would sacrifice as much for Harvard as any other man. Will their location hinder their usefulness to the University?

After all, Harvard's loss of *esprit de corps* is due largely to her size: it has been often repeated. We have suffered, perhaps more than our neighbors, because we are bigger. This is a transitional period for the University; it seems that the professional schools had been sufficiently developed and that more attention may now be given to the solidification of the component parts. If the outside dormitories really threaten to hinder our progress toward this goal, time will find some remedy for the evil.

J. O'H.

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*THE TROUT.*

The boy wriggled cautiously through the ferns on the river bank and peeped into the water. He wanted to come on the trout unawares. Strangely enough, he never did, in spite of all his caution; but strangely enough, he thought he did, and the trout knew he thought so, and laughed accordingly.

Trout can laugh, I am sure of that. I knew a trout once, though our acquaintance was short, that slipped through a certain fisherman's hands; up above the old mill dam it was, where the boards are too rotten for one to venture out. The fish flopped about on those boards, just out of reach, with the cheerfulest grin in the world, and, when he finally struck the water, laughed, I swear it, a kind of gurgling laugh like the sound of bubbles.

So the trout of my story had grown used to the stirring of the ferns on the bank above, to the sudden appearance of an amazing shock of red hair among the green leaves, and lay quiet as the stones about him. He had not always been so friendly. At first the slightest movement of the ferns had started him up, quivering and anxious; the first glimpse of the red hair had sent him, a zig-zagging streak of brown, to some hiding-place in deeper water. Then there had been a period of half truce, when the big fish would dart off, and then warily return on recognizing his visitor. Now, as I have said, he never moved, for the boy and the trout knew each other.

It is a poor country village, indeed, that cannot boast its monster fish, whether real or imaginary. Lower Barton showed no poverty in this respect. Something had broken Jim Tobin's line after towing his boat "half way 'cross stream, sir." Men who went at night to fish for horned pout, men who carried lanterns and baskets together with great, stone jugs, which last were not for horned pout, told wonderful tales of a big trout jumping in the moonlight. And though Jim's tipsy presence in the post-office would seem to merit doubt and suspicion; though the appearance of the horned pout men as they tramped home, wet, dirty, and heavy-eyed, in the early morning, was not conducive to

perfect confidence, the village folk never questioned the truth of their stories. But only the boy really knew and he never told.

He came every day to watch the big trout. It was fascinating to look down through the green water and see the fish lying head up stream, always alert, always watchful, balancing on his brown fins and spreading his red gills. The boy had tried to catch him, yes, a hundred times, with all the dainty baits calculated to tickle his troutship's palate, and they had been eyed, smelled of, and disdained with a haughty contempt that sent the boy home abashed. That was long ago. There was a bait the boy knew,—but then, he never wanted to catch the trout, now, only to lie among the ferns, to watch and to admire. A faith existed between them, not to be betrayed.

Today the boy's face, as it pushed through the ferns, was red and hot. He had run all the way from the village. There was a circle of men in the post-office; all the town loafers were crowded about a stranger, a fisherman from down country, a tall man in brown corduroys and great, shiny, rubber boots that came to his hips. He was holding up some dainty, feathered hooks for the crowd to see. The boy, craning his neck from the edge of the circle could get only chance peeps now and then.

"Them's th' things, 't'll do the trick," he heard Jim Tobin say, "them'll yank th' ol' traout outen' thar 'f anythin' can."

Then it was that the boy crept out of the store, and ran with all his might, stumbling as he went, across the hot fields to the river.

"They're goin' to catch my fish," he kept telling himself over and over, "They shan't! they shan't!"

When he reached the woods he stopped and drew a willow pole with hook and line from a hiding-place among the bushes. He came out into the fields again and hunted about in a clump of tall grass for the field-mouse's nest he had found there the day before. Taking a little, pink, naked mouse in his hand, he crept through the ferns to the water's edge.

The trout was there, as he always was, motionless except for the slow waving of his fins. The boy's hand trembled as he baited his hook. He ut-



tered a wish which was as like a prayer as it is consistent with the dignity of a boy of twelve to utter, and dropped the line softly into the water. Whether the trout had no suspicion of harm from one whom he had so long regarded as harmless, or whether,—but you can never account for the things a trout does. At any rate, there was a rush, a swirl, a pull, and something white shot over the boy's head, fell, off the hook, among the ferns, and rolled over and over, toward the river. The boy dropped his pole, and threw himself upon the fish, tumbling half into the water as he did so. He lay there, pressing down with all his strength, and the woods were very still. He could feel the big trout struggling beneath him, strong at first, then weaker and weaker, till at last he lay quiet. When the boy stood up,—strangely weak his legs seemed then,—he looked a long time at the trout lying on the broken ferns, his sides covered with bits of moss and dead leaves and his bright colors quickly fading. There were two very crooked white lines on the boy's grimy cheeks.

He wrapped the trout carefully in ferns, and buried him there on the bank, then trudged back across the hot fields to the village.

*C. H. Brown.*

*A SLEEP AND A FORGETTING.*

The music had ceased. The dancers, with a last light scamper of naked feet retreated into the atrium. The guests raised their goblets and called a last toast to the Pompeian and his bride. Then for a moment there was a loud babble of many voices,—farewells, appointments for the next day at the theatre or Stabian baths, a broken bar of a wine song from the happy lips of one who had seen too often the pearl in his cup, exclamations from impatient husbands, whispered gossipings—then silence.

The man and the woman, left alone, stood for a long time in the broad doorway that led into the gardens. Neither spoke. Without and within the air was heavy with fragrance. The faint odor of roses hung like a haze. The faces of the sleeping flowers appeared here and there pallid and cold through the night.

Beyond the gardens and low gray roofs of the houses the black hills of Castellamare showed dimly between the dark sky and purple bay. A crescent moon hung over Capri, its ragged reflection playing idly with the languid ripples of the water. From the shore a low murmur rose, like the sound of wind on a lyre, breaking softly on the stillness. The revelry of Rome had not yet invaded the white solitude and Pompeii was asleep.

Without moving, without speaking, the two stood for many minutes, caught in the strange magic of the Italian night. At last the woman stepped back into the peristyle. She leaned thoughtfully for a moment against one of the pillars, from whose tops the heavy-scented garlands drooped to enclose the pool below. Then she sank down on the cool marble.

The lamps had flickered out and the stars shone clear and brilliant through the square opening in the roof. The woman did not look up, but silently drew the man to her. At last she spoke.

"I have not lived long," she said slowly and pensively, "and I have never known the half-lights and shadows that the old women tell me of so mourn-

fully. I have been happy. And yet—" her fingers stirred the water for a moment, "and yet I should not be sorry if it should all end now."

Her husband pressed her hand softly and she cast a quick glance up at him.

"I have been child and girl and woman in Pompeii," she went on quietly, "and I have seen nothing of the great world that lies beyond Neapolis. Once, long ago my father took me to see the vast temples in the marshes at Paestum, and once we went together to the dark grottos and beautiful villas and luxurious baths at Baia. But the quiet of our white city was always sweeter to us. Often in the soft dawn of summer mornings we glided in our skiff over the waters to Sorrentum or Capri, and watched from the cliffs the ripples on the beach. Then in the evening, when the faint gray was stealing over the bay and the first star twinkled sleepily over Ischia, we crept slowly back to the quiet town, with the pleasant weariness of summer over us. So my days have gone by. Then you came, and it seemed as if the pale roses had a flush on their petals and the dark silence was perpetual music." She breathed quickly for a moment and stirred the water in the pool again.

"I have reached the fulness of my happiness, now," she continued. "All other days can be sweet only as they bring a remembrance of this. Surely—surely it would be pleasant to sink into the dark water—and sleep; and then to watch the bright stars, and the moon rising pale over Capri."

The man was very thoughtful. "The lonely sleeper sees neither moon nor stars," he said at length. "He dreams, perhaps—and passes through a strange world of grayness, and unknown faces. Or else—he sleeps, unknowing—and forgets."

For many minutes there was silence. Then the woman turned and laying her hands softly on the man's shoulders, sank toward him confidently. "Sleep is sweet, and I am weary," she said. "I would sleep—sleep—"

The morning broke in a glory of lavender and dull gold. The soft night wind had dispelled the heavy fragrance of the garlands and brought in its place the inexplicable odors of the dawn. But the white peristyle looked cold

and comfortless. Faded flowers lay on the marble, and now and again dried petals dropped with a low rustle from withered wreaths. Upon the disordered couches stood the goblets of the night before, some overturned, the red-wine forming little pools that looked almost like blood, upon the heavy silks.

The man awoke and gazed around with a dreamy wonder at the scene. The woman did not stir.

The lavender haze gradually lifted and a pale yellow light appeared among the indistinct shapes of the garden. A slave stepped noiselessly across the atrium and drew water from the shallow rainpool in the centre. Outside, someone walked hurriedly over the resounding flags. A name was called. Then for a moment there was silence, then more footsteps and more voices. Servants appeared in the atrium and hastened to their duties, throwing furtive glances at the two reclining figures beside the pool. Through the opening of the roof the sky was clear—a deep blue. A cart rumbled through the street, and a street-boy began to sing in a shrill piercing voice. Pompeii was awake.

The man touched the woman lightly, but still she did not stir. Idly his hand played in her dark brown hair. He touched her forehead and shivered. He called to her. He shook her, but the woman did not move. He took her in his arms and laid her on a couch. He sprinkled her face with cool water, he poured wine through her delicately parted lips. But the pallor in her cheek remained unchanged. Her hair moved softly in the rich morning breeze, and clothed in perfume of Italian roses the fair, silent face.

Through the horrid glaring hours the man watched. Twilight drooped at last like a faded-lily; night covered the peristyle and the two voiceless figures like a shroud. The stars shone brightly as before and all unheeding the moon glistened calm and cold over Capri.

The man lifted his head and almost unconsciously repeated the words he had heard the night before: "I have been child and girl and woman in Pompeii." Every inflection, every light and shadow of her voice came back to him. He recalled the strange softness of her eyes, the deep-thrilling impulse of her touch—for a time his withered heart seemed to throb again.

"Sleep is sweet and I am weary," she had said. Yes, sleep must be very sweet.

"The lonely sleeper sees neither moon nor stars." He started as his own ominous words came back to him. "He dreams, perhaps—and passes through a strange world of grayness and unknown faces. Or else,—he sleeps, unknowing—and forgets."

"Forget!" the man's voice rose in a cry of complete anguish. "Forget! All Wonderful One, be merciful."

Then again there was silence, heavy and unbroken.

## II.

Slowly the months labored by, and in utter weariness the man brooded in the gray peristyle, striving to remember. Often for hours he would sit beside the star-lit pool and paint each lineament of the face against the sombre background of night, speaking aloud the words that she had used and clasping soft, invisible, intangible hands upon his shoulders. A mad terror of forgetting weighed on him. He had lost the reality; his only happiness now lay in the remembrance, and he clung fiercely to each picture of his dreams. Dazed and soulless he walked in the present; clarified and almost glad he lived in the strange silence of the past.

With numbing distinctness his words haunted him: "He dreams, perhaps, and passes through a world of grayness and unknown faces. Or else, he sleeps, unknowing—and forgets." There was no hope to him beyond the flimsy span of his years, and the more he pondered the more awful became the thought of death. He pictured himself wandering through the crowd of unknown faces, feeling a thrill, perhaps, as his soul reached out to its fellow in the gray stillness, yet knowing her not, though she walked by his side. Or at other times, he would see himself dying, while all the memories faded and faded into blackness and the end.

At last he pulled his energies together and almost without warning left the pool and the gray peristyle and Pompeii. He went to Rome, and for many months listened to sages and philosophers, Stoics, Sceptics, Epicureans

—and pondered over the dark problems of life and death. Some promised this, some that, some spoke simply, "I do not know," but all said that against forgetfulness there could be no remedy. In despair the man fled back to Pompeii and through the long nights lived the old dreams again.

Then he wandered to Alexandria, thence to Athens and Corinth, to Jerusalem, and on to the silent thinkers of Benares, of Burmah and of Thibet. Some spoke vaguely of another life beyond the shadow, others of endless existences and endless change on earth, but from none could he draw the promise that he would remember. A fakir cajoled him with false prophesies and he lived in wild delight for a day, though he knew that they were false. Then he wandered on, still seeking, still remembering.

A strange fancy called him back to Pompeii. He would have another feast, the same guests, the same singers, same dancers, the garlands of deep-scented roses and the warm thrill of the marriage-song,—that would help him to remember.

All was as it had been before, the laughing friends, the shining goblets, the sparkling wine, but it was a hollow cheer that hung over the peristyle. Now and then a cold silence fell on the company, broken by a forced laugh or spiritless song.

The man took part in the feast with a spasmodic, awful cheeriness. Now and then he would close his eyes and his hands would tremble to his shoulders or stroke invisible hair.

At the first opportunity the guests rose to leave. There were no long farewells now, no whisperings among friends—all were animated with the mad desire to rush from the oppressive feast.

Again the man stood in the doorway leading to the gardens. A strong wind was blowing over the bay; in the moon's changing light, he saw the olive woods of Castellamare bend like gigantic, spectral grain. A small bark was careening on the water off Sorrentum. He could see a white line of breakers against the wall of rock, and hear the monotonous rumble of the surf in a dismal chorus on the shores of the bay.

Wearily he leaned against a pillar. He was strangely exhausted. Often of late he had noticed a growing feebleness in his limbs. Was he growing old? Was he—dying? He drew himself together, threw back his head and stood erect for a moment, his teeth set. But the effort was too great. Limply he sank to the floor.

In a moment he rose again and crept to the pool. He was only half-conscious now, but he struggled desperately to regain his feet. Long minutes he fought his infirmity with dogged determination not to yield to the thief, who was coming through the night to steal his dreams. At last he fell exhausted on his back beside the pool.

But still he would not yield. "I remember—yes, yes—I remember, I will remember," he murmured stolidly. "I see it now—the dark hair with the strange whispers and warm shadows, the eyes like a summer night,—the voice like star music in the stillness of worlds. Yes, yes, I remember. 'Sleep is sweet, and I am weary.' 'The lonely sleeper sees neither moon nor stars—the dreams—he sleeps—forgets—'."

*Hermann Hagedorn, Jr.*

*ROMANCE FOR ONE.*

The idea first came to Billy when he was coming from Memorial, and it made him hurry home to his room. He slammed the door behind him, and threw his coat on the couch: "I don't know her well enough to send her any kind of a letter, but I can write her any fool thing—so long as I burn it up," he observed. He sat down at his desk, got out his note-paper—note-paper with a Harvard seal on it, for he was a Freshman—dipped his pen, and began the letter. The first part was easy:

"117 Rochester Hall,  
Cambridge.  
November Eighteenth.

Dearest:—"

What next? It was not lack of material that bothered him, but he had never done anything like this before, and it was hard to get started. There was a great deal to say; he had been thinking about her most of the time since the Carvers' dance, almost two weeks ago, though not without repetitions. An inspiration! Why not tell her so?

"Ever since the Carvers' dance, two weeks ago tomorrow night, (you may be sure I have not forgotten the day)—"

There seemed to be something wrong about this; Billy couldn't help wondering what his conference man would say about it. But courage! What has English A to do with love?

"I have thought of nothing but you, and how sweet and lovely you looked that evening."

This was going beautifully. Why, it was almost poetry. And just then, of all times, there came a bang at the door. Billy had barely time to sweep the letter into his desk drawer before Peter Mather came rushing in. Peter saw him slam the drawer.



"Oh Bill, fusser, fusser! Which is it?"

"It's my accounts," said Billy, innocently. "It's awful expensive living down here, isn't it?"

"I don't know—I've got a bill at the Coop. Look here, Bill, do my Dutch for me, will you? I've got an hour exam. in twenty minutes."

"Let's see your book. What part do you want me to do?"

"Oh any part. I haven't been but three times. Here, 'Die Bäuerin'—What's 'Bäuerin'?"

"The farmer's wife"—

"Where's the wife? He said, 'Frau' meant wife."

"Why, 'Bauer's' farmer, and 'Bäuerin's' farmer's wife."

"Oh yeah, like cat and kitten. Go ahead; 'Die Bäuerin sah'—'sah' means saw. I can do that all right. Where did you get the new pipe? Leavitt's? How much did he stick you? Guess I'll go over and get one. So long—much obliged for that Dutch."

Billy got out the letter again. He had forgotten what he was going to say next, and the inspiration seemed to have left him. It was a disappointment not to have the thing come spontaneously, as he had thought it would; he was sure that he could say it all, if only he could see her. Ah, there was an idea:

"It doesn't seem fair, darling, that I should have to be here, miles away from the dearest girl in the world, while those fellows out there can see you every day."

Another knock at the door, and the letter took a dive into the desk drawer.

"Come in," shouted Billy—"Confound you!"

It was Ted Lee, come to show off his new winter clothes. He posed majestically before the door.

"How do you like them, Bill?"

"They're too loud," said Billy, coldly.

"They are not. They look all right from a distance."

"Yes. Farther off the better. They'd look darn well on the other side of the door, Ted."

"You've got a grouch. I'm going over to see Sid."

"Good for you."

Surely the path of love is beset with difficulties. Billy produced the letter again with a sigh.

"I know I'm a fool to be jealous, but I can't help it, I do love you so, dearest."

Tut, tut: three dearests and a darling already. He was wasting his ammunition. However, after some consideration he decided to let them stand; it wouldn't make much difference to the fire. And then it seemed to him it was about time to stop now, anyhow.

"It's awfully lonely here without you.

Please write soon

to your devoted

Billy."

He inspected the signature with some uncertainty, and finally inserted "again" after "write." Then he put the latter in an envelope, sealed it, addressed it, and stamped it; there remained only to dispatch it. Billy drew his chair up to the grate, and gazed lugubriously from the letter to the fire, and back again to the letter; then he laid it on the coals. As the last page crinkled together, Billy leaned back in his chair and hooted:

"Gad, what an ass I am!"

*C. T. Ryder.*

## Editorial.

A reaction is bound to follow every very pronounced movement. A few years ago we adopted a German ideal for our system of instruction and put it into practice with much enthusiasm. It is high time for the reaction; the enthusiasm having cooled a little, even the undergraduate may confess some misgivings.

For one thing, we long since abandoned recitations. The lecture was held to be the only proper instrument of instruction; the material of a subject, so the theory ran, should be sifted by the lecturer and presented in fresh unhackneyed form, etc., etc. Not only history and economics, moreover, were brought under this plan, but classics as well, and modern languages, and even mathematics. It was held childish to expect "University" men to prepare lessons and recite them like grammar-school boys. Accompanying all this innovation we made a greater change; every course has gradually been opened to every student, and the bewildered Freshman is enticed this way and that by various dainties in Fine Arts and Geology and stereopticon-view courses. All this may not be an exact reproduction of the German system; but it is, roughly, the adaptation that we got.

One need assert no knowledge of educational theory to have an opinion in the matter; the system as practiced among us is ground enough. We have all scribbled notes by the hour, or, according to our tastes, carved our initials in the benches. And then when the examinations came we worked three full days and got through. Or maybe we went to a seminar the night before, swallowed the course in miraculously boiled-down pellets, and by the grace of a gift in "drooling" escaped the clutches of Univ. 4. But is there, after all, much education in all this? The absurdity of lectures in a mathematics course is obvious enough; having the instructor do the translating and answer the questions in a Latin course similarly is almost a joke. But even in the courses where the lecture is a more rational instrument it is no unmixed blessing. For

the system inevitably makes the entire work hinge on examinations; there is no other way of testing what knowledge a man has been able to get out of the course. But examinations, however well drawn up, are confessedly poor tests of a man's work or knowledge of a subject. The supreme importance of the examination has been cut down to some extent; some of the larger courses allot one hour a week to a "conference"; and inadequate though these meetings are, they unquestionably keep men more or less busy with the course, and make the examinations less important. These courses are in themselves the strongest condemnations of an unmodified lecture system. It is all very well to set "outside reading" every week; but unless men are called to account for it by some such grammar-school method they will not do it. It may be lamentable that we have so weak a sense of duty; but it is no less true. It takes a very inspiring lecturer to make men work without some such stimulus.

While the lecture mania seems to be dying out to some extent, however, the elective system remains just as popular as ever. Even English A we are asked to take at boarding-school nowadays. We are also repeatedly assured in reports that the system is "intelligently used." And yet as we see it used, in fact as we use it, we must admit that the standard is pretty low. A great many men mean well enough; but the inevitable conflicts confuse their plans. And a great many pursue a sort of half-hearted course, taking a few hard courses and a few frank "snaps." But there are far too many that look on the whole thing as a huge practical joke. It is so easy to find courses that require no term-work and little enough examination work, studies are so slight a part of an education—the temptation is great to slip along the easiest path. A lot of us take a few elementary courses; presently our required seventeen are made up, and we accept a degree as a matter of course. If it were only hopeless loafers that held this point of view it would matter little. But unfortunately the man who would and could do serious work more or less unconsciously adopts the same point of view. When that sort of man treats

the "snap" not as a joke, but as a matter of course, the entire system may well be looked on as a farce.

It is well, of course, to have a broad foundation for culture; and no doubt such veneering educational systems will always be excused by a vague and somewhat haughty assurance that a man's education should be broadening. But in our enlightened attempts never to be narrow we are very apt to sacrifice depth to breadth. A man cannot be a scholar even in Anthropology in 120 lectures. There is no use in opening up the good old quarrel of Specializing *v.* Generalizing. It is obvious that the extreme of either is dangerous. The elective system surely provides possibilities for both. Among the graduate students, perhaps among the "serious" ones, the former is apt to prevail. But for the boy of twenty there is little danger of that. While we can get bird's-eye views of every subject conceivable by taking courses with "1" after them we are not prone to undertake those involving research. They give us a chance to discourse superficially on everything with everybody; but they give us about the same acquaintance with real culture that a polite-society manual gives with real breeding. It may be right not to confine ourselves to the old-fashioned curriculum, nor to keep the youth with a passion for Italian tied down to Greek Syntax; but the other extreme may be worse. Our fathers—they will tell us so themselves—acquired a reasonable amount of intelligence under the old system. Latin and Greek have gone out of style; but having to translate a few pages of the Poets every day was pretty fair training for the aim (theoretically at least) of an education—that is, the ability to work. A lot of elementary courses will give a fine superficial knowledge of almost everything; but it will never give men much training in the art of hard protracted work. It is not merely the contempt for academic knowledge which makes us nowadays think more of the man who does something in athletic, or even journalistic, lines than of the "student." The former is doing the more real work.

We are told, moreover, that we are disintegrating. And the social system is, with more or less justice, blamed for it—under our breaths. But

what counteracting tendency is there? The Union does its distant best; we cling to a farcical rush as stimulating class spirit; we have theatre-parties and smokers. And still we disintegrate. We know the men of our own clique in other classes better than the men of another in our own. The efforts at union are sporadic: the tendency to separate constant. We put Freshman and Senior side by side in our lectures; and wonder why we don't have class spirit. It is true that in a big course one is about as chummy with his neighbor as men in a city street car; but even in a street car they grow chummy if they are going to the same base-ball game. "Community of interest" is a vague term; but until it exists there is little use in trying to keep people mutually interested. Enduring a set of lectures together may not be the strongest bond of fellowship for a class; but it at least gives a social unit from which to start.

With our present elaborate system one can suggest a change only with bated breath. But the way that system is used convinces one that it is not doing its work efficiently. College men may be able to choose good courses; but they don't. An iron-clad curriculum is not the only alternative. For the first two years there might be some—say half—compulsory courses; and in them good old-fashioned recitations might be allowed. This may not be advanced in theory, but it is a system that has worked in practice. We are not apt to learn to work in lectures, or miscellaneous elementary courses. A few compulsory, hard courses might not be a bad experiment.

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### Book Notices.

CHERRY. By Booth Tarkington. New York: Harper and Brothers.

In *Cherry*, Mr. Tarkington has done well enough to make it surprising that he did not do a great deal better. His situation—it can scarcely be called a plot—is exceedingly clever, and his characters are ingeniously conceived. On this foundation he might have written a brilliant story; he has only succeeded in producing a readable one. The grace and charm of *Monsieur Beaucaire* are largely wanting, and their place is supplied by a rather forced humor. Here and there one comes upon real wit; but, for the most part, the humor is dragged in with obvious effort. The structure is unaccountably careless, as if the book had been dashed off without time for revision of any kind. On the other hand, it is entertaining throughout; and has the distinct merit of growing steadily better as the action progresses. Mr. Sudgeberry, who “was admitted to possess—a something, thoughtful and philosophic, a leaning toward theologic earnestness, added to a contempt for the gayeties of the world” at the age of nineteen, is at all times amusing; but the carelessness that injures the entire book damages the effect of many of his best speeches, by rendering them quite impossible. The other characters are too conventional to be of much importance. They, in common with the entire book, are marred by the lack of that charm that made *Monsieur Beaucaire* one of the most delightful of recent American stories, and without which Mr. Tarkington’s style is scarcely good enough to “carry” a book whose sole claim upon the reader is the manner in which it tells an extremely slight story.

H. A. B.

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COLONEL CARTER’S CHRISTMAS. By F. Hopkinson Smith. New York: Charles Scribners’ Sons.

There are those that lament the fact announced in gloomy library reports that two-thirds of our countrymen read nothing but novels. Whether

they don't do literature less harm by reading only novels is a question interesting but not important. There is little use in belaboring the ignorant masses with lectures on the evil of frivolous reading; they do not want to read Huxley and they will not; and one can't be sensible about it and indignant at the same time. The people never had books so easily at their command before; the library fever is a new one. But it is very probable that the vast majority have always sought amusement, not instruction, and it is no sign of degeneration if they prefer the comic opera and the novel to the problem play and the philosophical essay. The best that can be done is to give them good novels. (Pardon the lofty attitude, but, of course, the "critic" is privileged to direct such matters). They probably won't appreciate it, but they ought to. This is what a few men like Mr. Smith, Thomas Nelson Page, Gilbert Parker and some others, are doing. The novel is not the *fad* of today; it is the form of literature that takes hold on the ordinary mind of today, and no amount of dignified protest from the enlightened few, the literary aristocracy, will change it. Probably no one will ever revere *Tom Grogan* and *The Master Diver* in a century as *Pamela* is revered and unread now; but if they amuse their many now, and make a few people light-hearted, possibly even a little unselfish, they are doing something quite worth while. That is what Mr. Smith does in *Colonel Carter's Christmas*. It points out no weak spots in the social fabric of this century; it finds no fault, is in fact quite a frivolous bit of work; yet it is mighty good reading, one leaves it with, mentally, a very clean taste in the mouth, and one is grateful for a very pleasant hour or two of living in fancy—life without a thought of tomorrow to keep us from enjoying today. The Colonel is not at all an exemplary person; he does not keep accounts, he has no "head" for business, he drinks a good deal, and has an absurd feeling of pride in it all. That is not an ideal of the day. If any boy said he would like to be that sort of a person his elders would shake their heads and gravely tell his father that that boy ought never to have gone to college—he ought to be put to *work*, sir. But the Colonel is a very delicious person; you wouldn't have him



changed in a single particular. He gives one a sort of comfortable feeling that things will come out well in the end; and that, if not particularly stimulating or ethical, is very pleasant about Christmas, or any other time. The "masses" may be left alone with such a book in complete safety.

L. B.

— — — — —  
"A BUNCH OF ROSES and other Parlor Plays." By M. E. M. Davis. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company.

Two of Mrs. Davis's six plays are interesting enough to make them disappointing. These two, *His Lordship* and *The New System*, are cleverly conceived and on the whole amusing, yet they are swathed in useless stage conventions. In *His Lordship* the conventional mistaken identity is used effectively. The house party at Sea View Villa mistake two servants, one for an English lord, the other for a French countess. Mrs. Davis handles piquantly the adventures of these two, but unfortunately she introduces two newspaper reporters in order that when the curtain falls, every girl in the cast may be provided with a man to hold her hand.

*The New System* employs successfully the state of society first exploited by Mr. Gilbert in *Trial by Jury*. The abhorrence of men for women's work and the inability of women to do men's work under *The New System* are entertainingly shown. If Mrs. Davis had been content with her exposition and given her audience credit for sufficient imagination to supply an inevitable conclusion, the play would not have ended as it now does by a sudden impossible return to the *Old System*.

In the other four plays such devices as the use of roses in the play that gives its name to the collection, and the introduction of the Bashaw of Bharhwalla into *A Dress Rehearsal* atone for the subordination of many of Mrs. Davis's ideas to what she imagines the stage demands.

G. E. F.

THE FOREST. By Stewart Edward White. New York: The Outlook Company.

Some people spend a deal of valuable time in wondering what the future form of literature may be—will it be the problem-play, the short poem, the novel, the short story, the essay? And probably some one of their theories as to the form is right. But what of its spirit? Are we going to carry out the Pre-Raphærites' "artisticity," or will it be "realism" or "symbolism" or some more remote mania? It is all very profitless; but if there is any one thing that will determine the value of that future literature is the men that write it. The man's the thing. You may swear yourselves to vows of keeping only the chaste artistic forms, you may have all the theories you choose; but you *must* have a man behind it.

All this is not to prove that Mr. White's books are the pattern on which future literature will be modelled. It is merely to emphasize the relative value of the artistic form and the stuff that is put into the form. In "literary circles" it is the form that counts; let a thing be "artistic" and it will be welcome. But it may be doubted whether literary circles are going to decide the value of contemporary literature. The literary circle would find little to praise in *The Forest*. But it is a pretty good book for all that. It has no form, it has no significance, it is utterly un-literary; but it is very pleasant to read. And this is all because the man behind it is a "nice fellow." I know nothing about Mr. White except what I have seen in two of his books; I have thought them most pleasantly remote from literature, I am sure that the love-story of *The Blazed Trail* is, plainly, tommy-rot; and yet I am convinced that he is a "nice fellow." For the essays in this book make you think him a real man; they give one a certain feeling of real stuff in the way of character, without any hint of affectation, and they have withal a very saving grace of humor. *The Forest* may not be literature; but one may be forgiven for liking it better than all the "artistic" literature produced by Mr. White's contemporaries.

L. B.

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SONG FROM THE FIRE BRINGER.

*(Pandora Sings.)*

Of wounds and sore defeat  
I made my battle-stay,  
Wingèd sandals for my feet  
I wove of my delay,  
Of weariness and fear  
I forged my shouting spear,  
Of loss and doubt and dread  
And swift on-coming doom  
I made a helmet for my head  
And a floating plume.  
From the shutting mist of death,  
From the failure of the breath  
I made a battle-horn to blow  
Across the vales of overthrow :—  
O hearken, love, the battle-horn,  
The triumph clear, the silver scorn !  
O hearken where the echoes bring  
Down the grey disastrous morn  
Laughter and rallying !

*William Vaughn Moody.*

*IBSEN IN THE HANDS OF HIS BOSTON CRITICS.*

The sudden and great success of a gifted tragedienne has, more widely and for a longer time than ever before, turned the attention of Boston to the dramas of Henrik Ibsen. Although bestowing merited praise upon the actress, public sentiment seems on the whole to condemn the plays. The causes of this unpopularity seem to me to be two: one, with which I cannot deal here, is the alien nature of Ibsen's mind and art; the other, at present the more important, is the lack of intelligent criticism. Theatre-goers in general,—I mean not the few highly educated, but that great public which settles the fate of plays,—having neither the time nor the energy to form their own opinions of such dramas, get their ideas mainly from the newspapers. The future of American drama depends on the development of good public taste, and that in turn on sound journalistic criticism. When the public, owing to the histrionic power of Miss O'Neil, flocked to *Hedda Gabler* and *Lady Inger*, dramatic critics had a rare opportunity of broadening the public view by helping people to an intelligent understanding of two works of the man whose severest critics acknowledge as the master-dramatist of the nineteenth century. They need not have praised, unless they approved; but they might at least have furnished correct information as a basis for praise or censure.

Before examining how Ibsen fared in the hands of his Boston critics, it is desirable briefly to recount the facts in regard to *Lady Inger* which anybody who pretends to give an opinion of the play ought to be familiar with. Without venturing an expression of opinion as to its merits, let us ask: "When was it written? What kind of dramatist was Ibsen at the time? What is it about?"

*Lady Inger* was written in 1857. In telling the story of Ibsen's life up to that time, most biographers have laid stress on events illustrating the social dramas by which he is best known; little has been said about the influences which led him to write in the manner of *Lady Inger*. But one ought not to forget that young Henrik Ibsen was a romantic poet writing in a romantic literary



period ; that his first play (1850) *Catiline* was a closet-drama written under the influence of Oelenschlaeger, who may be all too briefly described as the Danish Schiller, and that it was poetic, sentimental, and very undramatic ; that while he was a student at Christiania University he wrote on the one hand some exquisite lyrics and on the other patriotic verse ; that he journeyed into out-of-the-way districts of Norway on a search for folk-tales and ballads ; that he was, in short at the age of 23 (1851) steeped in romanticism and nothing of a dramatist. The next step is his appointment as "artistic director" of the theatre first at Bergen, then at Christiania, in which capacity he gains that practical experience of theatrical necessities, that tendency to judge plays from the point of view of efficiency without which even a Byron can write only closet-drama. He goes to Copenhagen and Berlin to study the plays and the stage conditions of the time, —seeing in Berlin performances of Goethe, Schiller, and Shakspeare, gaining an increased admiration for those plays which he regards as classic. On the other hand, he comes under what is temporarily a more potent, because more novel, influence of the plays of Scribe, then at the height of popularity. This French romantic melodrama, with its intricate complications, joins with his patriotic sympathies : *Lady Inger* is the result.

The historical facts underlying *Lady Inger* may be easily summed up : In the sixteenth century, when Norway was little more than a province of Denmark, and at her period of greatest degradation, Lady Inger was the wealthiest woman in the land, two of her daughters being happily married to Danish noblemen. One of these, Eline, died ; her husband, Nils Lykke, had an intrigue with a third daughter, Lucia : because such relation was then regarded as incestuous, Lykke was put to death. If an historical tragedy was to be built on such slight materials, it would seem that it ought to have been one with a very simple plot, one in which characterization and dialogue played the most important part. Ibsen, however, imagined Lady Inger as a noblewoman called to wrest Norway from Denmark, but hindered in the execution of her mission by the fact that her son was a hostage in the hands of the enemy. Nils Lykke, moreover, was conceived as identical with the Kai Lykke, who is famous as a Don Juan in Danish ballads, and as having ruined Lucia before meeting and loving

Eline. Following Scribe's methods, Ibsen built up a complicated plot, depending for effectiveness on a succession of improbable cases of mistaken identity. The tragic ends both of *Lady Inger* and Eline are due, not to irresistible fate, but to ridiculous misunderstandings: *Lady Inger*, not knowing her own son, causes him to be slain; Eline, not knowing the name of her sister's betrayer, surrenders herself to Nils Lykke. Practically the only interest now attaching to this romantic melodrama is the faint, very faint, prophecy in the characterization of *Lady Inger*, of greater, truer creations like *Mrs. Alving*, in *Ghosts*.

So much for the facts concerning *Lady Inger*. These are readily accessible; moreover they may be summarized for journalistic purposes without any independent thought,—a form of mental effort which the dramatic critics here in question seem to dread. To understand the play, the public ought to have been provided with this information; that they were not provided therewith in an adequate manner anybody who will take the trouble to examine the newspapers on or about February 25, 1904, may see. Either through gross ignorance or inexcusable laziness, the critics sent their readers to the performance without preparation.

After the play had been given, and people wanted somebody to make up their minds for them, the critics one and all perpetrated absurdities. I do not speak of their opinions; I am not here concerned with their applause or condemnation of *Lady Inger*. I censure only their misstating facts or basing opinions on errors of facts. By way of illustration I use criticisms which appeared in four representative Boston newspapers on February 26.

All the writers were more or less mystified; one of them naively wrote: "We pledge our word that to extract even the iota of clearness, which we flatter ourselves we have shown, has caused many moments of deep cogitation." The trouble seems to have been that their knowledge was confined to the social dramas,—which are about as different from *Lady Inger* as is an American comic opera. Hence the social dramas, being the only wares marked "made in

Norway" found in the critics' shops, had to be dragged in somehow or other. Thus we were told:

The construction shows little of the remarkable technical skill displayed in most of the Norwegian dramatist's later works, and not much of the realistic force that has made most abnormal plays seem real and convincing.

Its gloom is thick and almost constant. It is disappointing to those who possibly expected to find gratification of debased appetites in its story portraiture of characters, for it not only does not possess the—well, daring nakedness of speech and situation and theories which have made some other Ibsen plays so rankly offensive to the eyes and nose and ears of decency, but it doesn't enter very deeply into a consideration and a presentation of that praiseworthy nudity which inspires, which adds to the sense of the beautiful, which ennobles, which is so comforting, which the law protects and cherishes, which, in another field or artistic endeavor can be found in the fascinating creations on the canvasses of a Chantrel, a Bouguereau, or a Henner.

All of which merely said what *Lady Inger* was *not* and still left one in the dark as to what it *was*. The social dramas had long been labelled "profound"; profundity must consequently be seen in *Lady Inger*, and we were bidden to "confine it to the library, where the depth of its mysteries may be explored at leisure." To be sure, there is plenty of mystery in the play; but it is the mystery not of philosophy but of melodrama. Furthermore, the social dramas were immoral; and, sure enough, the youthful author of *Lady Inger* must be termed "this dramatist of gloom and pessimism, who rails against all existing institutions, and who denies the right of society to protect itself against those who defy moral conventions."

Woeful ignorance of dramatic history was displayed by a critic with a fondness for medical terms, who asserted that such plays could "have no viability (*sic*) in these times." I should like to conduct him on a tour of the "popular-priced" Boston theatres, and show him how much "viability" romantic melodrama, with mystery on mystery, has "in these times." A somewhat similar blunder was made in these remarks,—*"It bears witness to the struggles of a Titan. . . . The more he strove to fashion his conception into a living thing, the worse havoc he made of the materials at hand."* That rests on the false idea that the conception was somewhat large, vague, perhaps complicated.

As we have seen the conception was very simple, the complications were deliberately added.

But the failure to say anything that was at the same time true and to the point is insignificant beside the fault of misrepresenting the story of the play. The critic of what is generally considered the best evening newspaper in Boston was surprisingly ingenious in errors of this kind. How anybody who saw or read the play could write the following passes comprehension :—

**Lady Inger is another Lady Macbeth, and, like her of Scotland, is possessed of a masculine mind and possessed by an insatiate ambition. Her greed for power causes her to give her daughters to Danish husbands, notwithstanding her patriotic protestations, and finally to be accessory to and the guiltier party in the murder of her own natural son.**

Her greed for power! One could point out passage after passage in the play showing that Lady Inger's ruling motive was not selfish ambition but love for her son. Of course she hopes to see him crowned, but vastly more she yearns to hold him again in her arms. Observe her words in Act V, 5, when both her daughters are sacrificed,—“Now I shall have my son again!” She caused the death of Count Sture not to clear the way to the throne, but primarily to save her boy's life. The same critic thought that Miss O'Neil acted insanity too soon :

**Her hallucination seemed to follow too quickly upon the heels of the murder of Count Sture, for which she had shown no sorrow; the proper time for madness should seem to be upon discovering that it was her own child whose death she had accomplished.**

How could anybody write that who knew Act V, 12, where immediately after Count Sture's murder her words not only show sorrow (to say nothing of Ibsen's own stage-directions) but also tell unmistakably that her mind is giving way under the consciousness of guilt? Two such misinterpretations naturally give the reader a distorted idea of the heroine.

Finally, as a climax to all this incompetent criticism we have this outburst :

**Elaine knows that it was a Nils Lykke who was the seducer of her sister Lucia, and the cause of her sister's death, and she hates him with an undying hatred, as**

she never loses opportunity to inform us and to tell Nils Lykke himself when he appears upon the scene; nevertheless she gives herself to Nils Lykke—becomes “his wife in the sight of God,” as she expresses it, which may mean only the romantic sentiment of a green girl or it may mean all that it can mean—never, apparently, remarking upon the fact that her lover bears precisely the same name as the betrayer of her sister!

The fact that Eline did not know Nils Lykke's identity is beyond question. In Act II, 2, she says, “His name Lucia told me not.” Not until the mischief is done, in Act V, 4, does she learn the terrible truth from her mother. Even a Dennis would blush to own such an error. The best thing in this particular criticism is the sublimely unconscious confession: “We never perfectly know the meaning of more than half that is done or said!” A tenth would be generous measure.

There is nothing exceptional about this lack of intelligent criticism in the case of *Lady Inger*; the same fault might be illustrated by the newspaper criticisms of *Hedda Gabler*, and, a year ago, of *Ghosts*. The mistakes would differ in kind, but not in quantity; the same failure to give the public what it needs if it is ever to appreciate Ibsen, is in each case manifest. So long as uninformed critics write, Ibsen will not be popular here; for he will not be known. He may become a fad; he cannot become a permanent visitor of our stage.

Although Ibsen seems to me the greatest dramatist since Shakspeare, and probably the greatest author of the nineteenth century, I should not regret overmuch his failure to establish himself in America. In spite of what will seem to most men my extravagant admiration, I realize that his mind and art are alike foreign to the American spirit of the times. Finally, I hope no one will think I hold a brief for *Lady Inger*, a play of intrinsically small merit, of interest chiefly to the student of Ibsen, and at best puzzling to an American. I regret that it was selected for presentation; but I regret vastly more that in our most intellectual city not one journalistic critic could be found to treat it intelligently.

*Ernest Bernbaum.*

THE TRIUMPH OF TAMBURLAINE.

*First there comes a captain:*

Be glad, all ye that sorrow, and rejoice;  
For come is Tamburlaine, the God-like one.  
And he hath bound the seas beneath his sway,  
And yoked the sun to draw his chariot  
His voice is as the thunder of the Lord,  
And as the strength of morning is his might.  
Make way, make way for Tamburlaine the great.

*Then follows a band of captives, singing:*

Sound of chains that gnaw our fettered hands,  
Hiss of scourge upon our tortured backs,  
Bay of hounds that follow on our tracks,  
And moan of weary bands.

Bats and blinking lizards hear our cry,  
As we toil across the burning sands;  
Now to God we raise our bleeding hands,  
And only wish to die.

*Then a band of soldiers marches by, singing:*

Oh, the Earth has fled to her walls,  
She has cowered and feared to die,

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And her kings have groaned in their halls,  
When Tamburlaine drew nigh.

Oh, the Gods have trembled and fled  
From their homes in the sea-blue sky,  
For their hearts were shaken with dread,  
When Tamburlaine drew nigh.

*Then, on a golden car, comes Tamburlaine:*

What means this senseless outcry and applause?  
Why do ye look on me and call me God?  
I am no god. These jewels, what are they?  
Ay, though they dim the gleaming star of night,  
Of what avail is all their loveliness?  
Or what will profit me yon haggard slaves,  
That like mute oxen drag their weary limbs?  
I care not for them, for beyond the sea,  
Within the sunset's golden mist enwrapt,  
There lies a land that knows not of my name;—  
Nor ever shall know, for the veil of death  
Will sink about mine eyes ere that can be.  
I cannot reach it, and all else is nought.  
And I am very weary of my life,  
Since life is all too short to reach the goal.  
And still they look on me and call me God!

*H. A. Bellows.*

*WOLF AND GREY WOLF.*

Pengrove shifted his feet on the andirons as a knock sounded at the door. Before he had time to answer a man entered, with loud shuffle and indignant exclamations as he stumbled over the furniture.

"What the devil!" the newcomer cried out. "Everything pitch dark, of course. Dreaming again?"

He had settled down uninvited before the fire and was slowly filling his pipe.

"What is it this time? The Creation, Judgment-Day or the eleven o'clock shut-down? I don't care what you do with the others but I do wish you'd look into that. Last night after plugging two hours straight I went in town—got there at eleven-fifteen—and every joint dry as Cambridge. I'm going to make up for it tonight though,—dinner, theatre and every place that's got nerve enough to sell a cocktail after curfew. It's absolute up-state idiocy shutting up a town before the night's more than half begun!"

Pengrove laughed. "You certainly are oppressed, Dodge. But what's the use of dragging out the old skeleton? I thought you'd out-kicked yourself about it three years ago?"

"That's all right, Pen," Farrell replied. "But if you ever get into town with a long thirst and only a drug-store to end it you'll show more sense. Here you moon all day and half the night over your Browning, or juggle philosophy with a dreary-faced assistant—and then expect to know something about Boston."

Farrell was ready to be indignant, but he smiled instead. "You're mournfully young," he said sympathetically.

Pengrove was looking into the fire. "No, I don't think I am," he answered seriously. "Boston has come into what you call my 'philosophical jugglings' once or twice and I've decided—after some pretty sane thinking—that I'm better off without it,—that's all. I'm here to work,—and work and Boston generally don't gee."



"Now you're almost priggish." Farrell threw back his head a little moodily. "There are plenty of men that can stand high in their courses without shutting themselves up like an oyster. Williston, for one,—and he's a darned good fellow too."

Farrell shook the ashes from his pipe and rose to go. "Look here, Pen, you'd better come along with me to-night and gather information. Then tomorrow, if you want, I'll let you talk all you please. Coming?"

"Oh, I guess not," Pengrove answered slowly. "I'm too lazy to go way in town tonight, and then I've got a good book. I'm reading 'In a Balcony' for about the tenth time—with a pencil. Funny how many good things in it I've missed before!"

"Oh, come along," the other remonstrated once more. "You've done enough reading for today. Chuck your Browning. I feel buoyant tonight—in spite of you—and I need your fatherly restraint."

Pengrove laughed; then looked at his friend seriously for a moment. "By George, I will," he said.

The following months wrought a decided change in Pengrove and his friend. Their natures seemed to drift toward each other. Farrell, catching some of Pengrove's idealism, gave in return something of his petty vices, much of the sturdiness that underlay his coarse exterior. The restraint which he had playfully suggested that Pengrove should exert on him, he was now forced to use with all his strength on his friend. Pengrove was going, very rapidly, out of sight of his former ideals.

The Midyears were over; Pengrove and Farrell went into town with the express purpose of celebrating. They were both in a mood of wild exhilaration. Farrell had forgotten all restraint, and Pengrove, the chaotic mass of discords in him given free rein, let himself go with careless abandon.

It was about twelve when they found themselves standing for a moment outside the "Touraine," discussing with drunken solemnity further plans of amusement. A small crowd on the opposite side of the street attracted their attention, and they crossed over to see what was going on.

Three figures stood in the centre of the crowd, two men—one a policeman—and a young woman. The woman was plainly dressed, and not beautiful, but her quiet dignity interested the people round her. A window in a jeweller's store had been broken and she had been arrested as the culprit. The man kept in the shadow. The woman turned toward him and seemed to plead with him for an instant. "Don't let them take me," she cried out at last, "you know I didn't do it." There was a sudden break in the crowd,—the man had run away. Farrell and Pengrove saw him for a flash as he rushed by them. It was Williston.

They were sober in an instant and gritted their teeth hard. The woman had not winced. There was a slight smile on her lips and she carried her head high.

Pengrove grasped his friend's arm. "My God!" he exclaimed.

Farrell did not move. The muscles of his face were drawn and rigid.

The men looked at each other and their eyes fell. "All right, Dodge," Pengrove said at length. "If we hustle we can just get the last car."

*Hermann Hagedorn, Jr.*

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GLORIA MUNDI.

A hill with little breezes and with me  
Close to its side, holding a book of love  
To lull in tune with tremors of the grove:  
Enough of life—enough of history.

A field of mortal fragrance from the breath  
Of men soft sunken in the roots of flow'rs,  
Infinite dark around a few dim hours:  
Enough of mystery—enough of death.

And then at length to enter in and be  
With hill and field and root, part of the breeze,  
Moss for a violet, sap of the trees:  
Enough of will—enough of destiny.

*Witter Bynner.*

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THE CAPUCHIN MONK.

Cuivier was an instructor at the Beaux Arts, and when he had told me of this painting, I had naturally thought it must be something worth while. Yet, now that I looked at it, a sudden suspicion of Cuivier's sanity flashed across me. Though conspicuously hung, the picture was a perfectly conventional group of merry-makers in Carnival time,—a production apparently of some young student or antiquated hack, and with nothing about it to attract the attention except a strange blemish in the upper right-hand corner.

Amazed at being torn away for such a cause from an exquisite Arabian girl of Besnard's, I was about to retort angrily to Cuivier that his jest, if he had meant it for such, lacked both point and humor, when a sudden change

in the figures caught my eye. The Pierrot with his parti-colored suit, the Mephistopheles with his long sword and pointed visage, the grisettes with their baskets of flowers, all seemed to be slowly fading into the general crowd of merry-makers, leaving alone in the foreground the cowed figure of the monk. I had remembered him before as good-naturedly smiling from under his half drawn cowl at a grisette who had just covered him with a shower of confetti; yet now, even as I looked, the smile seemed to disappear, the sensual lips grew hard and cruel, and the eyes took on an expression so mingled with hate and cunning that I shuddered at the horror slowly growing into life before me.

For a long time I stood in silence, fascinated by the power of the picture. Cuivier finally broke into my thoughts.

"Allons," he said, touching me gently on the shoulder, "you will go crazy if you stand that way much longer. The Café Bleu across the way has an excellent brand of absinthe and there I will tell you the story."

"There were about a dozen of us in our little coterie," he began, "but only one American; Carl Eberhard was his name; a tall, blue-eyed boy, his father a German. He had been brought up by an uncle, a hard-fisted old man, who, when the boy began to show a passion for art, threatened to cut him off without a cent. But, if his uncle was obstinate, Eberhard was too. He let his uncle storm and simply waited till the little property his father had left should be legally his, and, at twenty-one, he took up his residence in the Rue Saince in a tiny room under the roof. It was a pretty hard struggle, the first few months, and without a strong body, and a stout heart, he would have more than once had to give in.

"We did not like it when he first appeared. As the time went on, however, we became interested in his fresh, earnest face, and often left our doors open to see if he would not speak to us in passing. To our surprise, he made no attempt to do so, and it is doubtful if we ever should have come to know him if Pierre Coutanche had not one day slipped on the stairs and broken his leg. We all happened to be out, and while Madame Boucher went for the surgeon, Eberhard, who had heard the fall, managed to make a rough setting

of the fracture. From that day he and Pierre were bosom friends; and, closely bound together as we students were, the young American soon became one of us.

"Yet perhaps it was the very difference in our natures which attracted us most strongly to him. Our work, it is true, was his and he loved nothing better than to sit before the fire in one of our rooms and talk of art and music and a hundred other things. We were dreamers, all of us, and, after the worn out, hopeless philosophy to which we had been accustomed, his simple and almost primeval way of looking at things was grateful.

"Yet in ways he was strongly unlike us. We were true creatures of the Quartier, with a time for work and a time for play. But with Eberhard it was different. His whole heart was in his work, so his few holidays were spent at the Comédie or the Louvre, rather than at the Folie or the Jardin. It was as pretty Nina Legay said, when on the night of the artists' ball he had refused to go with her: 'His voice, his manner, they are adorable, but his eyes—oh! I felt as if I were under old Père Durand, who taught me my letters!'

"And so it was with the rest of us. We all admired him. There was not a girl who was not hopelessly in love with him before he had been with us two weeks. Yet in spite of the simplicity of his nature, we felt that he had been able to read what was deepest in us, and at times this feeling made us positively uneasy.

"In art, too, there was the difference between us. Several of us had painted pictures which had been much praised among the studios. Jules Hervet had even received a prize for his 'Awakening of Love.' Yet there was not one of us who did not acknowledge in the crude art of Eberhard a power that we would have given anything to possess. His coloring was rarely good; often his figures were out of proportion; yet, in spite of all, there was in his work something which showed that he had been able to penetrate to the very truth itself.

"Besides Pierre, Leon Dufour was the one to whom Eberhard was especially attached, and this seemed the strangest part of his whole nature.

Dufour was short and heavily built, both a gourmand and a rake; a man, who through sheer power of enjoyment, had become the acknowledged leader of all our escapades. Although a student at the Beaux Arts, he took his work as distinctly a secondary matter. While many of his sketches showed much natural talent, it could easily be seen that his real reason for being one of us lay in the unhampered Bohemian life in which he took unusual enjoyment. This friendship between the two men continued up to Carnival time, when a sudden event changed the whole state of affairs.

"It was the night before Carnival week, and we had gathered together in Eberhard's room to show each other our gala costumes. Eberhard was dressed as a Flemish painter; Hervet as a courtier; Dufour as a Capuchin monk; Marie, Nina and Pauline as grisettes; and so on through the list. We were all in excellent spirits, and it was some time before we noticed what had become of Eberhard. Suddenly Hervet, who had got up to reach for a glass of wine, uttered an exclamation of surprise.

" 'Here's thrift for you,' he cried. 'Look at Eberhard there; while we drink, he paints. Behold! he has a model before him for which he pays not a sou. Parbleu! no wonder these Americans make money when they turn men's play to their own use!'

"We all looked up; and there before his easel, brush in hand, was Eberhard, quietly sketching the scene before him.

"The picture he called 'The Masqueraders,' and though we laughed at him for working in Carnival time, we gathered almost every day in his room for an hour or so. For the first few days the painting was but in outline, but gradually one figure after another began to take on something peculiar to itself, and we soon were able to criticise them as portraits. As the picture progressed, it showed indeed no particular sign of genius, but the resemblances were excellent. As the figure of the Capuchin monk, for which Dufour was sitting, seemed to give Eberhard considerable trouble, he decided to leave it until the rest of the painting should be finished. As he painted slowly this time did not come until the very end of the Carnival, when one night he told us he was ready to take up the final figure. As the evening wore on, Eberhard

grew more and more absorbed, only stopping for an instant to glance up to where Dufour was sitting, and then burying himself again in his work. Once he was on the point of throwing down his brush in despair, when a new light seemed to come to him and he again set to work.

"At last, as if satisfied with his results, he drew back for a final look at the picture. Suddenly we saw him carry his hand impulsively to his head. Then, as several of us started forward, thinking he was about to faint, he reached out and taking up the picture laid it deliberately back outwards against the wall. He was as pale as death.

" 'The heat must have made my head go wrong,' he said in an odd, strained voice. 'I think I had better leave off painting till tomorrow.'

"The explanation did not accord with his action. But we knew that we should have to be satisfied as best we might. We did not see the picture again that day nor the next, nor the day after. Eberhard avoided the subject, and, especially when Dufour was present, seemed strangely ill at ease. Then gradually he began to keep more and more to himself. He took special care now that whenever any of us entered his room he should be there. Though we always saw the picture where he had last laid it, we never had a chance to get a glimpse of it.

"One rainy night we had met in Hervet's room to while away the time. Somehow the evening proved dull, and for the most part we sat listening to the patter of the rain-drops on the windows. Suddenly Nina, who was seated near the entrance, held up her hand. We heard a shuffling in the room above us. Then the door closed with a clang. We listened for the click which always followed. To our surprise no such sound came, and when we heard Eberhard go stumbling down the stairs and past our room, we looked at each other, questioning. Then, without a word, we filed softly out through the door and up the winding stairs. Dufour was in the lead and opened the door.

"Eberhard's lamp was standing lighted on the table with an open book beside it. We had stopped abashed, when pretty Nina Legay cut short our hesitation by picking up the painting and setting it upright on the easel. A thrill of expectation ran through us and we crowded closely around. The

figures were there as we had seen them last ; there was Hervet, and Edwards, and myself ; there were Nina and Marie, and lastly, half concealed in his huge cloak was the figure of Dufour. Every portrait was excellent and the detail of the scene was admirable, though what could have caused the sudden effect upon Eberhard was a mystery.

"Nina stepped forward and bowed coquettishly before her own reflection. 'You are nearly as pretty as your original!' she cried, laughing.

"The light in her eyes died out, and she stood staring straight at the picture, fascinated at the fearful change slowly coming over it.

"The horror of the thing held us spellbound. Then, with one accord, we turned to where Dufour was standing and saw—Good God! the counterpart of the face that stared at us from the canvas!

"With a terrible scream, Dufour sprang forward, grasped a brush that was lying on the easel and struck wildly at the painting. Yet even as he did so his hands went out before him, and he fell crashing face downwards to the floor.

"Stunned by the suddenness of it all we gathered helplessly together gazing in terror at the figure on the floor. Not a hand was raised in help for fear of the curse we felt impending, and when we heard steps upon the stairs it was more with relief than shame. We knew who it was, and we let him pass through unhindered. He entered the room quietly, even gently. We could see him start when he saw the figure before him, but never once did he lose his self-possession. His face was pale, and his eyes burned oddly, but as he bent over the prostrate figure, there was not the slightest sign to show what he must have felt.

" 'He is living,' he said quietly as he rose from his inspection, 'but I think he will need a doctor'

"From the first the doctors said there was no hope and Dufour was taken to the great hospital of the Sisters of Mercy. For a long while he did not recover consciousness, and each day Eberhard, who watched continually by his bedside, came away from his vigil a little graver and more worn. Then one day, I think the fourth since Dufour had been taken to the hospital, Eber-



hard suddenly entered the room where we were all gathered. There was an expression on his face which we had not seen before.

" 'Dufour gained consciousness this afternoon,' he said quietly. 'I was with him when he died.'

"It was said so gently that for a moment we stood looking at each other in silence. Then Eberhard spoke again, and the note of sadness in his tone had deepened.

" 'I have come to say good-bye. Tomorrow I take the steamer for America.'

"And when we would have cried out against it, he shook his head sadly. 'I was mistaken,' he said. 'I thought I knew better than older men, but I see now how wrong I was. A power such as that given to me could be nothing but a curse. I must return. It is the only way.'

"His voice faltered somewhat toward the end, yet we saw how useless it would be to argue with him. He stretched out his hand and one by one we took it silently. But when he saw little Marie sobbing to herself apart from the rest, he stooped and kissed her gently. The next moment he was gone."

Cuivier ceased speaking and drew back from the table.

"I wonder whether Dufour spoke to him before he died?" I said.

"I wonder?" he answered thoughtfully.

*Grenville Vernon.*

MR. BERNARD SHAW AS A POPULAR DRAMATIST.

"The great works of which the dramatic art is formed are nothing but a series of revolutions accomplished by rebels of genius."—*Jules Janin*.

In 1892 the Independent Theatre in London produced the first of Mr. Bernard Shaw's plays—*Widowers Houses*. The play made a hit, it caused a furore, but a success it was not. The fact that the play was a dramatic lecture on social economics made it immensely popular with the Independents and Socialists, while it merely confused and mystified the average theatre-goer. Following up the attempt to get an actable play by an English dramatist, Mr. Shaw wrote *Arms and the Man*, which appeared in 1894, and ran for some two months and a half. All conditions seemed to favor the production; the first night was brilliant, and public and critics alike spoke of the attempt. But the play was not successful from a financial point of view: the people came, but they could not be induced to come at the right time and in sufficient numbers. For nearly ten years now *Arms and the Man*, and *The Devil's Disciple* have been a part of the repertory of Mr. Richard Mansfield, both of which he has played with apparently ever increasing success. *Mrs. Warren's Profession* also has been staged as has *The Philanderer* and *You Never Can Tell*, but until the present day it is undoubted that Mr. Shaw's reputation as a playwright rests on the two plays which have become famous through Mr. Mansfield's interpretation of the parts of Captain Bluntschli and Dick Dudgeon. I say until the present day because within the past six weeks New York has seen a strong access of Shawism in Mr. Arnold Daly's presentation of *Candida* and the curtain raiser, *The Man of Destiny*.

Let us then take these four plays as typical, and, with perhaps occasional reference to others, discuss their value as reading plays, their value as acting plays, and, in general, the methods and workmanship of the man who wrote them: and dependent upon these considerations the position that Mr. Shaw does—or should—occupy as a dramatic author.

Broadly speaking, Mr. Shaw's publicity as a printed author, a critic, a socialist and a novelist, obscures his fame as a playwright. He has done all these things first; done them with brilliancy and honest originality; and last, he has turned his hand to the writing of plays. But when he sets about writing a play he does it with such good-humored and frankly expressed contempt for what he considers the failures of others; he explains his own *modus operandi* so exhaustively and lays bare his own fascinatingly open and justifiable conceit to such an extent that he inevitably antagonizes the critic or the reader whose own modicum of conceit is of the self-conscious sort that instinctively hates a slight exhibition of the same quality in another. This applies to the person who is familiar with Shaw through his printed work and who cannot clearly see the dramatic through the pages of the printed play. That is just what Shaw is aiming at. He believes—and rightly—that plays should be printed; he believes that in the printed plays characters should be exhaustively explained so that the theatre-going public (which should also be the play-reading public, and viceversa) may have an opportunity of judging a character aside from, and unhampered by, the personal interpretation which this or that individual performer may choose to give it. In short—print your plays and let the public judge for itself. And with this in mind—remembering that Mr. Shaw is ever an explainer and an arguer—the reading public has accepted him at the old valuation of a brilliantly clever writer and has refused to change itself into a theatre-going public and to accept him as a creator of the dramatic for presentation in stage form. To that class—and it is a large one—Bernard Shaw is "that witty Irishman who writes such clever dialogue." The very fact of brilliancy of dialogue seems to dim the mind of the average reader to the perception of underlying dramatic strength. That there is some justification for this attitude is undoubted; it is an old stage maxim that line cleverness *per se* is detrimental to the acting progression of a play. The fact that Mr. Shaw has always printed his plays and that the most far-famed quality of those printed plays has ever been "surface-brilliancy" has militated to some degree against his acceptance as an acted playwright. He has never been a popular playwright; he has always been

looked upon as a writer of the "closet drama." Clever, original, fantastic, cynical—are some of the adjectives commonly applied to his work. All of which is true—but that there is nothing more, only pig-headed prudery or stupid newspaper criticism will deny. What more is there then; and if it is there, why is it not recognized at its true value?

First and last—the explanation—but not the fault—is in Mr. Shaw himself. He has never written a play which would stoop to the comprehension of the meanest of his audience. He writes honestly and fearlessly—sometimes almost nonsensically—exactly what he believes. He refuses to prostitute his art to the stupidly low level of public demand. A play to succeed must be within the comprehension of the least literate person among the audience. The dramatist's working rule must be parallel to Wordsworth's famous "theory of poetry"—but for far more practical reasons—those of financial success to the manager, who cares little whether a seat be filled by the Poet Laureate or by the less æsthetic proportions of a gentlemanly bar-tender—so long as it be filled. Staging a play is a business proposition, and to the usual run of managers one man's money is as good as another's. There are conscientious managers who will run the better type of play—who will make an occasional appeal to a higher class of audience—as often as they can afford it. They are willing to make spasmodic attempts to raise the standard of contemporary taste, but they are naturally quite unwilling to do so to the serious inconvenience of their own pocket-books. One reason why Mr. Shaw's plays have not been successful from the standpoint of the manager and the general public is simply, as I have shown, because he writes above the heads of his audience. Wit of the finer and keener sort will fill the breasts of the select few in the pit with an almost hysterical delight; but it will not penetrate the sluggish mind of the gentleman in the gallery. And, sadly enough, it is true that the manager makes his money out of the gentleman in the gallery. And Mr. Shaw, in his wholesale disregard of that individual, has deliberately renounced his title to popularity of the Pinero or Fitch order. The following extract is from the preface to *Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant*—"Knowing quite well what I was doing I have heaped difficulties in the way of the performance of my plays by ignor-

ing the majority of the manager's customers—nay by positively making war upon them." He defines his own position, says what he is going to do and how he is going to do it, and leaves it to the public to accept or reject. Mr. Shaw exhibits a sublime disregard of everyone's opinion. If he does happen to write something which according to his view comes unfortunately close to pleasing too many people;—something that promises a popular success,—he is close upon its heels with a keenly analytical criticism to prove irrefutably the utter rottenness of his own production. He is perverse—childishly so; his insensate instinct to probe the weak in anything—to turn the laugh against everything, not excepting his own writing, makes him at once his own worst defamer and his own best critic. Some years ago a Shaw play was put on in London. The first performance was received with enthusiasm and Mr. Shaw was called before the curtain for a speech. The applause was so thunderous that for some minutes the playwright could not make himself heard. But finally when the noise subsided and he was about to begin, a voice in the gallery shouted in stentorian tones, "ROTTEN!" "I know it, my friend," cried Shaw without an instant's hesitation, "but what can you and I do against an ignorant rabble like this?" Is it any wonder that such a gentleman is as much misunderstood as he is disliked?

So much for the man's personality and his relation to the stage. We now come to a more intimate discussion of particular plays and characters. I will refer again to the four productions which are for several reasons most familiar to the American public: *The Devil's Disciple*, *Arms and the Man*, *Candida*, and *The Man of Destiny*. With these as a basis let us discover, if possible, what is his attitude towards life, what he is trying to accomplish, and what his methods of dramatic composition are. With Mr. Shaw himself ever ready to explain far more clearly than we can, it ought not to be an over-difficult task.

Briefly then, Mr. Shaw is of a school of his own; his philosophy—if comparable to any—an offshoot of Nietzsche's. His chief belief is in the presentation of things as they are; not "realism" in the conventional sense

of the day, but more "actualism," if I may be allowed the term. The romantic and the ideal he not only bitterly detests to such an extent that the mere mention of those dramatic points of view make his pen splutter with indignant inability to express its contempt for them; he not only detests romanticism and idealism, but he faithfully and honestly disbelieves in their existence save as words. "My conception of Romance as the great heresy to be rooted out from art and life as the root of modern pessimism and the bane of modern self-respect. . . . idealism, which is only a flattering name for romance in politics and morals, is as obnoxious to me as romance in ethics or religion." Thus his actualism consists in making people do on the stage what they would do in real life and for real-life reasons. Let us take *The Devil's Disciple*. Mr. Mansfield put it on in New York in 1897 and played it with much success. At first he stuck to the interpretation of Dick Dudgeon's character as supplied to him by Mr. Shaw. Dick is at heart a Puritan of Puritans who, instead of God, has taken the Devil as his deity. He appears in the ultra puritanical society of his time as a reprobate and a scoundrel. Our stage conception of him is based, to begin with, simply and wholly on what his contemporaries think of him. They consider him an outcast—so we are compelled to do so. As a matter of fact, he is not so bold and bad as his fellow characters would have him. He goes through the play—hampered by his black reputation—and suddenly surprises the audience by an exhibition of all the manly virtues. He stands ready to sacrifice his life apparently to please the foolish little wife of the minister, and in her unguarded moment of hysterical passion refuses coldly her offer to fly with him to the ends of the earth, etc. It is simply the old, old story of enlisting the sympathies of the audience by showing a host of good qualities in a character hitherto considered irredeemable. It is not new—it is not original; it is some years since Bret Harte used precisely the same expedient in *The Outcasts of Poker Flats* and, in fact, in most of his Western stories. But what appalled the critics in the case of *The Devil's Disciple* was that they could find no logical motive to prompt Dick to an heroic deed of self-sacrifice. If he did not love Mrs. Anderson—what in the name of all the tragic muses made him want to lay down his life for the sake

of her husband? They could see only the romantic motive of love to explain the act. The fact that Dick actually did the thing compelled by the inner necessities of his own puritanical, but dare-devil nature—that he really would have done it, as he said, for any woman—was an hypothesis beyond their wildest comprehension. So, driven to it by the weight of criticism, the actor was compelled to change the whole theme of the play and “every night confirmed the critics by stealing behind Judith, and mutely attesting his passion by surreptitiously imprinting a heart-broken kiss on a stray lock of her hair whilst he uttered the barren denial.” In short, the play was changed from a pure exposition of Mr. Shaw’s character of Dudgeon into an ordinary historical melodrama enlivened by great brilliancy of dialogue in the third act. And as such it has ever since maintained its position. It is to some extent a matter of speculation how far the play would succeed were the audience thoroughly to understand the author’s meaning—to understand that the motive of love was wholly wanting in causing Dudgeon’s attitude. It is also a matter of question whether a play will succeed if love is not used as the central theme. Act III. in *The Devil’s Disciple* is head and shoulders above the rest for the situation and dialogue. The dialogue between Dick and Burgoyne in the court-room scene, when the former is on trial for his life, is not only supremely witty, but dramatic and moving to a degree. Mr. Shaw has never drawn a character so swiftly and surely as he has here succeeded with a few certain strokes in giving a familiar portrait of Burgoyne. I shall insert a page of the best:—

SWINDON—What do you expect me to think of that speech, Mr. Anderson?

RICHARD—I never expect a soldier to think, Sir.

[BURGOYNE *is boundlessly delighted at this retort, which almost reconciles him to the loss of America.*]

SWINDON [*whitening with anger*—I advise you not to be insolent, prisoner.

RICHARD—You can’t help yourself, General. When you make up your mind to hang a man, you put yourself at a disadvantage with him. Why should I be civil to you? I may as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb.

SWINDON—You have no right to assume that the court has made up its mind without a fair trial. And will you please not address me as “General.” I am Major Swindon.

RICHARD—A thousand pardons. I thought I had the honor of addressing "Gentlemanly Johnny."

[*Sensation among the officers. The SERGEANT has a narrow escape from a guffaw.*]

BURGOYNE [*with extreme suavity*—I believe I am Gentlemanly Johnny, Sir, at your service. My more intimate friends call me General Burgoyne. [RICHARD bows with perfect politeness.] You will understand, Sir, I hope, since you seem to be a gentleman and a man of some spirit despite your calling, that if we should have the misfortune to hang you, we shall do so as a mere matter of political necessity and military duty, without any personal ill-feeling.

RICHARD—Oh, quite so. That makes all the difference in the world, of course.

[*They all smile in spite of themselves; and some of the younger officers burst out laughing.*]

JUDITH [*her dread and horror deepening at every one of these jests and compliments*—How can you?

RICHARD—You promised to be silent.

BURGOYNE [*to JUDITH, with studied courtesy*—Believe me, Madam, your husband is placing us under the greatest obligation by taking this very disagreeable business so thoroughly in the spirit of a gentleman. Sergeant: give Mr. Anderson a chair. [*The SERGEANT does so. RICHARD sits down.*] Now, Major Swindon: we are waiting for you.

SWINDON—You are aware, I presume, Mr. Anderson, of your obligations as a subject of his Majesty, King George the Third.

RICHARD—I am aware, Sir, that his Majesty, King George the Third is about to hang me because I object to Lord North's robbing me.

SWINDON—That is a treasonable speech, Sir.

RICHARD [*briefly*—Yes, I meant it to be.

BURGOYNE [*strongly deprecating this line of defence, but still polite*—Don't you think, Mr. Anderson, that this is a rather—if you will excuse the word—a vulgar line to take? Why should you cry out robbery because of a stamp duty and a tea duty and so forth? After all, it is the essence of your position as a gentleman that you pay with good grace.

RICHARD—It is not the money, General, but to be swindled by a pig-headed lunatic like King George—

SWINDON [*scandalized*—Chut, Sir,—silence!

SERGEANT [*in stentorian tones, greatly shocked*—Silence!

BURGOYNE [*unruffled*—Ah, that is another point of view. My position does not allow of my going into that except in private. But [*shrugging his shoulders*] of course, Mr. Anderson, if you are determined to be hanged [*JUDITH flinches*] there's nothing more to be said. An unusual taste, however [*with a final shrug*—!



And so the dialogue goes on; always witty and interesting, but never retarding the action of the piece as a whole. The last part of the act is less excellent—the parson, turned-soldier, appears in the nick of time, and Dudgeon is saved from the gallows. But the action is more woodeny, the stage devices more mechanical; a let-down on the whole from the tremendously dramatic situation of the court room scene. In spite of this the play was really a popular success. Mr Norman Hapgood inclines to the opinion that it was a success only because “Mr. Shaw made more concessions and used in several places very ordinary melodrama.”—A plausible statement which, to my mind, indicates a thorough and deep-rooted misunderstanding on Mr. Hapgood’s part of the whole point of the play. The author never made the “concessions”; the actor did it for him and quite without his knowledge or permission. As far as the actual plot and stage devices go, Mr. Shaw, as he frankly states, uses “very ordinary melodrama.” Such a thing as originality of plot there is not. There is only originality of point of view, originality of character, and *apparent* originality of specific incident. The last three qualities Mr. Shaw embodies in *The Devil’s Disciple*, and its success is due to a combination of them and to a rare keenness of wit in actual dialogue.

With the presentation of *Arms and the Man* Mr. Shaw made an even fiercer attack upon the romantic and the ideal. In playing Captain Bluntschli Mr. Mansfield had no chance of reading possible romance into the part, so that the play stands pretty much as its author intended it. Captain Bluntschli is the realistic hero of today; a thorough soldier, a thorough tactician, who knows from experience that a cake of sweet chocolate in the field is a more valuable asset than a revolver full of cartridges. For purposes of dramatic contrast this mercantile soldier-man is thrown into contact with the good old-fashioned blood-and-thunder hero who charges a battery to the cannon’s mouth and so wins the battle. But it later transpires that the battery was out of ammunition and that, moreover, the valiant hero’s horse was running away with him! The business-like hero naturally has things all his own way, and eventually marries the young lady who was formerly betrothed to the blood-and-thunder hero: a final arrangement which—judging from the young lady’s character—

has always led me to suspect that Mr. Shaw was laughing at the world both ways. In this play, again, Mr. Shaw always extracts the commonplace, always conscientiously shows the actual and ignores the set of romantically ideal motives which the average dramatist would have employed. Captain Bluntschli is an excellent and capable gentleman, but most commonplace and practical. Sergius is in appearance a stunning young god of a soldier, but, as far as we can see, a cad with half a dozen different natures. Bluntschli—the “chocolate-cream soldier”—proves master of the situation and reaps all the rewards. Clearly not a play to suit the romantic tastes of the matinee goer! Realism, rank, arrant realism—every bit of it, but with the saving grace of wit and the inevitable conclusion of truth. The play is a great satire on all the warlike heroes that the world has seen. It vaunts the commonplace of today and ruthlessly crushes the ideals of the past.

*Candida* has proved popular because it has a strong dramatic interest, which is well sustained to the very end. In distinction to the two plays of which we have just been speaking, *Candida* is by far the best in the last act. I cannot recall a single play of the day in which there are so many surely drawn and unforgettable characters as in *Candida*. Morell, Marchbanks, Burgess, Candida, and Prossy; if you have seen the play once or read it once, you will never forget the strong individuality of each one of these. *Candida* does not seem to fit into the regular class of Shaw plays. It possesses the same brilliant characteristics and the same eccentricities which stamp it as distinctly Shawistic, but the qualities are blended in such a way as to give it a wholly different tone. It is a huge satire on the English clergyman—but so skilfully and delicately handled that we find our sympathies strongly with the satirized parson. If the play could be played as it was written, it would be even more successful than it now is. Mr. Arnold Daly as Eugene Marchbanks is excellent; and with the exception of one or two comparatively unimportant points has succeeded in giving the part the proper interpretation. He is a conscientious worker and is what few actors are—willing to be faithfully subservient to the expressed and implied intentions of the author. But Miss Donnelly in the title-role shows that she either totally misunderstands the part or else

wilfully misrepresents it: neither of which explanations is creditable to her. She portrays Candida as a half-innocent, half-clever flirt who juggles her husband and her young poet lover to her heart's content, and abandons her position only when she finds that the two men have taken the affair out of her hands. As a matter of fact, Candida is not at all a flirt, except in so far as every woman who is worth her salt has some of the flirt in her make-up. One of the New York evening papers published a criticism of *Candida* in which the reviewer—for the sake of the paper I will not call him a critic—referred to Candida as a woman whose “innocence was appalling”—a conception more stupidly pernicious, if possible, than the first. Crass stupidity in journalistic criticism is one of the chief difficulties with which Mr. Shaw has to contend. In truth Candida is neither a flirt nor a woman whose “innocence is appalling.” Innocent she is—if by that is meant innocence of intent other than good. But innocent of knowing that the poet loves her she certainly is not. She is a whimsically sweet woman who loves her husband and understands him and his foibles and petty faults: loves him—not despite his faults—but simply with them. Secure in her own strength and the comforting reflection that she has only two men to deal with, she considers that the best way to cure the poet of his love is to treat him as she would a child, with affectionate contempt. The result is disastrous: the men get together—the frenzied poet tells the pastor that he loves his wife; and the pastor, driven to the verge of distraction, calls upon Candida to choose between them. Candida delivers herself of a string of what Miss Donnelly would have us believe are sarcasms, and finally says, “I give myself to the weaker”—meaning her husband—and it is “out into the night” with the poet. But Candida is not a flirt, nor did she at any time have the remotest intention of transferring her affections to the half-crazy boy. She made the womanly mistake of reckoning without the men who loved her—hence the play.

*Candida* is one of those rare plays which depends wholly upon characterization for its dramatic interest. Without being morbid or sensational, without the slightest appeal to pruriency it is in the highest degree dramatic. The situations are the more powerful as being the direct outcome of the

interrelation of the characters themselves. Nothing is accidental; there is no reliance upon specific incident; the characters demand the situations—not the situations the characters.

*The Man of Destiny* is usually spoken of as a "brilliant little play"—which it certainly is. Mr. Shaw himself refers to it as "a bravura piece to display the virtuosity of the two principal performers." In short, a cleverly fantastic curtain raiser to prove to the public that Mr. Shaw's merciless pen does not falter even before the task of showing the cruel, the vain, and the animal in Napoleon himself. The picture is not a pretty one; but it is powerful and staggering to those who have been accustomed to bow down in hero worship to the little Corporal. We have always known that Napoleon was far from a good man, but it is a trifle disconcerting to face such a wholesale unmasking as the author presents. "No man is a hero to Bernard Shaw—he is first a man"—writes Mr. Acton Davies in the *New York Sun*, showing that he is about the only newspaper critic who really understands Shaw. "He is first a man"—could there be any prettier compliment paid to one who is trying to write the thing as it is? If Napoleon was as Shaw would have him—and it seems easily possible—the play is valuable. If the picture is not a true one, it is still an extraordinarily clever bit of character work, and one which should hold the stage for some time to come. Perhaps the best bit in the whole piece is Napoleon's bitter tirade against the English. It is so good and so eminently characteristic of its author that it is worth transcribing in full.

NAPOLEON—No, because the English are a race apart. No Englishman is too low to have scruples; no Englishman is high enough to be free from their tyranny. But every Englishman is born with a certain miraculous power that makes him master of the world. When he wants a thing he never tells himself that he wants it. He waits patiently until there comes into his mind, no one knows how, a burning conviction that it is his moral and religious duty to conquer those who have got the thing he wants. Then he becomes irresistible. Like the aristocrat, he does what pleases him and grabs what he wants; like the shopkeeper, he pursues his purpose with the industry and steadfastness that comes from strong religious conviction and deep sense of moral responsibility. He is never at a loss for an effective moral attitude. As a great champion of freedom and national independence, he conquers and annexes half the world, and

calls it Colonization. When he wants a new market for his adulterated Manchester goods, he sends a missionary to teach the natives the gospel of peace. The natives kill the missionary; he flies to arms in defence of Christianity; fights for it; conquers for it; and takes the market as a reward from heaven. In defence of his island shores, he puts a chaplain on board his ship; nails a flag with a cross on it to his top-gallant mast; and sails to the ends of the earth, sinking, burning and destroying all who dispute the empire of the seas with him. He boasts that a slave is free the moment his foot touches British soil; and he sells the children of his poor at six years of age to work under the lash in his factories for sixteen hours a day. He makes two revolutions, and then declares war on our one in the name of law and order. There is nothing so bad or so good that you will not find Englishmen doing it; but you will never find an Englishman in the wrong. He does everything on principle. He fights you on patriotic principles; he robs you on business principles; he enslaves you on imperial principles; he bullies you on manly principles; he supports his king on loyal principles, and cuts off his king's head on republican principles. His watchword is always duty; and he never forgets that the nation which lets its duty get on the opposite side to its interest is lost.

"The stage is a lie; make it as truthful as possible," wrote Voltaire. "The romantic is an optimistic deformation of things," said Jules Lemaitre. Mr. Shaw realizes the first and thoroughly believes the second. With these principles in mind, he has gone fearlessly ahead to present the facts of life as he sees them. That his outlook upon life is different from other men's, matters not at all so long as his presentation of that outlook takes a sufficiently interesting and sufficiently dramatic form. A renouncing of the romantic and the ideal is not alone enough to cause plays to fail. On the contrary, the public dearly loves a heretic; provided the heresies are advanced in a novel and clever manner. Some misguided individuals have claimed that a basic fault in Mr. Shaw's plays is the fact that his characters are not sufficiently pronounced in one way or another; that the good or the evil—as the case may be—is not accentuated sharply enough. In other words, they claim a fault because his heroes have bad as well as good qualities and his villains good as well as bad qualities: a cavil to which I take extreme exception and in explanation of which I must again quote Mr. Shaw. "The obvious conflicts of unmistakable good with unmistakable evil can only supply the crude drama of

villain and hero, in which some absolute point of view is taken, and the dissentients are treated by the dramatist as enemies to be deliberately and piously vilified. In such cheap wares I do not deal . . . . I have allowed each person his or her own point of view." I do not believe that a playwright need glorify life or "put magnified characters in ideal situations"—if by so doing he departs from actual truth. The bottom principle should be honestly to speak truth. If the playgoing public of the day has been fed an epicure's fare of highly seasoned romance and truthless idealism, it is the worse for the public: the public should be taught better. I do not for a moment admit that Mr. Shaw does not conform to the fundamental principles of dramatic construction. I not only deny that, but will hazard the assertion that he follows those principles more faithfully than nine out of ten of the dramatists living. A moment's reflection will convince anyone that Mr. Shaw's characters are as complete in themselves—as positive in their standpoints—as can be desired. A character to be positive does not need to be positive in good or positive in bad. Unless the stage is going hopelessly to the dogs, it must be possible to put on a character that contains the human, real life attributes of both good and bad. The dramatic value of such a character is in no way interfered with; if the point of view is clearly made and always strongly urged, the character will not be found wanting in interest. The mistake lies in assuming that real life cannot be portrayed on the stage; it can, it always has been, and it always will be. Now, I do not mean to defend that kind of realism which is carried to an absurd extent; I do most strongly defend realism or actualism of the stamp that Mr. Shaw gives us. He is quite right in making Dick Dudgeon act from motives other than the hackneyed one of love. His play is a play because it is the presentation of a dramatic crisis, and the deed of self-sacrifice is possibly all the more effective because occasioned by no other motive than the inner necessity of the character himself. If Richard would have done as he did in real life, there is no possible objection to his doing it on the stage for the same real-life reason. That is not the trouble. The point is that it is difficult to make the audience comprehend the less obvious motive. And that is the gist of the matter. It is not that Bernard Shaw is

wrong, but that Bernard Shaw is almost universally misunderstood. If he were understood, he would be far better liked. The now celebrated *bon mot*,—"Pinero at his best is life at its worst"—has been paraphrased to apply to Shaw, but without reason. He does not show life at its worst, but life as it actually is in his eyes, denuded of the romantic and the ideal; and between the two there is a vast difference.

It is safe, then, to conclude that the great difficulty is not a structural one. Faults there are of course, such as slight let-downs and comparative weakness of last acts; but as for that, there are a dozen popular playwrights whose structural offences are far more flagrant. If the bar to popularity is not fundamental, what is it? It is half a dozen things, some of which I shall try to enumerate.

First, as I have already noted, Mr. Shaw writes far above the heads of the average audience: he can never hope to attain the popularity of Clyde Fitch—praise be. His plays are for the intelligent and the well-read spectator, and the stage is in crying need of a man who can write for the cultivated class. We would be ashamed to read "The Fireside Companion" or some other penny-dreadful that brings joy to the breast of the maid in the kitchen; but we are not ashamed to sit in the pit and enthusiastically applaud some choice sentiment which the very same maid is delightedly clapping from her seat in the gallery! There is no reason why the better class should not listen to the better playwright.

The next difficulty is the acting; and directly dependent upon that—the stupidity of newspaper criticism. As Mr. Davies says in this regard—"few playwrights are so much at the mercy of a dull company or an audience dull at collaboration." We have spoken of the audience and we have spoken of the acting. Let Mr. Shaw's plays be acted correctly and there would be little difficulty about correctly understanding them. The dissemination of false and radically untrue ideas through the agency of blandly ignorant newspaper reporters is an evil for which there is apparently no cure. The theatre-going public will read poor criticisms and they will get erroneous views. There is no help for it.

My final point is one which I do not recall ever having heard raised,

though to my mind it is one of signal importance as determining the popularity or unpopularity of a playwright. It concerns the sex composition of an audience. Go to the evening performance of any city theatre and you will find that the majority of the spectators are women. Go to a matinee and you will scarcely find one man to ten women. The man that goes to the theatre by himself or with other men is a comparatively rare article. Broadly speaking, men go to the theatre because women want them to. The business man comes home tired and dutifully goes to the play his wife or daughters have selected for him. The young man goes to the play his sweetheart wants to see and of which she has heard from her girl friends. Social activity is wholly a contrivance of women; when society goes to the theatre, the choice of the play is a female one. What is the conclusion? That the vast majority of the theatre's patrons are women: and that the popular playwright is the one who is popular with women and who caters to the love of romantic and to the hankering after the ideal, which I will venture to suggest—though I am far from having the courage of an absolute assertion—is more inherent in woman than in man. What chance has Mr. Shaw in such an assembly? Little or none. Women are very ready to admire his brilliancy and cleverness, but it is only natural that they should strongly condemn his general tone of contempt towards themselves. Mr. Shaw has never drawn what you could call a really good woman. *Candida* is his nearest approach to it. He frankly and avowedly detests women save in the capacity of necessary concomitants of the continuance of existence. Mr. Shaw will get little mercy from the ladies, nor do I think he deserves it. They are the ones by whom a dramatist must rise or fall; and it is beyond reason to ask them to become enraptured over the productions of an author who treats them as cavalierly as does Mr. Shaw. Admire him for all his qualities of brilliancy, they will and do. But love him they will not. Women of the middle and common classes will tolerate the eroticism of Pinero and the morbidly anatomical genius of Ibsen; they will brook—nay—possibly revel in—the voluptuous indecencies of *Zaza*; they will condone almost any exhibition of their moral weaknesses, but they will not suffer the least affront to their beloved ideals of all-pervading romance.



Women instinctively and rightly demand that they be placed on a pedestal. The playwright who does not do so can never be a popular playwright. Mr. Shaw is very nearly a great playwright—clever, with originality of expression and conception, and with a finely finished literary form. But until he becomes willing to show more tolerance for the weaknesses of women and more admiration for their virtues, he will have to content himself with the remark of Alexander Dumas, Fils: "The spectator gives only success, the reader gives fame."

*Walton Atwater Green.*

---

SONG OF THE FAWN.

Oh, come from your oak, my nymph, my nymph,  
Oh, come from your oak to me,—  
The first bird flutters above your head,  
And the first green wakes the lea.

Oh, come from your oak and sing your song  
To drowsing field and stream;  
Your harp shall be the rustling boughs,  
The stirring flow'rs your theme.

The trembling bloom shall know your call,  
The bud your waking sighs,—  
And we will breathe in a thousand lips,  
And open a thousand eyes.

*Hermann Hagedorn, Jr.*

*A PIONEER OF THE FOOTHILLS.*

"Dawson," I asked, as I finished washing a knife and fork by rubbing them in the sand, "why does the road turn way out around the mouth of Cañon Largo? There's no gulch, is there?"

"I guess you are a tenderfoot sure if you ain't heard that," replied Dawson. "I reckoned everybody knew it was haunted. You see that tumble down shanty sitting back up the cañon? Well, the Mexicans think there is ghosts there and won't go near it. When I get this pony hobbled I'll tell you how it come about."

Dawson was one of the oldest cattlemen in the Don Carlos Hills. He and I, after riding all day in search of unbranded calves, had pitched our camp on the Red River, a few miles below where the wagon road curves around the mouth of Cañon Largo. We were now lying by the fire waiting for the last yellow glow to fade out behind the hills before turning in for the night.

"That house up there used to belong to a fellow called Burnap," Dawson continued when he was once more seated. "Bob Burnap was his name, or, as he come to be knowed, 'Red-clawed Bob.' When Bob come here and took up that claim yonder he was as nice an' pleasant a man as you'd want to see. He had brought with him from the States the prettiest wife I ever set eyes on and, as was natural, he was all absorbed in looking out for her.

"In those days I had a bunch of cattle over east here in the Burro, so I used to drop in and see them pretty often. He and I was always extra good friends because we both thought it was more fun to keep a straight eye and a steady arm to hunt with, than lose our nerves over poker at night. So, naturally, I could see how careful he was to make life pleasant for his young wife, and, when he rounded up a bunch of cattle and took 'em to Vegas to sell, so he could surprise her with a ticket home over the new Sante Fé railroad, I was in on the deal.

"I recollect it was Sunday he got started, and on Friday he come riding

over to my place to see if I had seen anything of his wife. Her saddle was gone and he was all broke up for fear she had got hurt. I had seen nothin' of her, so we rode right back to search. But it was no use. The down stage from Springer had left a note sayin' she was on her way east with a cowboy. I was for following them up, and me and another fellow said we'd stake him for the deal, but he shook his head and rode off to his cattle.

"I disremember how long he laid low, but for a long while we didn't see much of him. He seemed to live way up the cañon alone with his cattle. About that time, too, I moved my herd down to the Pecos river county, and for a few years I didn't see him at all. When I come back the mines down here on the Chico were opened up, an' his ranch, lying close to the mouth of the cañon, had become a handy camp for travellers to and from the mines. He had a half-breed girl keeping house for him then, and at the mines where I first showed up they told me he was runnin' a sort o' tavern up there.

"The first I saw of them they was livin' comfortable enough, but when we come in from the stable I saw him actin' queer an' rush in ahead of us an' get his housekeeper out o' sight before we come in, and there he kept her till we was gone. From all I could find he seemed to be crazy jealous of that coyote girl. Probably livin' too long alone with his cattle and broodin' over his wife's leaving wa'n't good for him, but anyhow, from the girl's story, he was bad locoed from the time she come to live with him.

"About a year after the mines opened, he come home one evening and found her servin' lunch to a tired, foot-sore, young fellow who was hoofin' it to the mines. Bob didn't say much, but after that night the stranger wa'n't seen no more. Other fellows he caught speaking with her went the same way, but everybody was busy and didn't miss 'em. Well, pretty soon he quit going out to his cattle at all, but all day sat drinkin' bad whisky and all night playing reckless at poker with his guests. His cattle strayed an' were stolen and all his regular income was cut off, but still he kept losin' wads at poker. It looks as though some one would 'ave caught on where he was getting his money, but everybody was too busy to think. Besides folks don't care much where a man gets it so long as he spends it free. With so many going to an'

fro all the while, a few disappearing didn't raise no stampede, and I reckon, after he got his hand in, Bob was picking out a rich one now an' then, besides those he was loaded for.

"How long it would 'ave gone on nobody knows, but the young coyote flushed him. It was along in the winter, three years after the mines opened up. I was up to the Mud-flat tavern, when along toward morning there was a racket at the door and in come the girl from Bob's sayin' they was all alone up there an' Bob in a sort o' loco fit had got mad at their little girl for coughing an'—. Here she got kind o' looney herself, but we sized up the kid's neck was twisted, an' when she come to again she told a lot more o' things he'd done.

"It seemed a sort o' duty, so that morning we got up a jury an' went down to take Bob by storm. But there wa'n't no need. He was all over his mad and was sittin' by the fire smokin' peaceable. When we come in he called us by names we'd never heard before, all the while lookin' us over kind o' queer. I reckon he had gone plumb daft and thought he was back in the States, for he went on askin' us how the crops was and 'lowed it was a powerful rain we was havin'. His talk was so natural like, if you hadn't knowed there wa'n't no crops for two hundred miles an' there hadn't been no rain for three months, you might 'ave thought he was all right.

"Loco or not we had our business to do, so a couple o' the fellows took care of him while the rest of us looked around a bit. It didn't take much lookin' to see the coyote girl had been dead right, least ways she hadn't been tellin' more'n the truth. So we come right back to report. Well, border law has it own justice and it don't have no place for asylums, so we just cashed in his chips, an' left a note givin' our names an' sayin' it was all done proper.

"Since then the Greasers 'ave fought shy o' the cañon and tell such tales of 'Old Red-clawed Bob,' as they call him, that it makes you shiver to hear 'em. They don't dare go within a mile of the old house nor camp anywhere in sight of it. That's how the road comes to swing out so."

Dawson got up to unroll his bed and added, "I reckon she'll keep on swingin' out as long as Mexicans is runnin' it. But ain't it about time we was turnin' in?"

*P. P. Crosbie.*

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### Editorial.

The President's report is always food for reflection; but in the report for this year there is one thing that comes particularly close to undergraduate affairs. It is the matter of "signing-off." The figures would be amusing if they were not so nearly disgraceful. Briefly, they show that the undergraduates in the college are sick ten times as much as the rest of the university, if the number of "sign-offs" may be taken as indicative. Of course nobody fancies that this is the truth; it is only the good old story of the man that "signed off for every disease his janitor could spell."

Two remedies for this appear, neither exclusive of the other. One is a sense of "squareness" in dealing with the Office. The other is a modification of the rules of attendance. The former is too obvious to need comment. It is an undergraduate custom as old as the existence of the disciplinary officer himself to treat "the Office" as fair prey for any deceit that will pass. The fact that the Office treats us with something more than squareness is, of course, no bar to our treating it in a manner quite opposite. We will continue to act as if we were under the police restriction of a boarding-school; it is an evidence of manliness to cheat the powers that be. The whole affair is so ridiculously childish that it almost seems unfortunate to have it appear in print.

The other alternative has been tried. When the "University" ideal first began to fascinate the authorities, attendance upon lectures was no longer to be taken. In practice this was found to be impossible in the College. Men scattered from the ice carnival in Montreal to the hotels of Old Point Comfort in search of "relaxation"; and the privilege had to be withdrawn from the

College. It was clear that the undergraduate with time and good spirits and little work could not find Cambridge interesting enough. But even with attendance taken the evil changes, not its existence, but its form. Instead of frankly leaving town we indulge in bronchitis and neuralgia, to which Montreal is distinctly preferable.

It is reasonable to ask more honesty in dealing with the Office; but at the same time one must admit that the undergraduate who looks on college as an excuse for a good time is pretty apt to succumb to the temptation to get a few days off. The more so that the system as a whole is not a little farcical. Theoretically cuts are not allowed; in practice three a week, if judiciously distributed, may be taken without danger. If one is indisposed he may send a room-mate or friend to sign him off for a few days. The Medical Visitor makes a formal little call and suggests that rest is needed. But there is no use in going into details. We all know how well this system lends itself to avoiding attendance. And if there is no active restraint no mere regulation, or even a sense of duty, will keep men from taking advantages of its weak points.

Another restraint ought, however, to be possible. There is no question that many men come to college with the sole intention of having a good time. And under present conditions it is quite easy enough to have it. The elective system lets them slip along on a ridiculously small amount of work. And even a moderate sprinkling of "Es" does no harm further than putting a man on probation, or at most dropping a class. As they remain "socially" in their own class such punishment is not very serious. The matter, too, of a degree need not be troublesome. Of course this does not apply to the serious student; there is little sickness in his ranks. For the butterfly, however, and even for the more soberly colored of these, the sign-off is a great temptation.

If, however, everyone were given an interest in going to lectures which were just as keen as that in cutting them, we might reasonably look for better-

ment. The method of giving that interest is obvious. An A. B. represents a remarkably small amount of work for most of us; the very fact that so many get it in three years without extraordinary effort is proof enough of this. It would drive few to desperation if the work required were much greater; and it would drive many to study. With our pleasant happy-go-lucky elective system, we can slip along with almost no term-time work, and little enough for the examinations. The inducements to cut are numerous and those to attend but few. But make it more difficult to get a degree and the order is changed. If no attendance were taken the Freshman butterfly would fly very high for two months; then he would be conditioned. Under present circumstances he is allowed to hang on in various "dropped" states as long, practically, as his family will stand it. If he were made to feel, however, that when he flunked two of his hour examinations he would have to leave college and go to *work* (the contrast is significant) and if he knew that he would have to do some fairly hard work to avoid that disaster, we might have far less of the present semi-humorous, semi-disgraceful tricks for dodging the Office.

We shall have to come back soon to the old real question: "Is college a place to get an education or to take on without effort what is called 'culture'?" The older generation is getting a little suspicious of that term "culture." It seems to them to mean that sons are taught to wear more expensive clothes than their fathers, to be over-tolerant toward the naughtiness of life, to look upon brain exertion as unbecoming a "gentleman,"—and so on. "Why," says the father—he usually sits at his desk eight hours a day—"What's the use of spending money to teach a boy a lot of things he has got to forget,—and mighty soon at that?"

And the meanest part of it all is that there's a good deal of truth in what those fathers say. The one thing that most of us do *not* learn here is the

habit of work, good honest plodding *work*. We shall have to learn it some day—when the four-year remittance plan stops—or fail. “Flunking an exam” carries with it no whit of disgrace and pathetically little penalty; flunking in business, flunking in a profession does carry with it a very keenly felt disgrace and the penalty of being a nobody or at best a “might-have-been.”

Here's the way some people talk about us—this from an outside magazine: “The chief error of the colleges lies in the fact that they have separated the world of culture from the world of work. That formidable fence at Harvard symbols the popular idea of culture. It is exclusive,—it means stand back. Begone! Culture costs and is for the Elect Few. The giving of degrees and diplomas to people who have done no useful thing is puerile and absurd, since degrees so secured are no proof of competence, and tend to inflate the holder with the idea that he is some great one, when, probably, he is not.” We can call that vulgar. But don't let us be too well-bred to see what truth there is there. We generally are when anyone talks about us,—our good breeding becomes instantly thickness of skin.

But people didn't talk that way about Harvard twenty years ago, and they don't talk that way about many colleges now. The idea is growing that Harvard is, more than any other college, a place to loaf luxuriously and to while away idleness in pursuit of those things which are not of the spirit. Of course we undergraduates don't admit it,—we are too conscious of our own position as the best there is. But teachers in the Law School, where men do have to work, are beginning to admit it and to speak pretty freely about the methods of the college. The talk is getting near home. The sooner it does get home the better.



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### Book Notices.

"WHY LOVE GROWS COLD." By Ellen Burns Sherman. New York: A. Wessels Company.

There is no field of literature which has suffered more severely from the modern specializing tendency than that of the essay. The old school of essayists, composed of men who expressed their views on life with such charming grace, and at the same time with such broadness of view, has been succeeded by a new and more technical one. The essayists of to-day are forced to specialize; a man may write on any one subject, but he seldom dares to extend his reflections to more than one side of life. We have clever literary essayists, clever psychological essayists, clever historical essayists, but we have practically lost the purely human essayist. Consequently, we cannot but be surprised and delighted at the appearance of a volume of essays which deals with no one particular branch of human interest, but with human life in general. Some of the essays included in this collection, *Why Love Grows Cold*, are, to be sure, purely literary, and some are largely psychological, but for the most part Miss Sherman's work has the broad generality for which one is accustomed to turn to the pages of Addison and Steele. And if these essays do not present profound depths of psychological study, if they do not evince a life-long study of the technique of literature, should we not be grateful for an essayist who, in this age of specialties, can write with equal facility of *Ethical Balances*, *The Devil's Handiwork*, and *The Salt Lake of Literature*?

H. A. B.

---

"THE GENTLE READER." By Samuel McChord Crothers. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company.

In this series of essays Mr. Crothers wishes to point out the mistake of preferring what is easy to read to what is permanently satisfying. Our best friends among books are not, he says, those who sparkle on first acquaintance but those that we have to know well to appreciate. The first are agreeable to meet; the second to live with. Mr. Crothers takes his chief pleasure in the "rare privilege of sharing with a pleasant gentleman the art of thinking."

Realism is his abhorrence. He does not believe in laying unnecessary stress on the commonplaces of which we see more than enough. There is a witchcraft in romance, but study of the processes of a psychological novel is

mental gymnastics, not recreation. Intercourse with the ideal and impossible gives us perspective and toleration in dealing with the life about us.

It is possible to sympathize with Mr. Crothers' ideas without fully sharing them. The book has the usual inconsistencies of an individual point of view, but it is sincere, and, therefore, stimulating. In manner, conversational, in style, loose and rambling, *The Gentle Reader* makes easy and delightful reading.

W. R. N.

THE FIVE NATIONS. By Rudyard Kipling. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company.

The well-known style and substance of Mr. Kipling's verse reappear in this volume,—reiterated praise of the life of action; pictures of the British naval, army and colonial world; criticisms of national policy; and barrack-room ballads, here called "service songs." The exceedingly clever parody of Mr. J. A. Macy in the January "Critic" admirably if irreverently sums up the "five nations,"—

"There's the Briton who lives at home  
And the Briton who lives abroad  
The Briton at sea, and God, and me—  
Three Britons, and me, and God."

Adverse criticism of this kind has often been made, though never so happily phrased. But the fact remains that "The Five Nations," though with one or two exceptions it contains no poems in the higher sense of the word, is a work of literature, if we are to understand literature as the sincere, clear and forcible expression of a people's ideas and ideals. That Mr. Kipling is in perfect sympathy with the dominant public opinion not only of Great Britain but of the entire English-speaking world, and that he can phrase that opinion better than any contemporary, is evident in verses like "The White Man's Burden" and "The Truce of the Bear." That he is a leader as well as an interpreter of thought is exemplified in "The Lesson," with its final word in regard to the Boer war,—

"We have had an Imperial lesson; it may make us an Empire yet!"

His attitude toward life and politics may be distasteful to many; it may be wrong; but to understand the last decade of the nineteenth century it must be known. And even if only occasional lines of his work seem to be inspired poetry, he is the only writer of verse who reflects the life of his time with individual literary power.

E. B.

# Robert Burns

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## *THE CAPTAIN'S JOKE.*

When Hardy awoke the sun had already risen over the Korean hills. The camp was already astir; tall bearded men in dirty white uniforms and high Russian cavalry boots were busy rolling blankets, cooking breakfast, watering horses, performing a hundred different tasks.

Hardy threw off his blanket, and stood up, rubbing his eyes. This was the third morning his sight had caught the same scene—the gentle slope of parched grass to the mud-walled town, five miles away; the red and white of the great Japanese banner that hung from the highest pagoda; the overgrown transport steamers huddled into the little harbor; and, beyond, northward and westward, the leaden bay blending into the mists of the horizon.

"From the look of things," said Hardy to himself, "we move today. The men are plainly breaking camp; that means another retreat. If we only had a light battery here, we could clear the town of those brown rats in an hour. But there's no artillery within a hundred miles, worse luck."

"Ah, there's Khalturin." Hardy's eye fell on a tall figure near the horse-lines. "I'll ask him what's up." He sauntered leisurely toward the Russian. "Strange," he thought, "what the Russian sense of humor amounts to. Khalturin, now, has hardly spoken two words to me since I drew his picture at the mess last week. He could no more see it as a joke than—but he looks happy this morning; he's smiling."

As Hardy approached, the Russian captain turned to greet him.

"Bon jour, Monsieur Hardy," Khalturin knew little English, and Hardy less Russian. French was the common means of communication.

"Bon jour, Capitaine Khalturin," returned Hardy. "We start early to-day?"

"Yes," the captain pointed toward the north, where a low-lying bank of brown smoke hung about the Pen-su headland. "A Japanese fleet is there. They have landed troops at the river-mouth, and plan to cut us off on this accursed peninsula. Between the five thousand there," he nodded toward the town, "and as many more at the Pen-su, our little three thousand might be nipped. So we ride at once for Ping-Yang. With luck, we shall be there by night, without"—the captain's hand closed on his sword-hilt.

"But I have bad news for you, Monsieur Hardy." Khalturin let the words fall one by one, as if they were too sweet to part with. "You are not to ride with us."

"Not to ride with you?" asked Hardy, amazed. "I have a horse. I can fight if need be; I am the guest of your Colonel."

"Ah, Monsieur Hardy, it is most unfortunate. The Colonel, he has been on the road already an hour, and with him is your friend, Major Sumárkoff. Your horse is gone, also, laden with extra ammunition. We travel light; we leave our tents, and every horse is needed. It is a great pity," Captain Khalturin's face belied his words.

"But he's my horse," Hardy argued. "You have plenty of horses without him; the regiment has lost more men than horses. You are going beyond your orders, Captain Khalturin." Hardy doubled his fist, and took a menacing step forward.

"Iván," called the Captain. A corporal and half-a-dozen troopers who had been standing by ran up, with arms presented.

"You see, Monsieur Hardy of the American Press, violence will not avail you. And I have yet to examine your papers; it will not do for the Japanese to become possessed of information such as you hold."

The Captain gave an order in Russian, and a trooper brought Hardy's



baggage in a blanket. The Captain stooped, and picked up the camera and the writing-case.

"This camera, Monsieur Hardy, contains many pictures, all of our military arrangements. The Japanese shall not profit." He tossed the black box into the nearest camp-fire.

"For these maps," Khalturin opened the writing-case, "and these plans of our earthworks, they also may go. The films"—the fire flashed as the celluloid ribbons ignited. "A notebook in English, I shall inspect at leisure. These sketches—ah," the Captain smiled with evil joy. "Here is the sketch that made the mess laugh—your little *jo-ake* as the English say? You and Sumárkoff make sport of me, yes? Sumárkoff is a good soldier; we shall forgive him; but you—I now make sport of you. This is my *jo-ake*. One thing more I must require of you, Monsieur Hardy—the little leather case that you guard so closely on your person. Iván!" The Captain gave another order in Russian. A trooper seized Hardy by either arm, while Iván, the corporal, untied the thong that held the little bag about Hardy's waist.

Hardy could think of no French words now. "You villain," he blurted in English, "you wouldn't rob me, would you?"

"Notes of the bank of Shanghai—a hundred and twenty pounds," Khalturin's smile was broad. "The pay of a captain of district troops is small—so small, Monsieur Hardy. And here is a handy little map, and a photograph—ah, the American monsieur is a judge of beauty. She is a charming woman, Monsieur Hardy. I shall keep the case with its contents to remember your merry *jo-ake*. Well, the horses are saddled: we must be riding. Iván, my orderly, shall preserve your excellent revolver."

The Captain mounted his horse and surveyed his troop.

Hardy's French had forsaken him. "You villain," he shouted in English, "the horse may be the fortune of war, but the money is robbery; the maps insult; the picture—" he shook his fist at the smiling Russian.

Captain Khalturin uttered an order, and every man stood by his horse.

"Adieu, Monsieur Hardy. I shall miss your merry face at the mess. And you will not forget my little *jo-ake*?"

At another order the troopers mounted, and were off at full speed down the winding road.

Hardy watched the retreating column, winding and twisting like a great white snake, until it was lost to view among the hills.

"Captain Peter Khalturin of the Sixth Amur levy," he said, half aloud. "When we meet again, I shall have a score to settle. For the present, I may as well wait here. The Japs will surely advance."

He pulled out his pipe and seated himself in the shade of a half-dismantled dog-tent.

Within an hour, Hardy was a prisoner in the hands of the third Japanese Cavalry of the Line.

## II.

How an English-bred staff officer released Hardy from captivity and procured for him a horse; how Hardy declared his private war against Captain Khalturin; how, in pursuit of his enemy, he rode with General Utsu's brigade on that wonderful two months' campaign through Korea and into the heart of Manchuria, is a long story. Suffice it to say that one sultry July morning found Hardy on the right of the Japanese firing-line, just outside the town of Khu-su.

All around the battle was raging. To the right, as far as the eye could reach, extended a thin line of Japanese troopers: firing, now by volleys, now by scattering shots, at the brown grass that concealed the opposing Russians. On the left, the roar of battle was louder; the incessant booming of the artillery was only varied by the sharp crack of volley firing.

Hardy was sitting in a dry irrigation-ditch that traversed a parched Manchurian field, alternately studying through his field-glasses the position of a Russian field-battery two miles away and making an enlarged sketch of it in his note-book.

"I suppose," he said to himself, "I ought to be back there with the staff, with shells from those guns bursting about my ears. I could send my report from there, and perhaps the paper would get a scoop. It's hot over there, but

this in front is something more than a skirmish." He spoke truth; bullets kept whistling by overhead, now distant, now near at hand. Occasionally one would hiss through the dry stubble and bury itself deep in the crumbling ditch-wall.

"And besides—that guidon." Hardy's face grew set, and his teeth clicked in a stern smile. He had a reason for being here on this wing, four miles away from any possibility of understanding the movements of the troops. Early in the morning he had seen a body of Russians advancing to the firing-line, and, tossing over them, the regimental colors of the Sixth Amur levy. And twice, straight in front, a row of white figures, rising like magic from the earth and disappearing ten yards nearer, had borne with them a little guidon—the Russian 3 on a green field. And Khalturin's troop was the third of his regiment.

Hardy laid down his binoculars for the last time. "There, that's done." He glanced at the sketch critically. "I'll put one more corpse in the foreground, to square off the sheet. Fallen on his face in the stubble—so. Now for the title,—'Russian field-battery in action at Khu-su.' Ah—that was a close one." He turned, and watched the little cloud of dust settling around a deep bullet-hole that suddenly appeared in the bank, not four inches from his ear.

He blew the dust from the open page, and closed his note-book. "I'll watch those fellows in front; some one ought to make a move presently. They've been quiet long enough," he said, raising himself a little to clear the grass-stems. Levelling his glasses, he watched the movements of the Japanese, a hundred yards ahead. The dark coats and red trousers stood sharply out against the drab stone of the low boundary-wall, and Hardy could see every motion as man after man rose cautiously above the wall, sighted (pop, pop), fired his six shots, and sank back to reload. From the brown field beyond came fainter, answering pops, the fire of the unseen Russians.

Suddenly, as he looked, a line of white-coated men flashed from the Russian position and charged madly upon the boundary-wall. On, and on they came; over their head danced the little green-and-white guidon; and beside the

color-sergeant, with one arm in a rude sling, the other hand waving a sword, was Khalturin. The scattering fire swelled to a steady roar; every Japanese trooper was emptying his magazine on the advancing foe; but still they came.

The fire slackened: a little red-trousered man turned and ran. Another, and another followed; and then the whole Japanese line rose and retreated. The Russians had reached the wall now, and their carbines were levelled at the backs of their opponents. Instinctively Hardy threw himself flat in the ditch to avoid the volley. Looking along the deep furrow, he could see the troopers tumbling one after another into the trench, and turning to fire.

A thick-set corporal, blind in his haste, stepped on Hardy's hand and fell panting beside him. Hardy cursed the man for his carelessness, and idly watched him snap back the breach-bolt to reload. Slowly the man raised himself and levelled his carbine.

"His hind sight's wrong," thought Hardy. "Here, you, drop that sight." "Crack," the corporal had fired; and again, "Crack." Hardy touched his arm and pointed to the sight, set at two hundred yards. The trooper smiled as he snapped the bar to rest, and rose once more to fire. As he rose, the smile faded; a look of apathy spread over his face, and he fell back into the trench with a long sigh. Hardy glanced at the fallen man; and saw a little red-rimmed hole in his forehead, just where the hair begins.

"You'll have no further use for that gun," said Hardy, looking at the glazing eyes. "I'll borrow it, if I may—and some cartridges."

He raised his head cautiously above the ditch and settled the little Muratta carbine into the grass-blades. Behind the wall white caps kept appearing and disappearing. Hardy watched these a long time before he discovered the cap he sought. There it was, behind the fellow just firing; and again, it showed for a second farther to the right. Once more, straight in front, the cap rose higher while an arm pointed direction; and under the cap was the pale, bearded face of Khalturin.

Hardy raised himself on his elbow and pressed the carbine-butt to his shoulder. Slowly the front sight covered the white cap, slower still the jaws of the hind sight closed upon the bead. A Russian bullet swished through

the grass, and whistled by Hardy's ear ; a bit of stubble hid for a second the object of Hardy's aim. Then Khalturin rose yet higher ; Hardy could see the shoulders, the breast-pocket of the Russian captain. He pressed the butt harder to his shoulder, watched the sight draw into line, and slowly pulled the hot trigger.

What happened next, Hardy only vaguely remembered. He had a hazy recollection of running over slippery stubble, of jumping a low stone wall, of shooting twice point-blank at a Russian bending over Khalturin's body. He dimly remembered tearing open a white uniform coat ; of untying a thong, and fastening this same thong about his own body. And through all this floated a little chamois case, a roll of white bank-notes, and a girl's photograph, stained in one corner with bright warm blood.

Then he looked about him. In front, the little Japanese were everywhere pursuing big white-coated Russians ; on the right a squadron of Japanese horse were riding post-haste to cut off the Russian retreat. On the left, where the sun was sinking hot and red, the Russian artillery still thundered.

Hardy picked up the little carbine ; then dropped it again. "No, I've done enough. Besides, I ought to sketch this." He took out the brown-covered book and began to sharpen a pencil.

### III.

The slant-eyed cavalry corporal, who suns himself every morning in front of the Tokio arsenal will tell you the story of General Utsu's raid. And more than likely he will mention the demi-god Hadi, that long-nosed giant who spent his days with the vanguard and his nights making strange curved marks in a brown-covered book.

Give the veteran tobacco, and you will hear more tales about this Ha-di ; how at Am-nok he wounded the Russian captain at long range, and was the first to ford the river under a hail of Russian bullets ; and how, with a corporal's guard, he routed a whole troop of Russians at Cha-song. Most wonderful of all, he will tell how this same yellow-bearded giant alone turned the tide of battle and completely routed the Russian left at Khu-su. "And he fought no

more after Khu-su," the veteran will conclude. "It is a pity. With our general, and with Ha-di for a sergeant, I would have marched across Siberia, even to Petersburg."

Ask the corporal why Ha-di ceased to fight, and he will shrug his shoulders.

"I do not know; he never touched a rifle after Khu-su. He had a reason, doubtless, but who can know the reasons of a god?"

*F. D. Webster.*

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*CRY OF THE HOMELANDS.*

Oh, give me the touch of a western wind,  
And the beat of the western sun,  
With the long, white way in the dawn of day,  
And the journey just begun.

Oh, give me the song of the western wind,  
And a sail on a western sea,  
With my own home door on a western shore,  
And the dusk for company.

*L. H. Gebhard.*

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*A NEW SEVENTEENTH CENTURY POET.\**

The discovery of a volume of poems by a hitherto unknown mid seventeenth century poet is in itself interesting. That these poems of Thomas Traherne should be of such fine quality as to bear comparison with those of his two older contemporaries of like religious inspiration, Herbert and Vaughan, makes the discovery important and fruitful.

Traherne may have intended at some time to print his poems, but during his short life of less than forty years he published nothing but *Roman Forgeries*, a theological invective against the Roman Catholic Church, and that anonymously. Soon after his death in 1674 appeared his *Christian Ethics*, which he had finished and sent to press, but did not live to see in print. These two books were supposed, prior to Mr. Dobell's discovery, to be all that Traherne had written. And they were almost forgotten.

The story of the discovery of the poems is interesting. In 1896 there were found in a second-hand bookstall in London three manuscript volumes, unsigned, containing about fifty poems and a considerable amount of prose. These passed into the hands of the late Dr. Grosart, and he, with characteristic impetuosity, jumped at the conclusion that the poems had been written by the author of *Silex Scintillans*, and set about preparing a new edition of Vaughan which should include them. Luckily, perhaps, for the future of Traherne's reputation, and for students of Vaughan, who could not have failed to be puzzled by such an addition of unsimilar material on such well known authority, the death of Dr. Grosart prevented the completion of this plan. The manuscripts then passed to Mr. Dobell. He suspected immediately that they were not by Vaughan nor by any other known poet of the time, and set about discovering their author. After a long search among the archives of the British Museum, the last link of which was the identification of one of the poems

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\*The poetical works of Thomas Traherne, B. D. 1636?—1674. Now first published from the original M.S. Edited by Bertram Dobell. London, 1903: Published by the Editor.

with one of the few in *Christian Ethics*, they were ascribed with certainty to Traherne.

Of the author's life, Mr. Dobell has been able to discover little. He was the son of a shoemaker in the town of Hereford, and was probably, like Vaughan and Herbert, of Welsh descent. After his education at Brasenose College, Oxford, he became a minister of the Church of England, and lived an uneventful life of thought and devotion. At the time of his death he was Chaplain to Sir Orlando Bridgman, Lord Keeper of the Seals, in London.

Beside the poems, the manuscript volumes contained Traherne's *Centuries of Meditation*, a series in hundreds of short numbered reflections on religious ideas. These Mr. Dobell promises to publish. They are interesting in connection with the poems, because in the third "Century" there are many sections relating to the poet's childhood. Some of these are included in Mr. Dobell's introduction to the poems. They are, as will be later seen, of service in determining what and how great, if it existed at all, was Traherne's indebtedness to Vaughan for some of his inspiration.

Traherne was a religious lyrical poet. His poems group themselves into a series on his own childhood and its pleasures and thoughts, and a series on miscellaneous subjects of a philosophical nature. The chief interest of the volume lies in the first of these divisions, as in most of the other poems the inspiration seems to flag, and they do not maintain, in their intricate metaphysical thought, what Mr. Dobell calls the "passionate fervour of thought and intense ardour of enthusiasm" that is so striking in the poems on childhood.

These indeed are individual and so ahead of their time in thought that, had it been possible, one might say they were echoes of Wordsworth's *Ode on Imitations of Immortality*. The central idea of that poem occurs again and again in such stanzas as this:

How like an Angel came I down!  
 How bright are all things here!  
 When first among his works I did appear  
 O how their glory did me crown!  
 The world resembled his Eternity  
 In which my soul did walk;  
 And everything that I did see  
 Did with me talk.

—Wonder.



Traherne was a man devoted to thought and to the "inner life," and he wondered much at the remembrance of how beautiful everything around him appeared in his days of childhood, and how the illusion slowly faded away, and left him, not as before, one for whom everything seemed made, but as one only a part of everything and controlled as much by the unpleasant things in the world as by its magnificence and almost heavenly beauty. Like Wordsworth he thought of the child "trailing clouds of glory from God who is our home."

The streets were paved with golden stones,  
 The boys and girls were mine,  
 Oh how did all their lovely faces shine!  
 The sons of men were holy ones,  
 In joy and beauty they appeared to me,  
 And everything which here I found,  
 While like an angel I did see,  
 Adorned the ground.

—*Wonder.*

No darkness then did overshadow,  
 But all within was pure and bright;  
 No guilt did crush nor fear invade,  
 But all my soul was full of light.

A joyful sense and purity  
 Is all I can remember,  
 The very night to me was bright,  
 'Twas Summer in December.

An antepast of Heaven sure!  
 I on the earth did reign:  
 Within, without me, all was pure  
 I must become a child again.

—*Innocence.*

To these thoughts in which he anticipates Blake and Wordsworth Traherne adds a sense of the greatness of the individual, who to himself seems the one favored centre of the universe:

Long time before  
 I in my mother's womb was born,  
 A God preparing did this glorious store,  
 The world, for me adorn,  
 Into this Eden so divine and fair,  
 So wide and bright, I come His son and heir.

—*Innocence.*

Then did I dwell within a world of Light  
 Distinct and separate from all men's sight,  
 Where I did feel such Thoughts, and such things see  
 That were, or seem'd, only reveal'd to me.  
 For nothing spoke to me but the fair face  
 Of Heaven and Earth . . . . .

—Dumbness.

Now comes the question, was all this wonder at the divinity in childhood original with Traherne? Did it come, in full expression for the first time in our literature, from Traherne's own experience and remembrance of his early days, or did he get a hint of it from someone else, and develop the idea partly from without and not entirely from within himself? Some critics in reviewing Mr. Dobell's "find" have tried to disprove the complete originality which Mr. Dobell claims for Traherne. A writer in the *Academy* says, after quoting from Traherne's "Eden," "The whole of the poem from which these stanzas are taken is, in truth, simply an expansion in idea of Vaughan's exquisite poem, 'The Retreat.' It becomes difficult to evade the conclusion that throughout the series Traherne is playing variations upon the theme of this and Vaughan's other lovely poem on childhood." (Of course Traherne may very well have read Vaughan's poems, as they were published while he was in college. But the question of indebtedness of one author to another is not by any means settled by finding similarities between them and giving the credit for originality to the older man. Vaughan has only two poems of the sort; Traherne uses the theme in fully half of his poems; it is the one most continually and deeply felt by him. In this series on childhood his inspiration runs its most fervent course, and the swift vigor of thought shows a more personal sympathy with those vivid impressions than with the metaphysical abstractions that take up so much of the later poems. It is hardly likely that a poet can take an idea from another, and expand that idea, not his own, with more originality and vigor than other ideas that are his own. But the strongest argument against the indebtedness of Traherne to Vaughan lies in the sections of the *Centuries of Meditation* which tell the story of his thoughts in infancy. In great detail Traherne gives instances of how the divinity in childhood in-

fluenced him,—and there is no question that these are genuine. They agree completely with the ideas set forth in his poems. Here is one of these sections :

All appeared to me new and strange at first, inexpressibly rare and delightful and beautiful. I was a little stranger which at my entrance into the world was saluted and surrounded with innumerable joys. My knowledge was divine: I knew by intuition those things which since my apostacy I collected again by the highest reason. My very ignorance was advantageous. I seemed as one brought into the estate of innocence. All things were spotless and pure and glorious; yea, and infinitely mine and joyful and precious. I knew not that there were any sins, or complaints or laws. I dreamed not of poverties, contentions or vices. All tears and quarrels were hidden from mine eyes. Everything was at rest, free and immortal. I knew nothing of sickness or death or exaction. In the absence of these I was entertained like an angel with the works of God in their splendour and glory; I saw all in the peace of Eden; heaven and earth did sing my Creator's praises, and could not make more melody to Adam than to me. All Time was Eternity, and a perpetual Sabbath. Is it not strange that an infant should be heir of the whole world, and see those mysteries which the books of the learned never unfold?

It would seem hardly possible, in view of such evidence as this, that Traherne owed anything to Vaughan. We must rather say that Traherne was the first poet in English to feel and to give full expression to the divine innocence of childhood and its intimate connection and sympathy with the "Antepast of Heaven;" and that in this he anticipated the later revelation of the same idea by Blake and Wordsworth.

The series of metaphysical poems seem less individual and far less poetical than those concerned with childhood. They are often rather knotty and intricate, and move heavily along over occasional bumpy lines of prose. Mr. Dobell finds in these poems an unexpected tendency toward the idealism of Berkeley before that philosopher's time, and in this also emphasizes Traherne's anticipation of later thought; but, after all, philosophy does not go easily into verse, and many of these poems would have been clearer and quite as interesting in prose. But there are exceptions. Sometimes the central idea of a poem is simple and adapted to verse expression; such an instance is the poem called "Finite yet Infinite," one of the easiest and most interesting :

His Power bounded, greater is in might,  
Than if let loose 'twere wholly infinite.  
The Ocean bounded in a finite shore  
Is better far because it is no more.

Had not the sun been bounded in its sphere,  
Did all the world in one fair flame appear,  
And were that flame a real infinite,  
'Twould yield no profit, splendour, nor delight.  
One star made infinite would all exclude,  
An earth made infinite could ne'er be viewed.  
But one being fashioned for the other's sake,  
He bounding all, did all most useful make:  
And which is best, in profit and delight,  
Tho' not in bulk, they all are infinite.

It may be charged, and rightly, against Traherne, that he gives expression to a very narrow line of thought. It is true that one misses in his poetry the simple emotions of daily life. He is so occupied with his contemplation of metaphysical thought and the divinity of God as shown in the world, that he never gets down to the level of the "mere man." For instance, there is no mention anywhere in his verse, of any feeling of man for woman. He himself was never married, nor does that side of life seem ever to have occurred to him. Likewise he has no romantic attitude toward Nature; nor is he interested in the lives of men around him. His poetry is always contemplative, non-dramatic, unless it be the drama of his own thoughts.

But after all possible objections have been made against him, Traherne remains, in his limited field, a poet of singular sweetness and almost ecstatic religious emotion. He is absolutely individual; he cannot be grouped with Herbert and Vaughan and Crashaw, as they are grouped together, nor with any other English poets; for his theme arose, found in him full expression, and has not been repeated since, except to some extent in Wordsworth's Ode and a few poems of Blake, and there the methods of approach and of expression are quite different. The keynote of Traherne's poetry is his line,

The first Impressions are Immortal all.

He is a poet to whom the things of the mind were everything. His own mind was lost in wonder at God and man, and the child, their connecting point. And to this wonder he has given exquisite expression.

*Swinburne Hale.*

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THE END OF THE HUNT.

"What did you do that for?" queried the schoolmaster as I let loose both barrels of my gun at a little-bobtailed animal scrambling over rocks in the distance.

"Come 'ere!" he growled at the dog who in obedience to the crack of my gun was already off to give chase. The dog halted, dropped his tail between his legs and came back cowering to his master. Then came my turn again.

"You know how delicate you have to be with a trained hunting dog. The easiest thing in the world for him to forget is how to retrieve for quail; and the quickest way to corrupt him is to make him nervous about crazy rabbits—rabbits! Ugh!"

I laughed out loud. He, too, could then not repress a smile.

"Pretty often," I remarked, "I have seen you resort to shooting those despised 'rabbits' in order not to come home from a hunt empty-handed. But then," I yielded, "probably you are right—today." I pointed to my game-pouch, now chock-full of fat, young, speckled partridges. With such fortune, independence might be forthcoming.

It was at this juncture that Carstie issued from the woods, gun on shoulder, and came into the open where we were. He held up before him a long string of fat quail with a copper-head wild-duck dangling from each end.

"I didn't know what good hunting there really was over here on the Arkansas side," he was saying. "It is the river that bars it all away from us Mississippians—"

"And while you are *talking*," interrupted the impatient schoolmaster, "there is the sun ready to set. Starting home would at present do us more good."

A whole day's extreme good fortune had upset the schoolmaster so that he could not well restrain his temper. In fact Carstie himself said he couldn't blame anyone for displaying all the salt in his make-up at such a time. It was

the proper hour for emotion in general and he strengthened his assertion by passing to us both the half-empty metal flask that hung at his hunting girdle.

A few sips seemed to shake all the cold from our limbs. We each shouldered our "kill," and, squelching through the marshy bottom-land, gained the main road without speaking any more. There was an exhilaration about the elastic step of each of us pushing through the misty "damp" of a lowland twilight. Darkness rose fast on all sides, permitting one or two middle-lustre stars to take their places in the sky. We could see there was to be no moon—only a luxuriantly jetty and opaque night, the kind that in its richness rouses a sort of dreamy longing for revel.

Soon Carstie halted by a large oak-tree and examined its bark. Then reflectively he broke the silence.

"I should hold that here we have about reached our first destination."

My hand was groping at something which I recognized to be the schoolmaster's stiff hunting-coat. His laugh then sounded so close to my ears that it almost frightened me. In reply he assumed his old recognized superiority.

"Three hundred yards above you may well say that—" and we let him lead us farther almost by instinct. Then at just about the distance he had given he did halt to point out another huge oak. Carstie jerked aside part of the bark, so as to show a long, perpendicular hollow inside extending far up the big trunk. He pulled at something and there fell out with a crash a long slender row-boat. We all three took a hand at carrying it. The schoolmaster, in front, led down the incline of the road, now a mere path bounded by thick brambles. We proceeded as fast as the mud would permit until he suddenly halted with a "Ho!" as though he had discovered something surprisingly new. "My foot, sirs," he went on, "is two feet from the water." He looked around at us. Carstie seemed delighted that we were already so far.

We had come upon the Mississippi without even knowing it, until our feet touched its very banks. There it rolled like a big bellied animal, broad, gliding along noiselessly as a huge serpent. Always that way, when you approach it at night at the last moment it suddenly looms up in all its measurements.

Like old hands at river-experience we were soon launched in the midst of the current. The schoolmaster took the oars. I protected the rudder.

"Isn't the width about two miles here?" asked Carstie.

I nodded.

"Then you can row easily, Jacob; our town is two miles down stream and if you just let the current carry you a little, you will hit the bend squarely."

The surface of the river, as usual, was perfectly smooth. From the water's level you could see only a gloomy stretch before you—not the slightest indication of where land began or water ended. A few star beams cutting through the darkness, played over the ripples made by the oars and attracted the schoolmaster's notice.

"It makes me sentimental," he commented, "to ride over the water on such a night. Everything is so lonely."

"Yes," agreed Carstie, looking up from the fowl which he had been handling. "Yes, they tell a good many legends about the old stream. They call it the King of Rivers, and all that, but it always seems to me more like some big, inexplicably vague monster." Jacob and I laughed.

"It plays such a part in our lives," I suggested, "commercially and agriculturally."

"No," corrected the schoolmaster, "do you know, I believe our memory of some of the old Indian legends plays a great part in keeping up our awe for it. To the old Cherokees who had their wigwams along the banks, it was the Spirit, Great Nature, that underlies all our petty and specific experiences. Bill," he addressed me, "do you remember the superstition of the 'Mighty City' that they used to think lies at the bottom of this great 'King River'?"

I confessed that I did not.

"The whole idea of it is the embodiment of all their awe for the stream. They used to believe," he began, tracing with his eye the little ray of a star over the water, "that there lay somewhere under the broad stream a kind of city—in Elysium—a people who ate, slept, worked, and hunted just like us, only they never died and never had any troubles. We know about them only from hearsay, but they watch and understand every detail of our life. They

even sometimes vie with us when we are very prosperous, and jealously try to show us the superiority of their own happiness. Such a story, I think, is the outcome of the common groping of the imagination figuratively to look up to something more ideal than itself. The legend has become almost a part of me."

Carstie admitted that it was very pretty, and he determined to go home and repeat it to his little girls. The younger was just four years old. He had not told us before, but it was really because the elder, "Mabie," said she liked wild-duck that he waded through two entire marshes in order to bring these home to her.

"Then have your wife cook them in the new manner, Carstie," suggested Jacob, "the way the Joneses are making them."

"That's a good idea. I can get their recipe on my way home tonight, can't I?"

Carstie looked over the water and thought a few moments. Finally he spoke up again.

"Jacob, I was thinking there is a lot of truth in what you said about the origin of that Indian legend—that the mind is always fashioning some ideal condition for itself. For example, take me. I have all my acres of cotton. I think from here I can almost see my thousands of head of cattle grazing along the river-bank, multiplying their numbers like real gold dollars for me. They rake me in fat profits every season, both the farm and the pastures. Next month I plan to broaden my wharf-landing and add a couple of stories to my business house, and I expect that to double the amount of my income. I say I have got all these and yet I keep picturing something still better before me, just like the Indians. I see the time coming when I will have gathered in all the profits of year after year and sit back in a sort of well-earned ease. My wife and I will be happy. My girls will be grown up daughters then, my little 'Mabie' and 'Olive,' and all my vast earnings will be only for their use. Then I will bring them wild-ducks again," and he laughed. He playfully let the head of one drag along the water-surface by the skiff.

"I only wish I were in my warm bed now," put in the schoolmaster. "How



much farther do we have to go, anyhow?" He twisted his head around and sighted the dark contour of a row-boat approaching in the distance.

Carstie passed round his bottle again and we all drank to "good spirits." The boat meant home.

When it drew nearer the schoolmaster hallooed to the oarsman.

"Say, how far must we row yet—to the bend?"

The man stood up in his boat like a gloomy spirit, vague in the darkness. He looked at us, I thought, with a frown.

"Hay!" he laughed. "Where do you think you are?"

The schoolmaster merely repeated his question in a different form.

"How far are we from Carstie's wharf?"

"You don't know you are over it now?" replied the man. "You mean to say you don't know the Mississippi broke her levies and has been overflowed twelve hours higher than the top of any bottom-land house in the vicinity? Carstie's wharf and Carstie's store are buried in a considerable depth of water." He had now come closer and recognized Carstie. He hesitated and then added: "Also Carstie's farm and his cattle and Carstie's wife and two daughters. The suddenest overflow since the sixties."

Carstie let his string of quail and his two pretty copperhead ducks sink into the stream—and they disappeared down the lonely current.

*W. I. Cohn.*

*THE JANIZARY.*

A restless hoof, a clinking spur,  
And the wild, wind-cleaving ride,—  
With the glory of Osman as harbinger,  
And the infidel Greek as guide.  
Through the galloping shadows I ride, I ride,—  
With ever the voice at my sabre-side,  
And ever the touch on my heart.

A bleeding sword, a dented shield,  
And the quickening whiff of the fray,  
With never a thought, to save or yield,  
And the infidel Greek to slay.  
For the glory of Osman, the fray, the fray,—  
With the low, sad voice at my side always,  
And the unknown song in my soul.

*Hermann Hagedorn, Jr.*

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*CHARACTERIZATION IN LITERATURE.*

The highest aim of fiction, and the avowed aim of biography, is characterization. The object of the one is an exposition of some phase or some example of human nature; that of the other the portrayal of some actual person. For none will contend, in the case of fiction, that the mere telling of a story, or describing of a locality, is of greater import than the drawing of a character, or a series of characters, about which the whole story must revolve; or in the case of biography that the mere narrative of a man's life is tantamount in importance to the exhibition of his nature.

There are many writers who strive after success in this, but few who

attain it; and those few could not tell us how. For real characterization is unreasoning. It cannot be properly called an art. For a man with a sufficient bent in any direction can make himself an artist, using the word in its strictest sense, but the creator of real character is born, not made. Does anyone suppose that characterization, in its best form, can be learned? But an art can be learned. The greatest examples of art are the results of art combined with genius, but a work purely of genius is in no sense a work of art. But art, nevertheless, can aid genius. Characterization is, then, a thing which art, without genius, can never accomplish, and it is so subtle that the successful creator of a character cannot say what his means were. But up to a certain point one can analyze characterization, just as the philosopher and the scientist can trace back the whence and wherefore of things, but can never reach first causes.

Of characterization there are two important divisions—that of biography, and that of fiction. The former is the exposition of the character of a real person, in such a way that a man of a later generation can read, and feel that that person has become real to him, truly a part of his life. The latter is the creation of an imaginary character, which will be as real to the sympathetic reader as if the creation were an actual person whom he had known. That biographical characterization is the more difficult of accomplishment is suggested by the fact that while the English language possesses many instances of successful fictitious characterization, examples of thorough biographical success are notably rare. And for this reason, if for no other, the characterization of fiction is of more general interest.

Of this characterization, which is not reproductive, but creative, there are several phases. There is the individual characterization of Shakespeare and Thackeray, the individualized type of Jane Austen and perhaps Fielding, and the mere exposition of characteristics of most of the lesser novelists, particularly of later years. Again, the characters of Dickens are most distinctly individuals, whereas Bunyan's, on the other hand, are types, and, of course, avowedly such.

The work of the writer who successfully creates individual men and

women, as well as of him who vivifies personified types, is from the inside, out; while that of the man who tries, by cleverly fitting together an assorted collection of characteristics, to create a life-like being, is from the outside, in. In other words, the one knows instinctively what his character is and is going to become as it develops, while the other knows only what he wants to make it. The former is eminently successful, the latter never quite so. And he only works from the outside in because he is incompetent to do otherwise.

But the man who sets forth a personified type must not be given equal credit with the creator of an individual character; the one does but a work of crystalization, while the other does one of creation. The type already exists for him who has eyes to see, but the individual is the creation of genius. It is the work of the personifier of a type to observe, for the most part instinctively, the common characteristics and ideas which go to make up a type among men, and having arranged and mentally digested these, to set forth the most salient among them in the guise of an individual. The individual is then composed from material already in existence. But the creator of the individual character has merely a sympathetic comprehension of human nature to work on. The outcome of his work is only a reproduction in so far as every man is a reproduction of every other. It is no more an exposition of a type than every human being is.

Take, for example, two novelists, Jane Austen and Charles Dickens. Miss Austen individualizes types, Dickens creates men and women. We have all known many Mr. Bingleys and not a few Mrs. Bennets, nor is even Mr. Bennet without the pale of our experience. But will anyone say that he has known a living Sikes, or that he ever met with a Barnaby Rudge? Dickens surely created those characters.

But the author who individualizes a type also differs from him who undertakes to form a character by combining a given assortment of characteristics, in that the one, understanding his type thoroughly and instinctively, is qualified to do the work of individualizing somewhat as the creator of an individual does his. He has so far assimilated his material that it comes from within him, from the *sub-consciousness* of which we understand so little. But

the other is attempting, by art and nothing but art, so to combine and weld together the separate characteristics at his command, as to form a living character. This is a purely intellectual method, and he who has the right sort of a mind, and sufficient perseverance, can master it. But once mastered, it is never quite satisfactory. It never infuses life into a character. Its results are unconvincing. Its mechanism, if not obvious, is discoverable.

Owen Wister's novel, *The Virginian*, is a good example of this sort of characterization. The Virginian is the result of the author's experience in the West. He has studied and thought out the cow-boy characteristics, and has then undertaken to put the best of them together, so as to produce an ideal individual cow-boy. He has produced his ideal cow-boy, but the reader is left with a feeling of disappointment. Something seems to be lacking. The fact is that the Virginian is not really living. One cannot feel that one has ever known him.

Now to a certain extent the difference in success between this last form of characterization and the two foregoing ones, can be explained by reason, though there is much that lies deeper than reason can penetrate. The man who would create a truly living character must have not only a knowledge of human nature, but a deep sympathy with it. He must understand its workings to the very bottom, though he may not be conscious of so understanding them. For characterization depends, not on descriptions of a man's character, but on the way in which that character acts. And on the way in which he acts in small things, even more than in great ones. And a man's actions depend on surroundings and on his thoughts. So the creator of a character must know how to make a man think consistently with his character and his surroundings, and above all, when to make him inconsistent. For what real character is unvaryingly consistent? No man is consistently bad or good, strong or weak. Everyone contradicts himself now and then. And no man can say, unless prompted by more than reason: "Now, this is the time to make my character do something surprising, something such a person would not be expected to do."

Now though the genius of characterization is very rarely given to a man,

the knack of story telling is not so uncommon. And a man writing a story of any length must, of necessity, introduce characters. It is absurd to expect those characters to be convincingly real in more than one case in ten thousand. So it would be worse than ridiculous to say that a man should not undertake to draw a character unless he has the true genius. That would deprive us of a great deal of excellent fiction. At the same time, however, it would be an improvement if the vast majority of novelists would avoid allowing their story to centre any more than is necessary on the character development. And this is feasible, for the work of these writers is that of art unaided by genius, though enhanced by talent. And art can reason.

Moreover, among those numerous writers of fiction who try to create individual characters, there are many who, though they fail, still approach the very brink of success. They make it very clear what their character is, but they fail to inspire into it the indispensable vitality. Their likeness is not that of the painted portrait, but of the photograph. Now, it seems not unreasonable to suppose that if such writers undertook to individualize a type, rather than to create an individual, the success of some at least would be greater. They show, in their work, a sound appreciation of human nature, and a knack of setting it forth, but they lack the power, whatever that power may be, of reproducing life. The "divine spark" is lacking. But if these same authors were to take the life they see around them, to take the characteristics of a type that they know, and with them form an individual as an exposition of those characteristics, is it inconceivable that they should succeed in giving us truly living people, just as Jane Austen does?

So much for the characterization of fiction. There is, too, that of fact—biography. Instances of complete success in this direction are unique, partly because the writer with a natural genius for characterization is prone to turn to fiction, and partly because of the difficulties besetting the biographer. For it is the biographer's task to exhibit the character of a living, or once living man, so that posterity shall be able, by reading the work, not only to feel that they have known and understood the character set forth in the book, but the character who actually lived. The biographer is not at liberty to guide his

plot so as best to exhibit his character, or to mould his character so as to make it sympathetic with himself. So his field is infinitely more limited than that of the writer of fiction, and his powers are not given full scope. He is entirely bereft of the artifice of creating situations which will set forth his character.

It is pretty generally admitted that the most successful biography ever written, almost the only one which makes the character of its subject really live, is *Boswell's Life of Johnson*. And that work is but a chronicle, but so minute and accurate a chronicle that in it we can converse with Dr. Johnson. This book is in a category of its own. It is a work neither of art nor genius, nor of both. But it is the ideal biography. Other English biographies are works of art; intellectual efforts to reproduce a character. Probably none of them present as truly living a character as is that of Rawdon Crawley or Arthur Pendennis. Owen Wister's little *Memoir of General Grant* is an excellent example of good biography. But though it gives a very vivid picture of Grant, it gives only a picture. Grant is not nearly so much alive there as is a character in one of Thackeray's novels.

So it seems clear that the most difficult phase of characterization is that of biography. At all events, fiction has thus far been much more successful in this direction. And the more true this is the greater is the pity. Were it only possible to reproduce the men of past ages as vividly as fiction has created the men of imagination, how much clearer a light would be thrown upon the events of history. History would assume the same interest that a great novel possesses, and our knowledge of past events and our consequent ability to judge of events to come, would be proportionately increased. But there seems to be no prospect of this.

*Edw. N. Perkins.*

*AT THE DIAMOND D'S.*

"Here's to the kid," called out a deep voice in the front part of the Commissary, and all eyes turned toward the bar where the speaker, glass in hand, stood towering above his companions.

"To the kid," replied the crowd of cowboys about him.

A clattering of empty glasses followed and as the noise subsided I turned to Dawson who was sitting with me at one of the small tables in the back of the room watching the cowboys and miners at their drink, and asked who the "kid" was.

"It's Billy Hanson, the sheep-herder from the Diamond D's," replied Dawson, rolling a cigarette and tossing the tobacco and papers to me. "I reckon you think it is odd for cowboys to be pourin' good tarantula juice to a sheep-herder, but it ain't in this case, for the kid's got the cards."

Dawson paused and began blowing clouds of white smoke among the low hanging rafters.

"I reckon you aint heard o' the kid, judgin' from the way you speak," he continued presently. "Well, that's him standin' at the wheel an' playin' the red. He don't look it but he's got the cards. An' if you aint in a hurry I'll tell you how he filled."

There seemed to be no hurry to get back to the ranch so I tilted back my chair and waited for him to proceed.

"It was about a year ago that the kid struck the Diamond D's," Dawson began. "He come floatin' in from way back in the 'states' and so naturally was some green. But he was more'n common an' somewhat fresh—always partin' his hair in the middle an' tryin' to raise a mustache. He'd been to school a lot an' let us know he was out for his health. I was down there then with an outfit helpin' the D's on the horse round-up an' when I seed him 'light, I says to Jimmy, the D's boss, 'here comes a pair o' twos with five spot high.' He agreed with me an' said it 'uld not be a week before the kid 'uld go to the hills with a bunch o' sheep.



"We wa'n't wrong. The fellers on the work would n't have none o' his fresh ways with his hair parted like a girl, so off he went to the sheep, swearin' kind o' sickly an' lookin' as mad as such a face 'uld let him. Jimmy an' me 'lowed it wa'n't no loss an' reckoned he'd be either locoed or back in the 'states' afore a year, but Fritz the cook come up as we was talkin' an' says, 'You're wrong boys. The kid's got an eye that'll bring him back. I seen him cryin' like when he heard he was off to the sheep an' he wa'n't sheddin' a tear. You can't keep 'em down when kids cry an' don't have no tears.' Jimmy an' me just laughed an' both stood pat.

"Next we heard o' him was early in the winter, when Fritz come driftin' into the 'dog-house' where Jimmy an' me was makin' quirts, an' says he's been to the hills an' seen the kid.

"'Is he countin' yet,' says Jimmy.

"'Not so to make a smoke,' says the cook. 'He's got them eyes. 'Stead o' gettin' loco he's gone to catchin' snakes an' *vajolotics* an' the like. He's catchin' 'em an' puttin' 'em in jars—Lord knows what for—but it keeps 'em from countin'. I 'low he'll be comin' back yere next spring, filled on first deal.'

"Jimmy an' me wa'n't exactly sorry to hear he'd cut the countin' part, but we'd no stake in his comin' back to a cow-wagon. Most always when a kid's too fresh to wrangle horses an' so gets put with the sheep, he sticks till he gets loco or grows to a pale-eyed, tallar-fingered sheep man as ain't fit for the shack o' intelligent cowmen, so we let the cook play his own ante while we kep on thinkin' the kid 'uld run his own lousy trail.

"Along 'bout Christmas, Jimmy an' me was down on the Chico where the sheep was an' kind o' bunched the flocks together so's each big flock 'uld have about four herders, puttin' the kid an' three Greasers in a winter camp in the cedar brakes near La Cinta. Down there grass an' water was plenty an' we 'lowed they 'uld be pretty safe from storms, not as it seemed much use, for the weather was fine, but down here you ain't safe bettin' much on a card you can't see.

"January was quiet an' then come the snow. You've heard how it snowed an' the stage from Springer didn't run but once in three weeks. We at the

Circle's lost three hundred head o' cattle an' no end o' sheep, to say nothin' o' Sammy Park as was froze to death 'tween here an' camp. Well, the day before the snow come the kid hed been in with his burros for more chuck, an' goin' back got tied up most ten miles from camp. From here on it's his own story we have to go by, but it seems instead o' makin' for shelter the kid kep on so's to help the Greasers out. When he got there the Greaser was gone an' the sheep scatterin'. Most fellers 'uld sure made for camp then, but he just gathered a chunk o' meat and set out to keep 'em bunched up an' driftin' down the breaks, all the time feedin' on his chunk o' raw meat.

"When Jimmy found him he was most dead an' he'd eat the meat clear to the bone, but the sheep was all there. It looked as if he might be bad froze an' lose a leg or so, but when O'Connell heard o' it he rushed him off to Vegas an' hed the ice took out. That was two months ago an' he's just come back, so the boys is celebratin'. O' course he'll go on the wagon now."

"Ze boy mit ze eyes vot haf no cry you keep mit no sheep. Vat me haf told you pefore!" cried Fritz, rubbing his hands in ecstasy as he joined us. "Ze boy vat haf ze eye und lof ze snake haf no place mit ze sheep. So soon he haf filled already."

"I reckon it wa'n't no bluff o' yourn," replied Dawson rising, "but let's be ridin' back to camp afore the boys get too far gone to be inter'sting."

*P. P. Crosbie.*

## Editorial.

Much inky warfare has been waged over the location of the Statue Exercises. The class having decided that they shall tramp the dusty or muddy road to the Stadium that question is pretty thoroughly settled. The form of the exercises is still to be chosen, however; and that seems an equally important matter. In the past few years, after we gave up the Flower Scramble, we have had some rather original innovations. The becaped and begowned victims of the celebration have been herded into the Delta, and have cheered passing lustily for all the local dignitaries, for the benefit of a mob of anxious parents and others. Then they were herded out, and the mob extricated itself as best it could. And all during the ceremony the air has been filled with multi-colored bits of paper thrown hither and yon by interested persons. And when the shouting has died away everybody brushes the debris off his coat and says "very pretty indeed"—and posts off for the nearest chicken-salad distribution.

Very pretty the exercises are, no doubt. And perhaps as Class Day is gotten up mostly for the benefit of the æsthetic and feminine eye they are duly congruous. But it may not be altogether out of the way to suggest a change. It is unquestionably very easy to magnify the dignity of the occasion; but even discounting for a natural overestimate it is possible to think that the recent form of exercises lacked dignity a little too plainly. One could be forgiven for smiling at the sight of the wildly gesticulating figures that scrambled around among the legs of the passive Mr. Harvard. It might have been annoying at least to the statue. And then doesn't confetti savor a little too strongly of comic opera finales and carnivals to fit properly into the scene? No doubt in a day of pretty frocks and families we must make some sacrifice to the public amusement; but a little less patent buffoonery might be pleasant. The task of choosing a substitute is not easy. Dancing on the green is more traditional than comfortable; the fight for flowers is rather more masculine, but obviously impossible in the Stadium. It is hard to *think up* a spontaneous exhibition of

enthusiasm; the most suitable expression of the real meaning of the affair would be something quiet and simple. It ought to be possible, however, to find some sort of exercises which will be at once reasonably dignified and still capable of interesting the extremely appreciative audience. The lady-like performances of recent years will look a little more silly than usual in so sober a background as the Stadium.

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### Book Notice.

"THE FIRE BRINGER. By William Vaughan Moody. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company.

Just why Mr. Moody's book is disappointing is hard to say. The atmosphere is there,—an atmosphere of dark and mist and early days of the world,—thought is there and dramatic interest and poetry,—but *The Fire Bringer*, with all its atmosphere and thought and drama and poetry is not what it should be, judged by the standards Mr. Moody set for himself when he wrote *The Masque of Judgment*. That was so large, so splendid a poem, that to see another, of intimate relation to it, fall short of its largeness and splendor is disappointing. *The Fire Bringer* is all literary, not real, not suggestive of life, but seemingly another echo of books and books (including the *Masque of Judgment*) and lonely thinking of a very impersonal sort. Strength, humanity, the touch of God and man,—these were in the *Masque*, these redeemed it from being nothing but literary, made it a big poem about life,—but they are not in *The Fire Bringer*. Mr. Moody's first book attempted the greatest theme of all, it was full of warm blood, with all its crudities it had vitality; Mr. Moody's last book attempts a smaller theme, and by reason of lack of warm blood, lack of something that should be there—call it inspiration if you will—the poem is not vital and not great. After almost succeeding in the greatest theme, Mr. Moody falls far shorter of succeeding in a lesser theme. *The Masque of Judgment* did not suffer by comparison with *Paradise Lost*; but to compare *The Fire Bringer* with the Promethean story of Aeschylus or of Shelley would only emphasize its weakness.

S. H.

# Robert Burns

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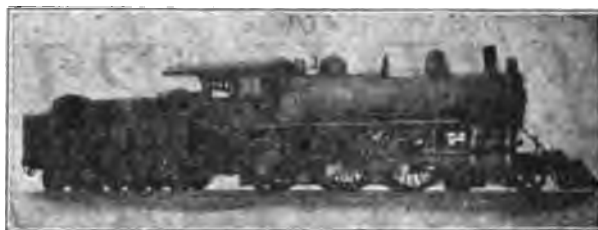
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## *FRANCIS BOOTT.\**

How often does it happen here in New England that we come away from a funeral with a feeling that the service has been insufficient. If it be purely ritual, the individuality of the departed friend seems to play too small a part in it. If the minister conducts it in his own fashion, it is apt to be too thin and monotonous, and if he were not an intimate friend, too remote and official. We miss that direct discourse of simple human affection about the person, which we find so often in those lay speeches at the grave of which in France they set us nowadays so many good examples. In the case of the friend whose memory brings us together on the present occasion, it was easy to organize this supplementary service. Not everyone leaves musical compositions of his own to fill the hour with. And if we may believe that spirits can know aught of what transpires in the world which they have forsaken, it must please us all to think how dear old Francis Boott's shade must now be touched at seeing, in the Chapel of this university to which his feelings clung so loyally, his music and his life at last become the subjects of cordial and admiring recognition and commemoration by so many of his neighbors. I can imagine nothing at any rate of which the foreknowledge could have given him deeper satisfaction. Shy and sensitive, craving praise as every normal human being craves it, yet getting little, he had, I think, a certain consciousness of living in the shadow. I greatly doubt whether his day-dreams ever went so far as to let him imagine a service like this. Such a

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\*An address delivered at the Memorial Service to Francis Boott in the Harvard Chapel Sunday, May 8.

cordial and spontaneous outgoing towards him on our part would surprise as much as it would delight him.

His life was private in the strongest sense of the term. His contributions to literature were all anonymous, book-reviews chiefly, or letters and paragraphs in the *New York Nation* on musical or literary topics. Good as was their quality, and witty as was their form—his only independent volume was an almost incredibly witty book of charades in verse—they were too slight in bulk for commemoration; and it was only as a musical composer that he touched on any really public function. With so many of his compositions sounding in your ears, it would be out of place, even were I qualified, to attempt to characterize Mr. Boott's musical genius. Let it speak for itself. I prefer to speak of the man and friend whom we knew and whom so many of us loved so dearly.

One of the usual classifications of men is into those of expansive and those of conservative temper. The word conservative commonly suggests a dose of religious and political prejudice, and a fondness for traditional opinions. Mr. Boott was a liberal in politics and theology; and all his opinions were self-made, and as often as not at variance with every tradition. Yet in a wider sense he was profoundly conservative.

He respected bounds of ordinance, and emphasized the fact of limits. He knew well his own limits. The knowledge of them was in fact one of the things he lived by. To judge of abstract philosophy, of sculpture and painting, of certain lines of literary art, he admitted, was not of his competency. But within the sphere where he thought he had a right to judge, he parted his likes from his dislikes and preserved his preferences with a pathetic steadfastness. He was faithful in age to the lights that lit his youth, and obeyed at eve the voice obeyed at prime, with a consistency most unusual. Elsewhere the opinions of others might perplex him, but he laughed and let them live. Within his own appropriated sphere he was too scrupulous a lover of the truth not to essay to correct them when he thought them erroneous. A certain appearance comes in here of a self-contradictory char-

acter, for Mr. Boott was primarily modest and sensitive, and all his interests and pre-occupations were with life's refinements and delicacies. Yet one's mind always pictured him as a rugged sort of person, opposing successful resistance to all influences that might seek to change his habits either of feeling or of action. His admirable health, his sober life, his regular walk twice a day, whatever might be the weather, his invariable evenness of mood and opinion, so that, when you once knew his range, he never disappointed you—all this was at variance with popular notions of the artistic temperament. He was indeed, a man of reason, no romancer, sentimentalist or dreamer, in spite of the fact that his main interests were with the Muses. He was exact and accurate; affectionate, indeed, and sociable, but neither gregarious nor demonstrative; and such words as "honest," "sturdy," "faithful," are the adjectives first to rise when one thinks of him. A friend said to me soon after his death: "I seem still to see Mr. Boott, with his two feet planted on the ground, and his cane in front of him, making of himself a sort of tripod of honesty and veracity."

Age changes men in different ways. Some it softens; some it hardens; some it degenerates; some it alters. Our old friend Boott was identical in spiritual essence all his life, and the effect of his growing old was not to alter, but only to make the same man mellowed, more tolerant, more lovable. Sadder he was, I think, for his life had grown pretty lonely; but he was a stoic and he never complained either of losses or of years, and that contagious laugh of his at any and every pretext for laughter rang as free and true upon his deathbed as at any previous time of his existence.

Born in 1813, he had lived through three generations, and seen enormous social and public changes. When a carpenter has a surface to measure, he slides his rule along it, and over all its peculiarities. I sometimes think of Boott as such a standard rule against which the changing fashions of humanity of the last century might come to measurement. A character as healthy and definite as his, of whatsoever type it be, need only remain entirely true to itself for a sufficient number of years, while the outer conditions change, to grow into something like a common measure. Compared with its

repose and permanent fitness to continue, the mutations of the generations seem ephemeral and accidental. It remains the standard, the rule, the term of comparison. Mr. Boott's younger friends must often have felt in his presence how much more vitally near they were than they had supposed to the old Boston long before the war, to the older Harvard, to the older Rome and Florence. To grow old after his manner is of itself to grow important.

I said that Mr. Boott was not demonstrative or sentimental. Tender-hearted he was and faithful as few men are, in friendship. He made new friends, and dear ones, in the very last years of his life, and it is good to think of him as having had that consolation. The will in which he surprised so many persons by remembering them—"one of the few purely beautiful wills I have ever read," said a lawyer,—showed how much he cared at heart for many of us to whom he had rarely made express professions of affection.

Good-by, then, old friend. We shall nevermore meet the upright figure, the blue eye, the hearty laugh, upon these Cambridge streets. But in that wider world of being of which this little Cambridge world of ours forms so infinitesimal a part, we may be sure that all our spirits and their missions here will continue in some way to be represented, and that ancient human loves will never lose their own.

*William James.*

## PHILOSOPHERS AT COURT.

(From Act IV.)

*Antisthenes (offering Antichthonus a phial)*

Old man, take this. It is an amulet  
No true philosopher should live without.  
Soldiers have swords, and if dishonor threatens  
May turn them on themselves. But other men,  
Unless above the sport of circumstance,  
Which, as thy wine gives witness, thou art not,  
Should have some ready means to quit this world,  
When its infection masters them. Thou art old,  
Witless, infirm, disdained, and criminal.  
Be so no more. Be for one moment strong,  
Prudent, immortal, masterful, and free.

*Antichthonus—*

'Tis now the moon's third quarter and no murder  
Can now succeed. For murder toucheth two,  
The slayer and the slain. Now two is even  
And cannot with the moon's third quarter match,  
Which, reason shows, is odd. I might have known  
This chastisement would fail.

*Antisthenes—*

Pitiful sight!

That this should pass for wisdom! Willingly  
I'd gulp these healing drops of hemlock down  
No longer to behold these turpitudes.  
But here's another, sicker than myself,  
More wretched, deeper sunken in the mire  
Of vanity, lost in the limitless  
Foul stinking bog of futile mortal hopes.

Plato, I yield to thee my remedy  
 As one scarce wounded on the battle-field  
 Might to the dying bring a cooling draught.  
 'Tis poison, yes, the drink of Socrates  
 Whom thou, false pupil, hast so long betrayed.  
 Repent and follow him. Thy day is done.  
 Thy endless squibs and captious sentences  
 All written neatly down, that fools may clap.  
 What hast thou left to live for? Prisoner  
 Within this sinking state, a popinjay  
 Thy gaoler and thy mate a lunatic,  
 Scorned by a laughing princeling, whose white hand  
 Turns thee about for his court's merriment,  
 Scorned by thyself, if thou hast conscience left,  
 For thy dishonored past. The Spartan Dion  
 Thy darling once, whom thou hast come to hate  
 Seeing his virtues far outshining thine,  
 With what mock zeal hast thou defended him!  
 And now, poor coward, thou wilt linger here  
 Amused with senseless numbers and the marks  
 Of fly-dung on a rotting manuscript!  
 Drain this, and for the first time in thy life,  
 Be simple, true, and brave.

*Plato—*

I have my faults,  
 As haply thou hast thine, but not the wont  
 Of heaping insults on an elder man  
 Whom fortune humbles. Keep thy condiments.  
 Judge not the value of another's life  
 By what thy own may merit, which, being brutish,  
 Might end with little loss. My place is here  
 Till other gods demand obedience. [*Enter Aristippus.*]

*Aristippus*—

Sirs,

I have inspected with a hasty glance  
Larder and cellar, and I find them stocked  
With daintiest rarities: the season's birds  
Hang ripened from the rafters, a great cask  
Brims with trout swimming—ne'er Diogenes  
Was happier in his tub—and for the wine  
Yourselves shall shortly judge. For you are bidden  
By me to supper in the banquet hall  
To drink the army's health and praise in turn  
The glories and the joys of soldiership.

*Antisthenes*—

Impudent glutton! Follow thou the wars.

*Aristippus*—

You forget something. Why is gallantry  
So bright a virtue? It defends men's hearths,  
Their wives, their gods, and their philosophers.  
Were there no treasures left at home to save  
What should men fight for? Lust of shedding blood?  
That were a devil's maddened wickedness  
And not a human prompting. Hence, 'tis clear  
We lend Mars glory by remaining here.

*Antisthenes*—

Thus temperance is only excellent  
That you may safely ply the glutton's trade.  
The honest moralist!

*Aristippus*—

Come, honesty,

Wilt thou not sup to-night?

*Antisthenes*—

Alas, I must,  
Unless I choose to starve, and if I eat  
It matters nothing in what company.

*Aristippus* (turning to *Antichthonus*)—

And your profundity will honor us  
Joining our number?

*Antichthonus*—

Join your number, I?  
What number is it? Beauteous like the sphere  
The decade and the perfect hexagon,  
Or odd, acute, discordant, infinite,  
Like your unmeaning words? Give me to join.  
Sweet gods, the number of fair harmonies  
Which, though the string that made them snap outworn,  
Remain potential in a myriad lyres  
Whose diapason's true; that when the winds  
That rise in Hestia, blowing through the spheres,  
Sweep those just chords, my music sound again,  
And truth be loud in heaven. Lead me hence,  
Into the sunlight. Show me I'herbus' orb  
For one last time before these eyelids fall,  
Reversing like chill night the firmament  
And darkening all my soul. Serpents of earth,  
How little can your venom sting me now!  
I seem to hear celestial psalmodies  
And that perpetual deep unearthly note  
That makes the basal cry of all our sorrows  
And all our beauties' single ecstasy.  
Lead me away! 'Twas all an evil dream.  
Who said a second Dionysius ruled  
And stole my parchment! lo, no king is here!  
I dreamt one Plato thought to gain renown  
By filching Philolaus' universe.  
No Plato's name makes discord in the spheres  
Nor any loud dispute: and this old man [*pointing to Plato*]



Is some poor pensioner or pedagogue  
Eking his bitter pittance far from home.  
Hist, take this alms. I need no silver now.  
Earth, earth, is what my body hungers for.  
I yearn to mix with earth. As for the soul  
She pays to Charon other coin than this  
For darkling and uncertain pilotage.—  
What, is Lord Oxymel not hiding here?  
He hides sometimes. Summon young Corydon.  
I teach him numbers, that he please the King  
And be some day high chamberlain. He's gone.  
Ah, Corydon is bundled to the wars!  
'Tis pity one so young should bleed and die.  
His smile was sweet and he lisped pleasantly.  
What's this, a tear? I do not weep for him,  
With him all's well. He died before he knew  
How little better than his childishness  
The world's whole wisdom is. I only weep  
To think his mother might not bury him.  
'Twas fate. To-day I could not punish Plato.  
Yet it is lawful any day to die.  
Death's number's odd. Come guide me to the sun.  
Although I see not I may feel his rays  
And they will warm my heart. Away, away. [*Exit.*]

*Aristippus*—

Horrors of age! He has outlived himself.

*G. Santayana.*

*THE FORESTER.*

Not long ago a forester was engaged to address a convention of women's clubs. In the interval before the lecture began, a committee introduced him to a number of the delegates, one of whom, in the obvious consciousness of knowledge, enquired politely: "Now just what do you speak against?" The question illustrates only too well one common American conception of a forester's function. In the more enlightened and public spirited portions of New England, he is looked upon as the champion of a crusade against the brutal and destructive lumberman,—a missionary, whose perceptible activities are largely oratorical. The novelty and apparent disinterestedness of his mission even give his career a touch of romance which is understood by some to constitute a part of his pay. All this is very kind and complimentary, but it makes the forester feel like a poverty stricken pretender. More gratifying, if less friendly, is the occasional cold scorn of the backwoodsmen, one of whom remarked to a representative of the United States Bureau of Forestry: "So we pay taxes to have you all come out here and teach us fellers how the trees grow? I reckon we're too old to learn."

Between the flat indifference of the backwoods and the somewhat vague enthusiasm of the "settlements" the popular comprehension of the forester and his business varies almost infinitely; but strange as it may seem, it becomes most thorough and friendly with that same much abused "vandal," the lumberman. The fact that the lumberman has cut down most of our forests, is by no means a proof that he has always failed to understand the future as well as the present value of forests. In many cases his methods have been unavoidable. The size and age of his timber, its abundance, and the cost of harvesting it, forced upon him at first the crudest, cheapest, and often the most destructive management. But none the less it has been the lumberman, who, as timber has grown scarcer and prices have gone up, has united most heartily and intelligently with the forester in the simple belief that a forest is a crop,—under stable economic conditions, a continuous crop,

and that as such it is to be managed with all the science and practical foresight that the value of the yield will warrant. It is this increasing co-operation between the timber owner and the forester which is beginning to show that forestry as a business and a profession is economically due, while at the same time it calls attention to the true relation between the forester and the lumberman.

In countries whose forest producing area has been reduced to its normal extent, countries such as Germany, the foresters are also the lumbermen in that they superintend the business of lumbering in all its branches. Upon a broad scientific education, with special attention to Botany and Geology, they build their technical training in the understanding, regulation and computation of forest growth, and they finish their preparation with a long apprenticeship in the logging woods. They thus combine (or should combine) the training and experience of the man of science, the logger, and the business man. They differ in equipment from a good lumberman, practically speaking, chiefly in knowing how to improve the growth and reproduction of forests and to calculate their future yield. On the other hand, really first class foresters must be fairly experienced lumbermen, which, in the older countries is just what they are.

The day will come, then, when all our forest owners, whether government or others, will have turned (or hired) foresters. The neat organizations of Europe, the Ober-förster with his uniformed försters, his cane, and his dachshund, are for the present too neat and expensive, even for our government forests, but the number of those whose trade it is to make forest production continuous, will inevitably increase.

*R. T. Fisher.*

*THE FISHING OF GRAN'SIR BEAN.*

Gran'sir Bean stood by the kitchen door pulling on his red woolen wristers, and examining with considerable interest some yellow-green shoots of new grass that had started near the stone doorstep where the sun shone all day. Gran'sir Bean, rising from his breakfast of oatmeal and a great bowl of herb tea, and coming out into the warm sunshine of an April morning, was in an exceedingly genial mood, even for such an invariably good-natured old gentleman as he, and his mild blue eyes twinkled and danced with keen enjoyment at all about him. When his wristers were comfortably fitted round his bony wrists, he took a cane that stood near the door, and started, rather unsteadily at first, but on the whole pretty briskly, across the road toward the barn, sniffing the air as he went.

"Spring's a-comin'," he said to himself, "spring's a-comin' jest's sure's I'm alive. I can smell it. 'S pretty near time to start ploughin'; I'll tell Henry he better hev the ploughs got out to-day, an' look 'em over. An' then there'll be green stuff a-growin', an' grass, an' leaves, till before you know it, it'll come hayin'-time. Spring's a-comin', an' here I be, ol' Eli Bean, jest's well an' hearty's ever I was, goin' on toward eighty an' tougher'n an ol' he-bear. I tell ye this 's a pretty, darn good world after all, an' I guess I'm 'bout's good's the rest on't."

Having given voice to these modest sentiments, he stopped, when he reached the barnyard, and poked in the earth with his cane to see if the frost was out of the ground. His pokings unearthed a large worm that had been sleeping quietly in its bed until disturbed by the energetic punches of the old man's cane. Gran'sir Bean's eyes sparkled as he saw it.

"Gorry-mighty!" he exclaimed, "jest look at thet!"

"Come here, sonny," he continued, addressing the worm, "don't ye try to git away from your gran'sir."

He stooped laboriously and pawed about in the moist earth, giving little grunts, now and then, at the pain the exertion caused him. Then, he

held up the worm between his thumb and finger, and the stern wrinkles in his face changed to a broad grin of pure delight.

"Aint he a buster?" the old man chuckled, "an' would n't he make a neat breakfas' for some ol' trout. Th' say't for every worm th's a fish somewhere. I'd like to see the fish 't'd be a match for this feller. He'd be a whaler, I'll bet ye."

"By the great horn spoon," said Gran'sir Bean, "I b'lieve I'll go a-fishin' this very mornin'. I got's good a mind," he added impressively "to go a-fishin' as ever I hed t' eat."

He thrust the worm into his pocket, and glanced guiltily toward the house. Seeing his daughter standing in the doorway, watching him, he affected to be deeply absorbed over some cocoons in a knothole of the barn-yard fence. He looked slyly at his daughter, all the while, from under his gray, shaggy eyebrows.

"I must n't let 'em know about it over to th' house," he said to himself, "or they'd think I was more of a simpleton 'n they do now, I guess, an' I'll hev to look out for thet boy o' Henry's. He's got eyes sharper'n a link, an' if he saw me a-diggin' worms, he'd surmise th' was suthin' up. He's a pretty cute young feller. Takes arter his gran'sir."

The old man sidled along, keeping hold of the board fence, till he was out of sight of the house; then he dug furiously with the end of his cane and found, at last, a number of pink worms rolled together in a little ball, presumably to keep warm.

"Gorry, what a snarl on 'em!" said Gran'sir Bean, "well, I guess thet'll be enough to ketch every fish in th' brook. Now I'll hev to hev some line an' hooks an' things. 'Twont never do t' ask Henry's boy to lend me any o' his. I'll hev to buy me some down to Adams's. I won't let on they're for me though. I'll fool him."

Accordingly it was with an expression of deep cunning that Gran'sir Bean, considerably out of breath from his walk, presented himself, some twenty minutes later, at Adams's store, and craftily led the conversation in logical sequence from harrows, through phosphates, to fish-hooks.

"I don't want 'em for myself, ye understan'," he told the store-keeper again and again, "I'm a-gettin' 'em for Henry's boy. 'Goin' to make him a present on 'em. No, I never seen no fish-hooks like them, before; all strung on little wires. Fish can't see 'em ye say? Then they must be a darn sight stupider'n trouts was when I was a boy. Don't think I could tie one o' them hooks to a line to save me. My fingers aint so handy pickin' at strings 's they was once. Don't b'lieve I could manage 'em, nohow. Well, if y' aint got no others, I'll hev to take these, I s'pose, an' do th' best I can with 'em. I haint no confidence in 'em, though. They aint for me, ye understan'. They're for Henry's boy."

Gran'sir Bean started off down the road, chuckling to himself at his own cleverness.

"Well, I be goin' to give 'em to the boy," he said to satisfy his conscience, "arter I'm done with 'em an' providin' th's any of 'em left to give. See thet pesky squirrel. I got a good mind to throw a stun at him. I feel jest like throwin' stuns."

When he was out of sight of the village, he turned and, shading his eyes with his hand, peered anxiously back along the road to make sure no one was coming. Then he struck across the meadow to the brook. The air this morning was soft and warm, and full of the damp, fresh smells of early springtime. Yellow, powdery catkins hung from the willow branches; the buds of the maples and birches were red and swollen. The spirit of spring was over everything, and before long the old man, his lips puckered in a vain attempt to whistle, was almost skipping along, like a boy, and splashing regardlessly through the pools of water left on the meadow by the melting snow. He stopped in a little grove of maple saplings long enough to cut a pole, trim it with hands that trembled excitedly, and fasten on his line and hook; then he tiptoed stealthily down the bank to the edge of the water.

There was something pathetic in the earnestness with which he threw in his line, and in his disappointment when he drew it out again, after a few moments, and looked dubiously at the hook.

"Can't understan' thet," said Gran'sir Bean, "they us't to take right holt when I was a boy. Can't make out th' meanin' of it nohow,—'less it's them hooks. P'rhaps they're so darn good th' fish can't see 'em, nor the bait nuther. Well, I'll hev to try fu'ther down."

But fortune seemed needlessly unkind that morning, and when, after an hour's wearisome fishing, the old man, tired, wet, and out of sorts, pulled up a tiny trout no bigger than his little finger, he held the fish out in his brown, wrinkled hand, and addressed it in righteous contempt.

"Aint it cur'is," he said fretfully, "what this world's a-comin' to. Fish all one mornin' an' only ketch a leetle mite of a snipe like thet! I tell ye, thet's jest th' way with everythin'. Th' aint no fish nowadays, an' th' aint no men, 'cept one, an' he's so old he don't 'mount to nothin'. What in th' name o' common sense ails the brook? If thet's th' best it can do, it orter be dried up, or dammed up, or suthin'."

"You go back in there," he continued to the trout, "an' see if ye can't grow to a man's size. I'll drop in down there by thet log, an' then I'm goin' home. I'm jest about sick on't."

He waded up to his knees in the cold water and swung his line over by the log. There was a quick rush; the pole bent nearly double. Gran'sir Bean pulled with all his might and then sat down squarely in the brook with the water rushing and gurgling about him. He did not try to get up, but threw back his head and laughed shrilly.

"Lord, what an ol' fool I be!" he said at last, "to set here this way. Gorry! aint th' water cold! Thet must ha' been an' ol' roncher to yank my pole like thet. Bet he's pretty near's ol's I be. Baldheaded an' got a gray beard mos' likely. I'll hev him if 't takes a leg."

He rose slowly, and swung his line again; then waited, open-mouthed. This time, when he pulled, something shot over his head and landed with a thump on the grass behind him. The old man scrambled up the bank, knelt upon the fish and bore down with all his weight, while his trembling fingers worked at the hook.

"O ye ol' tiger!" he exclaimed, "aint ye a whale! You're a fish, you

be, an' it took a man to ketch ye, thet's what it did. Thought ye'd bite twice, did ye? Thought 't ye'd get th' whole bait, did ye? Did n't know 't was your Gran'sir Bean hed holt on ye, I'll be boun'. Thought if he ever got his hands on ye, ye'd get away again, I s'pose. I'll learn ye what 'tis to hev dealin's with a real man. Wonder what Henry's boy'll think when he sees ye. Said t'other day 't his gran'sir did n't know nothin' 'bout troutin'. When th' mice get to knowin' more'n th' rats things is come to a pretty pass. O ye ol' tiger!"

Gran'sir Bean started back across the meadows to the village. He carried the trout with his arm thrown out to balance himself as one carries a pail of water. The old man's cheeks were flushed and his eyes bright. His hat was gone, and the spring wind blew his long, white hair straight out behind him. At every house he stopped, and showed his fish with the simple delight of a child.

"Here's th' oldes' man," he said, over and over, "an' here's th' oldes' fish, an' I ruther guess 't th' oldes' fish hes hed a leetle the worst on't."

*C. H. Brown.*

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### THE DUSK OF AVAMORE.

All joy is long forgotten in the land of Avamore;  
 No moon, no sun, no stars appear,  
 No twilight spreads its dreamlike cheer,  
 The dusk is of the dying year;  
 All trust is long forgotten in the land of Avamore.

All hope is long forgotten in the land of Avamore;  
 No swallow there his matin sings,  
 The night-bird flaps his heavy wings,  
 The owl's hoot through the forest rings;  
 And God himself's forgotten in the land of Avamore.

*G. P. Vernon.*



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*THE APRIL EDITORIAL: AN ANSWER.*

The editorial in the April number of the *Monthly* seems sufficiently untrue to warrant an answer. So far as it can be characterized at all it may be described as a scattering volley of adverse criticisms of the value of present-day college education, of the specific benefit of Harvard College, the administrative system of the college, and its treatment by the student body.

The problem of the value of a college education, in general, has been discussed to satiety since colleges were instituted. The worn, tired, father has been pictured before, bending over his desk, in dark contrast to the son "blowing in" the hard-earned dollars on Dry Martinis. It is no beautiful picture, but we are helpless to remedy the evil. It is co-existent with the college system.

The editorial touches upon other similarly trite questions; but I think I do the writer no injustice when I say that the gist of his whole complaint is this: that Harvard College is too easy a place in which to get along.

In reply it may be noted first, that it *seems*, when discussed loosely, much easier to stay in Harvard than is really the case. It is usually stated, as a pleasing generality, that it is hard to get into Harvard but easy to stay there. The reverse is the fact. Those who read the President's Report saw stated there, backed up by actual statistics, that a larger percentage of students are dropped from college every year than fail at entrance examinations; which proves rather conclusively that Harvard is not so easy a place after all, and that the A.B. does stand for some work.

But even granting that Harvard is a fairly easy place in which to get along; what of it? The student has too good a time, the editor says. Well, what of that? Why should n't a man have an easy time if he is so careless of his own good as to fail to work hard? The editor neglects to mention that the student can have a very hard time if he wishes to work hard; and there rests the whole question.

The supreme beauty of Harvard College is this: a man can get out of it

benefit precisely in proportion to the work he has put in. If he does the minimum—which, as has been shown, is something—he gets his A.B. If he attends every lecture conscientiously and otherwise fulfils every requirement, he is rewarded with an A.M., perhaps, or a degree with distinction, and sundry prizes and recognitions. In the outside world no guardian angel pursues a man, telling him that he fails to get the most out of life. A man is his own guardian, and rightly. The same principle exists in the administration of Harvard College. The college is no kindergarten. It does not propose to turn out a graduate perfect physically, mentally, and morally. It simply says: Here, we offer you certain advantages for a stipulated remuneration; come if they please you. The college, in its very nature, can do no more than offer to those who will take; the rest lies with the individual man.

So there need be no editorial lament because men feign sickness, or fail to attend lectures, or are not always "square" with the office. The men are the losers; the college goes on as before. If it were desirable to install here a rigid, paternalistic, preparatory-school, administration, cutting could thereby be prevented, and the lack of squareness somewhat lessened. But some men will always evade and pervert any system. Independence is Harvard's watchword: independence of the college among colleges; independence of the student from unnecessary supervision on the part of the college authorities. Take it away and the so-called evils might be prevented; but without it Harvard would not be Harvard.

*Emerson W. Baker.*

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*HINTER BERLIN.*

Zempelburg is in Eastern Germany—"hinter Berlin," as the Germans themselves disparagingly locate it.

I was rambling through one of its dull narrow streets, walled upon both sides with old-fashioned stone houses. At an open window near me, there stood a beshawled and wrinkled old lady half crying, half moaning, with her eyes shut.

"*Ach, ach, mein spectacles,*" she was sobbing; "they are lost *für ewig*, forever surely this time. *Ach*, and I will have to go all the way to Berlin, so far, an old *Frau*. *Ach*, I must go to Berlin to buy brand-new ones—and all merely because no human being will come and help me find my old ones."

She stopped for a moment and I peered in at her. No one was with her in the room. Her spectacles lay on the floor directly in front of her and she stood there helpless and trembling with fright, apparently unable to see where they had gone.

I took the liberty to steal into her little apartment, and picking the glasses up from the floor, handed them to her with an apology. She now seemed even older than I had at first thought, probably already in the fields of second childhood. As soon as she again settled the silver rims in their proper place, she looked about rather quizzingly as though I had brought her an entirely new pair of eyes. She thanked me in her purest, choicest German.

"Oh, *feiner Herr*," she went on, "and you would not think of leaving me here, so soon after you have come. I was just looking out of the window and my glasses fell off—and—and everything around me is very lonely, you see."

"Yes," I replied. "I admit that Zempelburg seems rather lonely to me—nearly everywhere. But the people here only hobble up and down the hard pavements in their wooden shoes, and stare out of the window when ever anyone passes. Half the town is old women, and they have nothing to occupy their minds—make your hours pass lightly."

"*Ach, ja, Herr*, then you are a stranger here?"

I confirmed her surmise. She went on.

"That we old women only hobble about and sit by the window *always* amazes strangers. We have plenty to think about."

"But nothing to do," I returned. "During the course of a whole week about all you get to do is to pray, have a few geese killed for food, and finally send your 'Anna' down to the lake to wash and rinse your clothes in the fresh water. That is why your whole town is lonely."

"No, no, *Herr*," she remonstrated; "do not believe a single word of it. It isn't true at all. We are, everyone, satisfied with Zempelburg. Of all those you see sitting at windows, it is only a few old women who are lonesome."

Then I thought I could probably make my point clearer by drawing a comparison. "All I should advise is action, action. Why in America—"

"*Ja, ja, America, America*," she interrupted as though jealous of the word's very pronunciation.

"Yes, I was born and brought up there," I suggested.

"America?" It seemed too extraordinary. Her eyes sparkled with a sudden excitement. I could see she at once wanted to pour down upon me a thousand questions about the far-away country, but was embarrassed where to begin it all. A fly tickling her nose served her as a starter.

"A—are there flies in America, too?"

"Yes."

"In New York?"

"Yes."

"So. And all the peasants near here grow so much wheat. Do they have wheat in America?"

"In some parts," I told her. "I live in the south—"

"*Ja*, that's where my sons live, my Sammy, and my Wilhelm," she burst forth gladly, "in the south, *süd-America*—New Orleans. *Herrn* Markus. You cannot know them? No?"

My eyes immediately broke the news that I did not. It dampened her enthusiasm. She fell back on her old by-word,

"So." She would not speak for a while at all, only stared again out of her square window at the lifeless street.

"Do you hear from your sons often?" I queried.

"Once every month I get a letter and a little gold."

"How long have they been gone, may I ask?"

"One left at seventeen, and Wilhelm at nineteen. Both are nearly sixty, now."

"Never came back?"

"Oh, they couldn't. They had to watch their business all the time. It always hindered them. Besides, they were not very rich till the last few years."

"Your husband, *Herr* Markus, is he dead?"

"Yes, and a good many years, too."

"Are there any more young men from this town gone to America, like your sons?"

She then reflected a moment. "The sons of several old women; Gunda, there, looking out of the window across the street, nearly all of those you see staring out of their windows have children in America—"

I could see her manner growing more and more confiding.

"Isn't it America that *you* are from?" She began again, as though she had only then realized the fact. "Yes, I have two sons there. In New Orleans." She rose from her chair and hobbled to an old rock-and-tiling stove which all over Germany you find "built in" at one corner of each room. After regulating the draught she turned to a little shelf behind, and took down a crumpled envelope stamped "United States."

"Here," she says, pointing to the corner of the paper, "here is my son's place of business in America. You have seen all the things in the picture many times, and maybe you will explain it to me. You will? The building is very large, you think?"

"Yes," I admitted, "five stories high, and very wide."

"What is this, *Herr*, at the end?"

"I can't see it well. It might be a huge brewer's wagon, delivering kegs of beer."

"Then they *do* drink beer in America? Germany is not the only place where we have it for each meal?"

"Well, Americans don't drink it at each meal—but they have it sometimes."

"So? And look just here, this is a—a—what is its name?"

"An electric car," I replied. "They have them speeding about in every little city in America, not like here, one line on an average for a few hundred miles. Besides," I added, "ours go very fast and are much easier to ride in because they are not all under one Kaiser. They belong to different private men who have to fight and compete with each other to please us."

"So? Yes, yes, so I have heard—I have heard in America there is wonderful private riches—nearly everybody is so poor over here. Yes, I dream about those great riches."

Then she turned toward the envelope again. "And—and is this a *schutzmann*?"

"Yes," I replied, "that is a policeman."

"They call a *schutzmann* a policeman in America?"

"Yes."

"But then, your policeman is not so strict as ours about very little things. is he? My husband, Franckle, once said something about the Kaiser and because of it the policeman took him away from me for two months. That was Franckle."

I admitted that of course our officers were not so opinionated. "In America we are allowed to say at least whatever we think—and then we have a million other privileges besides."

"I like that. My Wilhelm could never be anything but frank—Sammy, too, for that matter. It is very good for my boys. They can have so many comforts. America is a wonderful country. Yes, I dream about it much." And at that very moment her eyes distended as though in inward vision fixed on something indefinite but wonderful, wonderful and far away. "So you see," she concluded, "we old women who only sit staring out of the windows have plenty to do. Ja—"

W. I. Cohn.

*BY THE ROADSIDE.*

Her poor, dim eyes looked up at me.

"Is there no tale that you can tell  
To soothe my throbbing misery,  
And loose my spell?

"Is there no song that you can sing  
To drown the pain and drown the years?  
No stranger's sorrow that can bring  
My heart to tears?

"Is there no art your sages prize  
Of burning glare and staring light,  
To blind my dim, all-seeing eyes,  
And give me night?"

My own sore eyes looked down to her.

"I too am seeking for release."

Her cheeks were wet. "Strange wanderer,  
Then have I peace."

*H. H., Jr.*

*BASIN CITY—COUNTY SEAT.*

There was a railroad a hundred and seventy miles to the southeast. We were travelling northeast towards another some fifty miles nearer. This was the only crumb of comfort which, at that moment, the Great Basin of Western Wyoming could offer us.

The day was sizzling—"hotter'n the hinges o' Hell," according to Jim Seaver, the driver's favorite weather-epithet. The bitter alkali dust, spurting out in sheets from under the wagon-wheels settled about us in a choking cloud that made a grey paste on the sweaty backs of the horses and on our own faces. The Big Horn at our right swirled along with its load of tree trunks, broken branches and dirt, like a river of molasses and mud. Even the sick dusty poplars along its banks seemed discouraged and thirsty.

To the left, things were still worse. The colorless level ground stretched on and on, gradually rising to a low hot ridge of gullied hills, without a shadow for miles. The only other thing in sight was an occasional stiff-backed wondering prairie-dog, or a white vanishing whisk of a jack-rabbit's tail, or a vulture-speck in the sky, or a brisk sand-whirl, scurrying toward the hills: and the sand-whirls seemed the most energetic and living. Long before this we had pinned all our faith on the railroad.

Suddenly at a bend in the endless road, Jim jerked the horses, and the complaining wagon stopped with a screech. "Look a' there," he said, flicking the whip toward a couple of houses on a hill far ahead, "that's new to me. Nothin' there a month ago. Must be another crazy-man loose," and he shook his head scornfully and grumbled till we came opposite the settlement, a quarter of an hour later.

Two rough one-storied board buildings were up and another only needed a roof and windows. A man with a heavy canvas nail-apron, who had been hammering joists, climbed down stiffly and nodded good-day, meanwhile mopping his red face with his sleeve. An elder man, working a good distance off in the baking sun, finished driving two corner-stakes and came our way.



A sandy-haired boy of fifteen, splotted with printer's ink from head to foot, peeked out at us from one of the doorways. "Mornin'," said Jim Seaver, and then on to his business, "What's all this?"

The man with the nail-bag finished mopping. "Basin City—county seat of Big Horn County."

"Hell yer say," Jim broke in. "There aint no such county in the state of Wyoming."

The man spat copiously. "Well, I reckon you're part right. There aint any Big Horn county yet, but there's going to be the next legislature and by that time this town will have showed up purty well. Look here," and seizing our arms, he pulled us into one of the houses where the inky devil was working a large hand-press. "Look at this paper: it's been going a month."

I gasped in astonishment as his thick forefinger pointed: Jim, who had had previous experience, was stoical. "Basin City" it said in large broad letters, "Queen City of the West." Then came a map and bird's eye view of a town of three thousand inhabitants, symmetrically laid out, with court house, jail, hotel, and Methodist Church handsomely conspicuous. A highly-wrought panegyric followed, bristling with adjectives: "Destined to be the metropolis of Wyoming," "beautifully situated," on the "cool, shady banks of the Big Horn," in the "midst of the most fertile and prosperous farming country west of Iowa." Even Jim balked at last. "Gawd," he snorted, combing his long stringy beard with his fingers, "you might a chosen a place a little less'n a mile from the river and with at least *one* popple in sight. Yer can't even raise a thirst here," and he laughed, blissfully oblivious of Kipling.

The man agreed with a species of wink. "That ain't none o' *my* business. A Sheridan land company's back o' this scheme. I'm just getting my three dollars a day and board; and a bunch o' lots back o' the Post Office,—that is if I'll take 'em," he added qualifyingly.

We kept a paper, shook hands all around, and moved on again up the burning river valley.

Three days later, we were camping in the mountains, in among trees once more, and clean water and cool air. As it grew dark, we could see the wink

of another camp-fire farther up the road. Before long, one of the horses neighed, and a man came pushing noisily along through the underbrush, up to our fire. "How are you," he said; "thought I'd just drop over and get some pointers." His smooth face showed an indoor life, but was just beginning to darken. "Great place, the West," he went on in a few moments, "great country, especially for a young man. Good country to start in at and climb up. Good country if you've got no money and a family,—mine's over there," he added, nodding back over his shoulder. "Yes, my advice is get out of the East, and go West where there's room: settle in some vigorous, little town that's bound to make its way. That's the kind of a place we've bought in: its out here a piece on the Big Horn."

"You don't mean—" I interrupted.

"Its Basin City,—county seat or something. Thriving little place from what I hear."

Jim, the hardened old sinner, was chuckling to himself: I wanted to explain, but didn't dare.

*Chalkley Jay Hambleton.*

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### THE CAMPAIGN OF PUCHWITZ.

When the widowed Frau Geheime Consistorialrath Professor Doktor Meyer-Muehlheim came to Puchwitz, it was with the express and expressed desire of finding a nice, steady young man for her daughter Emilie. For search of this kind Puchwitz offered peculiar advantages. It was small, for one thing,—and the charms of so admirable a young lady as Frau Meyer-Muehlheim considered her daughter, could not long remain unknown; in addition, its population of marriageable females had been greatly reduced by frequent weddings, engagements and the like. Most important of all, however, was the fact that Puchwitz could boast of a University and a regiment, fully equipped with matrimonially inclined gentlemen of all ages. Thus Frau Meyer-Muehlheim was justified in considering the situation highly promising.

The only obstacle in the way of success was the person of Fräulein Emilie

herself. Maternal love had greatly exaggerated her attractions. Her face was distressing, her figure no less so; her clothes—the exclusive product of Puchwitz—hung, rather than lay upon her angular impossibilities. Everyone agreed that Emilie was good-natured. There were few who took the trouble to burden her with other attributes.

Immediately on their arrival at Puchwitz, the ladies Meyer-Muehlheim began the campaign. The dirt was not scrubbed off the floor of their apartment before they had begun their round of duty calls, and for many days the hour from twelve to one in the afternoon found them in their hired droschke dashing zig-zag through the town. Hints of balls, dinners and a Kaffeeklatsch or two, together with a delightful interest in the affairs of Puchwitz, secured the immediate support of the female element. The casual mention, moreover, of fifty or more thousand thalers that in the near future were to be inherited by Fräulein Emilie gained over the great majority of the other sex. The fact that a half dozen other claimants were awaiting the distribution of the fifty thousand was a point which Frau Meyer-Muehlheim and her daughter did not think it necessary to explain.

The following months were altogether glorious for the two newcomers at Puchwitz. Their apartment was a veritable bird-cote into which every wind blew one or two officers and numberless civilians. Frau Geheime Consistorialrath Professor Doktor was all a-flutter. With the eye of a connoisseur she viewed her guests from her throne in the sofa-corner, sketching mentally the plan of campaign suitable to each, and signalling her daughter exactly when to laugh, when to appear interested and when to seem ravishingly bored. Fräulein Emilie was not ignorant of the wiles of her sex. Tête-a-têtes with her callers were impossible, for, loyal to tradition, they could discuss their stupendous commonplaces only when the Frau Mama was present; but tennis parties and bicycle rides offered opportunities not to be overlooked. Emilie did not overlook them.

For a time it seemed that she would be successful. Offers of marriage hung like fragrance around her, and the not inconsiderable feet of Fräulein Emilie walked as on air. But the fragrance did not materialize. The gentle-

men of Puchwitz came in turn,—and saw and conquered. They came again, to inspect once more the string attaching to fifty thousand thalers; but courage failed them. They came no longer and Fräulein Emilie remained single.

A second call for candidates was not slow in forthcoming. The deaf, the halt and the blind of Puchwitz society responded, and twisted nervously about in the yawning gulf of Frau Meyer-Muehlheim's front parlor. Emilie laid aside all arts, ribbons, and frivolity. The third call brought students and hungry-eyed instructors from the university. Emilie donned gray, and wended her way with pensive steps to the public library.

During the winter months, Fräulein Emilie drifted from shelf to shelf, from room to room of the great sombre library. Now it was history that engrossed her, now Brahmanism, now ornithology. The eyes of Herr Hilfsbibliothekar Schmidt—the librarian—opened wide with admiration at the catholicity of her taste.

But she studied in vain, and a gray pall settled over Puchwitz.

Dawn broke six months later in a halo of gossip and delight.

"He is coming, he is coming," carolled Emilie, bursting in on her mother, with her marketing-basket empty, and her face trembling with the news. "I saw Trudchen Hender in the Marktplatz," she cried, "and she said that her brother had told her that he had heard from the son of the bell-ringer at the University—who had heard from someone else—that there was a new assistant professor of Chinese coming to Puchwitz. He's handsome, of course, and young, and rich and unmarried and—of course, he'll come to see us and we'll invite him to dinner the day after. I saw the dearest turnips at the market to-day and perfect little Brussels sprouts and my yellow crêpe-de chine with the flounces and the green sash will do very well if I put in a new yoke and take out the spot in the front. I can put a bow there anyway, nobody will see it, and Herr Professor will have other things to attract his attention, will he not, Mama?"

Mama agreed. "How vivacious you are, Emilie!" But Emilie had already sped off to the library. She was determined this time to make her conquest complete.

Fräulein Emilie began the campaign with an attack on Herr Hilfsbibliothekar Schmidt.

"Please give me Brockhaus's Conversations Lexicon—the volume with the C's in it," she said hurriedly. "I haven't much time. Oh, thank you, yes. Now please find China—geography, government, religion, politics, people and general characteristics. Oh, how stupid! Why did you let it fall? Now I've lost the place, and I've only got an hour to read it up and Mama wants me home to look after the dinner and—"

Herr Schmidt picked up the volume carefully. "Ah, what a mind you have, Fräulein," he exclaimed with a sigh of admiration. But Emilie had no intentions on the Herr Hilfsbibliothekar and she gazed through him remorselessly. Again Herr Schmidt sighed.

Forty minutes sufficed Fräulein Emilie to acquire complete working knowledge of China, its geography, history, religion and so forth. She went home and found her mother bubbling over with news. Through Trudchen, her brother, and the bell-ringer's son, she had heard that the newcomer to Puchwitz was a real live Chinaman. Through the same line of communication, she had conveyed to Herr Ausserordentlicher Professor—whatever his name might be—a hint of the happiness that would be hers should he deem it well soon to make his official call on the Frau Geheime Consistorialrath Professor Doktor Meyer-Muehlheim.

The thought of having an exotic for a son-in-law filled the lady's heart with delight. "Anyone can capture a German," she remarked sententiously to her daughter, "but a foreigner, an Oriental, a Chinaman—Gott sei Lob und Dank—that is my lot. Child, you ought to thank your Creator on your knees every night for giving you such a mother as you have."

Fräulein Emilie had been congratulating herself no less. "Frau Professor" would sound very well she thought. Indeed there wasn't as much as on her mother's title, but if the quality was good, perhaps the quantity would not matter, and besides, she concluded sagely, young people must not ask too much. Additional syllables would come with the years.

The magic hour of twelve the next day found Frau Meyer-Muehlheim

gazing out of the window and Fräulein Emilie leaning over the banisters. A ring of the bell, a sudden clash of the two ladies in the upper hall, a gasp, a shuffle of feet—and Frau Geheime Consistorialrath Professor Doktor held the card in her hand.

"Willi Che Foo, student of Theology," she read.

"Oh!" cried Emilie in disappointment, "not even an assistant professor." She was cheery again in a moment. She looked at the card, then gazed sheepishly at her mother.

"Frau Willi Che Foo," she said caressing each syllable. "Hadn't we better go down, Mama?"

Days pass, even when there is an engagement hovering at the point of precipitation. Herr Willi Che Foo proved adorable in every way. He intended to study for two years at Puchwitz, he said, before returning to his own country as missionary. Meanwhile, he was looking for a position to support him during the years of study. An offer trembled on the lips of Frau Geheime Consistorialrath Professor Doktor. But it was checked.

Herr Willi Che Foo came to dinner. The turnips, prepared—as was carefully announced—by the skillful hands of Fräulein Emilie, were delicious; the Brussels sprouts, no less so. Herr Foo was impressed.

Frau Meyer-Muehlheim leaned toward her guest confidently. "You cannot imagine how well she cooks," she remarked in a stage-whisper. "The way that girl prepares rice is a revelation." Herr Willi Che Foo smiled blandly and approved.

Fräulein Emilie slept no more. The next day she was up with the dawn, and bustling around in feverish excitement.

"Mama," she cried again and again, "do you think he'll bring the bouquet this morning, and propose?"

Unutterable wisdom shone in the eyes of Frau Meyer-Muehlheim. She said nothing, but Emilie understood.

"I'm going to town now," she cried, flinging on a coat and sailor-hat. "I've got to get some purple ribbon for my pink mousseline de soie—you know—the

one with the blue flowers and the cupids. And then I've got to see about the wash." With that Emilie was off.

The ribbon was quickly procured, and with the impatience of a woman with a grievance Fräulein Emilie hastened to the laundry. In a small enclosure behind hedges, the linen was hanging placidly from the ropes. A woman in a strange blue costume was taking the dry pieces from the line, and inserting the clothes-pins with careless abandon between her teeth. She walked into the house with the full basket and returned a moment later with another. Then it suddenly came over the stupefied Emilie that the strangely apparelled being was not a woman at all. Herr Willi Che Foo, student of theology, had found employment.

Fräulein Emilie fainted. Then she went into hysterics; and ended at last by collapsing very snugly and comfortably in the arms of the first passer-by—Herr Hilfsbibliothekar Schmidt.

*Hermann Hagedorn, Jr.*

*FAIRY RINGS.*

He rose when the world was all asleep;  
Only the crickets tuned their viols,  
And far away and low and deep  
The sea rolled in on the rocky isles.

Across the meadow, beyond the mere,  
In the pallid light of the early day,  
Half in ecstasy, half in fear,  
Light-footed he sped through the dusk away.

And there on the bank of the singing rill,  
Where the fields and the little woods join hands,  
And the white mists hang along the hill,  
He chanced upon the fairy bands;

All in a diamond dewdropped ring,  
Underneath a stout old oak,  
He saw them dance, and heard them sing  
The mystic song of the Little Folk.

And then in the sunlight back again—  
When the fairies vanished at morning glow—  
To tell the dull sarcastic men  
Who could not understand or know:

"I saw them tread their elfin maze,  
Round about and in and through,  
Till they fled with the night from my wondering gaze."  
And they said, "He is mad," but he knew, he knew.

*C. T. Ryder.*



## SHAWISM.

Mr. Arnold Daly's production of *Candida* has been a great boon to the play-discussing public. Not only has it furnished conversation for innumerable dinners and teas, but it has even more noticeably supplied copy to a large number of critics, amateur and professional. And the curious thing about it all is that everybody has been able to give it his own very plausible but entirely individual interpretation. *Candida* is best of all Mr. Shaw's plays suited to such treatment; for the characters are apparently just enough filled in to reflect the mood of each hearer. And the lack of a theory as to the play's meaning is evidence only of one's lack of inventive genius. But still more noticeable is the fact that those who are better acquainted with Mr. Shaw's other plays show no greater unanimity. The only point of similarity is that they all load him up with significances and philosophies.

Weighty terms have been used in praise of Mr. Shaw's work. He has been called Ibsen with a sense of humor; he is "revolting against the common ideals of humanity;" a "vein of true optimism, strong and magnetic," runs through his work; and so on. He is even assigned a neatly-labelled philosophy. All of this seems very ridiculous if one reads the plays without peering around for a significance. Mr. Daly, in the *New York Globe*, himself has cleared the atmosphere in regard to such treatment.

"I am sure that Shaw's comedies and other plays that they call 'literary,' would succeed, if they were rescued from special matinees, special casts, and the mental loafers that like to pose and prate about them. Put them on like any other plays at regular performances by a regular company. Don't try to be superior. Just use common sense. Tell the public that they are going to see an amusing play—a good deal more entertaining than the 'productions' in which you can't find the play and the actors for the scenery. Then have the patience to wait for the audiences to see it for themselves, and tell of it. That's all. Once I thought I could form a society of actors to give Shaw for his own sake, but it did n't work. A company hired like any other and acting

like any other, did. In that way we really gave Shaw a chance. The mental loafers and the superior persons had scared intelligent people away. They were so busy hunting for Shaw's meanings that they would n't let you see his cleverness and brilliance, as though cleverness and brilliance took three days to puzzle out. They loaded him up with morals, as though he were Ibsen himself, with his northern heaviness."

Bernard Shaw is an Irishman. This is more important than might appear; for it implies a number of qualities in his work which his admirers seem to lack—among others a dominating and sympathetic sense of humor. Another implication is less obvious, but even more characteristically Irish. It may perhaps best be phrased by saying that he writes largely for the fun of exercising his wits, for the fun of writing and not to carry home some gigantic moral import. That he considers such exercise very pleasant at any rate is evident from one of his prefaces; speaking of the time when he wrote reviews—"if ever there was a man without a grievance, that man was I;" and later, "Too weak to work, I wrote books and plays." To these two factors in his make-up much of Mr. Shaw's eccentricity and much of his seriousness (where that slips in) may be traced.

A sense of humor does not mean merely the ability to see a joke, or even the ability to make one. It includes those rare arts, but it goes further. It involves seeing the follies and paradoxes of a system of life which has come to be accepted as ideal. Mr. Shaw's first play attempted exactly that office. *Widower's Houses* was produced in 1892. It pointed out the fact that many "respectable" people get wealthy on the rents of crowded tenements, that many others live on mortgages on the same sort of property, and that conditions are such that no one of the parties can well avoid these unpleasant circumstances. Now all this is very true, but it was by no means a startling revelation even in 1892. Its value lay not in its revelations of the slum-problem, but in the manner in which it advertised them. Though the play achieved no financial success, it accomplished its purpose to some degree by stirring up such a hubbub of comment as *Candida* has produced this year.

*Mrs. Warren's Profession* is similar. It simply points out a defect in the present constitution of society. It is something in the nature of a "plain talk." It presents the fact that women of Mrs. Warren's class are practically forced to take up her profession. The truth of this very few people who know much about it are prepared to deny; and none but clergymen and reformers pretend that the evil can be removed by exhortation to the people concerned. Mr. Shaw merely announces a fact that any man who can look over the edge of his own church pew will admit. And as in *Widower's Houses* he proposes no solution: he makes it plain that Mrs. Warren would neither grace nor enjoy her daughter's life.

A solution is proposed elsewhere, however. Mr. Shaw apparently delights in writing elaborate prefaces to all his plays, nominally explaining their meaning. On these prefaces is based, I think, much of the tendency to discover meanings in the plays. That they are inadequate bases it is not hard to convince oneself. In the first place it is difficult to take seriously an essay that begins with the title "Mainly About Myself." He then goes on to repeat his accusations of the accepted social ideals, coolly throwing little bombshells into various self-satisfied traditions, and thrusting right and left with delightful impartiality at almost everything English. A more effectual scattering of dust without much real digging it would be hard to find. And it is still more difficult to accept seriously the remedy which he proposes—namely Socialism. It is not the usual brand of that creed. It is, to be sure, based on the belief that every man has a right to a living and asserts that he ought to be "allowed" to earn it. But it is not a very practicable sort of reform. In fact it is almost entirely destructive. Only compare it with the German style of socialism and it appears very slight. Where Mr. Shaw writes a novel and laughs at the world's follies, the German writes a tremendous disquisition on the rights of man and the inevitable, logical, irrefutable results of these postulated rights. Mr. Shaw could no more be a sober Socialist than he could be Teutonic in his wit or metaphysical in his thinking. His socialism is that of a man who observes the follies in our society. He proposes no revolution; he merely pokes fun.

While this so-called Socialism is Mr. Shaw's most positive tenet, he has a negative one that is equally vigorous and even more characteristic. It is a delightful contempt for everything "romantic." About that, too, there is nothing extraordinarily original. Few persons with a normally active sense of humor like the romantic slush that fills most of our modern novels and polite dramas. Romanticism does not flourish in healthy climes; it grows best under moonlight—and subdued gas-light. Call a thing romantic, therefore, and any man who is not in love or lacking a sense of humor will grin at it. Such a "dodging of reality," as he calls it, is naturally not to Mr. Shaw's taste, especially when he sees it most vigorously among his English neighbors. But the contempt that he feels is not that of a great social reformer; it is like his socialism, only the expression of amusement over the follies of the race. He does not propose to make the race over again.

The "Pleasant" plays—*Widower's Houses* and *Mrs. Warren's Profession* are very truly unpleasant—are almost all engaged in pricking romantic bubbles. And they are more effective in proportion as satire is a better instrument than blunt invective. *You Never Can Tell* laughs at the Puritan household and a Twentieth Century mother and daughter, *Arms and the Man* laughs at romantic ideals, *Candida* at the unconsciously hypocritical and very egoistic clergyman. It is hardly necessary to search a library to find other writers who have exploited the same fields with not inconsiderable vigor; we may be pardoned if we do not see any revolutionary originality of matter in the plays.

Perhaps the thing most typical of Mr. Shaw's method and substance is his feeling toward British self-satisfaction and tradition-worship. From all accounts the average middle-class Briton is an exceedingly conventional person, who thinks it scandalous to have thoughts his father did not think before him. That means, of course, a dogged belief in all the good old fetichism of the nineteenth century Puritan, in the ideal nature of the British government and social organization and its mission to uncivilized tribes, and a very vigorous sense of national righteousness. Mr. Shaw's pleasant disregard of these idols is quite typical. And he will go considerably out of

his way to introduce a neat little thrust. There is the well-known diatribe that Napoleon is credited with in *The Man of Destiny*, very exhaustively and irrelevantly analyzing the British character; and I quite admired Miss Donnelly's acting of "The Lady" there, for she sits mutely with a very astonished look of "how *does* he do it" in her face. It has no discoverable connection with the plot. It was merely a good chance for a dig at the nation, and Napoleon is a good mouthpiece.

One very typical little trick occurs in *Caesar and Cleopatra*. Britanius is Cæsar's British secretary; examining an Egyptian light house he remarks—"They have counter weights, and a machine with boiling water in it which I do not understand: it is not of British design." And in another place Cæsar remarks of him, "Pardon him, Theodotus: he is a barbarian, and thinks that the customs of his tribe and island are the laws of nature." In *You Never Can Tell* the dentist gives some valuable advice to foreigners. "You are neither of you capable of conceiving what life in an English seaside resort is. Believe me, it's not a question of manners and appearance. In those respects we enjoy a freedom quite unknown in Madeira. . . . We don't bother much about dress and manners in England, because, as a nation we don't dress well and we've no manners," etc., etc. And even in the stage directions Mr. Shaw cannot resist a fling. He describes a room "designed with the taste of an undertaker," all combining "with the black marble which gives the fireplace the air of a family vault, to suggest early Victorian commercial respectability, belief in money, Bible Fetichism, fear of hell always at war with fear of poverty, instinctive horror of the passionate character of art, love and Roman Catholic religion," etc.

The shortcomings that Mr. Shaw discovers are not by any means new; Thackeray occasionally mentioned little hypocrisies and failings that came under his reputedly benignant eye. But they serve as excellent ammunition for Mr. Shaw. And though he proposes no change in the British make-up, it is easy to see how his enjoyment of trespassing on these forbidden fields of thought leads to horror-stricken raising of hands, and talk of cynical unconventionality. His socialism and the philosophies assigned to him are

very similar: by frankly pointing out paradoxes and follies he gets the reputation of leading a moral revolt.

The originality that Mr. Shaw displays is indeed not so much in what he says as in how he says it. Just as he enjoys abusing the English he enjoys working his wits at everybody's expense--the second characteristic of the Irishman. No one can read any of his Pleasant plays or those for Puritans without feeling sure that he enjoyed writing them. See *The Man of Destiny*. No one will suppose that Mr. Shaw would have the real Napoleon, when he wanted red ink, send the Inn-keeper out to kill somebody. Nor could any one fancy his standing smiling by while the Lieutenant chatted so informally with him, or told him that a Lieutenant must be a gentleman but a General may be "any sort of riff-raff if he understands the shop well enough." The whole play, as Mr. Shaw confesses, is "hardly more than a bravura piece to display the virtuosity of the two principal performers." It happens that in the course of it he finds a chance to rub the British and off he goes on the tirade I mentioned before. He is unquestionably having a beautiful time in every word he writes.

Julius Cæsar fares no better. Mr. Shaw is engaged here not in poking fun at any modern weakness, but in wrecking a tradition which he considers romantic by giving the grave old conqueror a sense of humor. So we have the spectacle of Cæsar playing practical jokes, indulging in repartee, being, according to the stage directions, "tickled" over some events; and Cleopatra, still a girl, "is rent by a struggle between her newly acquired dignity as a queen, and a strong impulse to put out her tongue at Ptolemy." Here is a typical bit, where Cæsar has happened on Cleopatra alone in the desert and neither knows the other:

CLEOPATRA [*giggling and leaning trustfully towards him*]: You are a funny old gentleman. I like you!

CAESAR: Ah, that spoils the dream. Why don't you dream that I am young.

CLEOPATRA: I wish you were; only I think I should be more afraid of you. I like men, especially young men, with round strong arms; but I am afraid of them. You are old and rather thin and stringy; but

you have a nice voice; and I like to have somebody to talk to. . . .  
 Tell me, do you think the Romans have any sorcerers who could take us away from the Sphinx by magic?

CAESAR: Why? Are you afraid of the Romans?

CLEOPATRA [*very seriously*]: Oh, they would eat us if they caught us. They are barbarians. Their chief is called Julius Caesar. His father was a tiger and his mother a burning mountain; and his nose is like an elephant's trunk [*Caesar involuntarily rubs his nose*]. They all have long noses and ivory tusks, and little tails, and seven arms with a hundred arrows in each; and they live on human flesh.

CAESAR: Would you like me to show you a real Roman?

CLEOPATRA [*terrified*]: No. You are frightening me.

CAESAR: No matter; this is only a dream.

CLEOPATRA [*excitedly*]: It is not a dream: it is not a dream. See, see [*She plucks a pin from her hair and jabs it repeatedly into his arm*].

How very distressing all this would be to reverers of the classic conqueror; but what fun writing it!

No one would accuse the author of *You Never Can Tell* of disliking his task; it is dialogue *par excellence*. And it introduces another feature that tends, I think, toward the same end. At the close, things having worked out to a pretty hopeless tangle, it winds up by the heroine's proposing, and then all whirling out to dance in couples, except the hero, who remarks that he might as well be a married man already, with no visible connection with any of the rest of the play. Apparently Mr. Shaw was through playing with his characters, and so pulled the curtain down with a none too clever *mot*. And this is not the only instance. *Candida*, which is to be taken more seriously, seems to me to be wound up similarly, after it had done its chief offices, those of drawing an attractive character (perhaps Mr. Shaw's only genuine success in downright character-drawing) and of presenting a "problem." All the desired effects had been produced; and though our German problemists would have wound up with laudanum, Mr. Shaw sends the poet out into the cold with a mysterious stage direction tagged on—"they do not know the secret in the poet's heart." Every one will tell you a plausible explanation of the secret; but as a matter of fact wasn't it a sort of extra knot in the string when he finished tying up the play? His reference to Mr. Daly of an inquiry as to its

meaning lends color to a belief that he meant nothing at all by it, and was hugely pleased to find people puzzling over it. Moreover, in *Arms and the Man* he winds up by pairing practical Captain Bluntschli with romantic Raina, and heroic Sergius with the maid, a sort of a slap at the audience for taking him so seriously. In short, Mr. Shaw gets much fun from writing and sticking pins into people; and when he gets through, he winds up in the most convenient way; he doesn't even take the trouble to be "artistic."

The result, or the cause, of such a characteristic is naturally a certain degree of skill in the work. That Mr. Shaw surely has. Though he protests mildly against the iteration, the one quality that critics can agree on is his surface "brilliancy." He is never at a loss for repartee, and the dialogue is never stupid. This is not, however, a quality that is effective on the stage, line-cleverness failing to penetrate the galleries and much of the stalls. And there are many good reasons why he is not popular with the money paying part of the audience—chiefly, I think, his impartial way of abusing pet traditions. The repeated attempts to stage the plays having failed, printing was the only method of dissemination left.

But books do not always fall into fortunate hands. Mr. Shaw has fallen among the literary dilettants, and it is not all the fault of fate. Cleverness and brilliance are essentially superficial qualities; and these attract above all the dilettant. If there is anything a dilettant enjoys it is a discussion of what he reads; and hence we have all sorts of motives and meanings attributed to Mr. Shaw. It may seem that I am throwing stones at other people's glass houses; but I have "interpreted" the plays only with the hope of discovering that Mr. Shaw's intention was, not to carry home a great moral lesson, but to stir up a pleasant buzz of discussion. He is iconoclastic only so far as he sees many follies among his fellow men and laughs at them; which is more often called worldliness than socialism. And he advertises his ideas so well because he enjoys the art of poking fun.

*Laird Bell.*



*THE RUBAIYAT.*

It was night; all the city slept; but Hakim Omar, the Court Astronomer sat at his work on the house-top. On the table before him were broad parchments, half unrolled, marked with dots and lines and strange symbols. Omar was writing; and from time to time he would pause to glance at one or the other of the scrolls, holding it nearer to the light of the single lamp. As Omar sat bent over the table, a servant appeared, and bowed reverently to his master.

"My lord Omar, a man knocks and desires speech with thee. I know him not, but he says that thou knowest."

"What is his appearance?" asked the master, without raising his head.

"He is a stranger, my lord, and poor of dress—a tall, lean man, clad in a tattered mantle. He says that what he hath to tell concerns thee nearly."

Omar raised his head. "Let him come up; and stand thou by the stair-head. His speech must be short." The slave disappeared through the stair-opening, and Omar took up his pen. Ere he had written a dozen words, the slave returned, followed by a tall man shrouded in a long cloak of dull red. The stranger advanced to the table and gazed fixedly at Omar.

"Hakim Omar, of Naishápúr?"

"I am he," replied Omar quietly, without rising from his chair.

"Thou art Hakim Omar, the tent-maker that was—a wise man, people say, raised to the Sultan's favor by Nizám ul Mulk? Know that I am Hassan the son of Hassan ben Rudbar. Thou didst wrong my father once in the matter of a flock of sheep; and there is a balance to be settled."

"In the matter of the sheep I wronged no man. To speak truth I did but save myself from as pretty a piece of knavery as— But that is past; what is thy business here?" Omar leaned back in his chair, and gazed at Hassan through half-shut eyes.

"My business, Hakim Omar, is the business of the balance. There is a sum owing to my father's house, and I am come to demand it. Yea, laugh;

and then listen. There is come to my hand a little sandal-wood box, and in the box a scroll, hardly the size of a man's finger. There is writing on the scroll—the creed of one who puts no trust in Allah. It is verse, as I read it, verse that makes merry with the Koran, jiggling rhymes that flout the law, that laugh in the face of the true believer. There is a name affixed to the verses—such a name as might be written in a fair hand on yon parchment—thy name, Hakim Omar the tent-maker."

"Thief!" Omar had risen to his feet, but he spoke calmly, without anger.

"Nay, not thief, Hakim Omar," went on Hassan. "This scroll came to my possession much as that flock of sheep came to thee. And now, what of the scroll? Is it not precious to thee, this little screed in its carven box? What is it worth to thee?" Hassan's eyes gleamed from their deep hollows, and his fingers worked as though they already felt the gold.

"Twenty *mithkâls* of gold will I give thee for the scroll," said Omar quietly.

"Twenty, nay, say twenty-five, my lord Omar," mocked Hassan. "Thou best knowest the worth of the scroll. Shall the writer of such words enjoy the Sultan's favor? Does the unbeliever have honor at the court of Malik Shah? Thou knowest, Omar of the tents, that the writer of such words would feel the bow-string. Twenty *mithkâls*, nay, my lord, it was a jest. The life of a rich man is at stake, of Hakim Omar, owner of houses, slaves, and luxuries untold. Yea, but one word from me and thy life shall not be worth a rotten fig at the harvest. Speak, Hakim Omar, what shall be the price of the scroll?"

"A hundred *mithkâls*! The life of a wise man for a hundred *mithkâls*! face was calm.

"A hundred *mithkâls*! The life of a wise man for a hundred *mithkâls*! Another jest, Hakim Omar—the clumsy jest of a tent-maker. Two thousand gold-pieces shalt thou pay for the wrong that was done my father in the matter of the sheep. No? It is well, thou mayest change thy mind. I wait in my lodging until noon to-morrow. If I hear not from thee at noon,

there are many at the court who would bless me for the news I might bring. The Sultan's ear is always open, and more than one believer as wise as thou awaits some office. I dwell by the Nizâm gate, eight doors inside, to the left. If I touch not the gold by noon to-morrow, the scroll goes to the Sufis, and the archers of Malik Shah shall—"

Omar made a motion to the slave who stood at the stair-head.

"Do me no violence, Hakim Omar," said Hassan. "If I return not to my lodging, one hath the scroll and direction for its delivery. Let me part as I came. Until noon I shall wait; and then the scroll goes to Malik Shah."

"Depart unharmed, Hassan son of Hassan," said Omar, slowly. "I shall decide in the matter of the scroll. If I send thee no word by noon to-morrow, do thy duty to thy father, the Sultan, and Allah."

Hakim Omar watched the two figures sink below the stair-head. He looked at the stars, at the dim-outlined roofs of the sleeping city. A rattle of bolts rose from the street, and the sound of soft footsteps, growing ever softer. Hassan the son of Hassan had departed.

Omar called softly down the dark stair-way; there came an answer, and in a minute another man stood at the stair-head—a tall man, large of limb and deep of chest.

"My lord called?"

"Yusef," said Omar. "There dwells one Hassan hard by the Nizâm gate, eight doors inside, and to the left. He hath a scroll—a little scroll in a sandal-wood box. The box is nothing: the scroll I must have ere dawn; go thou and take it. If Hassan will give it up, it is well; if not, get it as it may best suit thee. This only: let no man see it, and bring it here by sunrise. The Nizâm gate, eight doors inside, and to the left. Hassan is big, but he is half-fed, a son of the desert: he will make small trouble for thy fingers. Go."

It was nearly dawn when Yusef returned.

"My lord, I found not the scroll. The dog Hassan swore that it was lost, that it was stolen. He will never swear more. I searched the house and I found no sign; neither the scroll nor the sandal-wood box."

"It is well, Yusef," said Omar. "Perchance the fellow had not the scroll."

Thus Hassan the son of Hassan died; and Omar remained at the court, spending his days in sleep and his nights in the study of the stars. But neither Yusef nor Omar knew how Selim, son of Hassan the son of Hassan, being a boy and always hungry, had bartered the carved box for a handful of sweetmeats; nor how the sweetmeat-vender had exchanged the box for a basket of figs; nor how Abdul the fig-merchant had given the box, with its little scroll unread, to his friend, Imán the scribe. And Imán, being a man of good counsel, kept the scroll hidden for six years, until Hakim Omar the Astronomer had died of a fever. Then Imán made copies of the scroll, and gave them to his friends—copies of the verses signed by the name of Hakim Omar the tent-maker, or as the Persian spells it, Hakim Omar Khay-yám.

*F. D. Webster.*

### Editorial.

The persistence of the old charges of Harvard snobbery and Harvard indifference is not necessarily proof of their continued existence. The non-Harvard public is as fond of prating of those matters as an old lady of gossiping, and is little enough anxious to lose the opportunity. Considering, however, the rapid change of personnel and the shortness of a college generation, and still more the immense changes that have taken place in the university since President Eliot took charge, it seems unlikely that these charges should continue unless there is some basis for them. It can hardly be doubted that there are conditions which either foster snobbery or which can be construed in that light. The real question is not whether the conditions exist, but rather whether they really imply snobbery, or are merely misinterpreted.

Two very obvious facts have a significance in this matter which may easily be overlooked. These are that the college is over-large; and that it is placed practically in Boston. Their bearing requires little explanation. The former makes it improbable that any man should know all his classmates. This results in an atmosphere as different from that of a small college as the social atmosphere of a city is different from that of a county-seat. Men care as little who may be their neighbors in dormitory or lecture room as the city man cares about his neighbor in the elevated. Where one has an abundance of friends and is used to seeing hundreds of men daily whom he does *not* know, he is but little inclined to be cordial with a chance acquaintance. Thus the ground is pretty well prepared for a certain indifference to one's fellows which in a more active form may appear snobbery.

This more active form is brought about through the second agency, namely the proximity to Boston. In this connection it is easy to descend to

bombastic and unwarranted attacks on New England aloofness, but that is not the present aim. The significance of this proximity is in the fact that a certain set of men know one another intimately when they enter; they have grown up together, gone to school together, and moved in the same social orbits. They are, moreover, as a rule members of well known families. When this is spread through the ramifications of boarding schools it produces at the outset of college a large "acquainted class." The matter of being in college produces little change; the fact that they continue to move in the same circles makes the transition slight; and college is merely an opportunity for a little closer association, with greater facilities for amusement. There is thus small inducement to seeking many new friends. This may not be "truly democratic;" but the conditions are such that a lack of aggression in the business of making friends is to be anticipated. This last is not a studied paraphrase of snobbery; snobbery is more precisely a feeling that persons outside of a certain class are unworthy of friendship. The attitude created by the above conditions, if snobbery at all, is a very passive sort; it is not an actual feeling of superiority, but a want of incentive toward making new acquaintances.

To the prime factors in creating such conditions must be added the fact that in college itself there is practically no counteracting force. Our "individualistic" tendency put into action through an elective system of studies removes the usual line of cleavage by classes. Freshman and Senior sit side by side in lectures, and except English A there is no course distinctly of one class. On the other hand the so-called "segregation of the rich" on Mount Auburn Street, the "elective" dormitories, early election into clubs, and similar institutions, all lead in the opposite direction. Consequently we have a decided tendency to a vertical division of men, socially speaking, rather than a horizontal division by classes. As an after-dinner speaker recently put it,

"we have three ideals, the love of a Princeton man for his college, of a Yale man for his class, a Harvard man for his club."

Our peculiar attitude toward social matters is a direct result of this isolating process. An element of exclusiveness is, of course, a requisite to any social system; that is, the attainment of social success must bring with it a reward which is not given to everyone. This holds for the most democratic of systems, and is as essential to a fraternity as to a club system. At New Haven social success is nominally the reward for distinction in some college activity; even the leading Y. M. C. A. worker, for instance, is customarily taken into one of the senior societies, and men do Y. M. C. A. work with that in view—a truly American ideal. With us, however, we distinguish between a social success and any other. The Y. M. C. A. sort of success may bring prominence and thus give other men a chance to see how well a particular man deserves social distinction; but it does not bring it *per se*. A man may make any athletic team regardless of his social status, but unless his fellows think him worthy of social success it does not assure the latter. The same should hold, though it does not, of the papers; there is here a tendency to make them into clubs, and uncongenial persons are not encouraged. This seems distinctly a confession of weakness, implying that ability in writing is not in itself sufficient honor to induce men to do the work. In most other respects, however, the line is sharply drawn: social success neither presupposes nor procures success in other lines. In other words, we make social life as distinct an activity as any other sort.

The justice of such division ought not to need explanation. It is quite as reasonable to expect social qualifications in a candidate for social honors as it is to expect a football candidate to have weight and speed. And mere efficiency in other activities ought to be no more a qualification for social success than a good voice for the crew, or a "ready pen" for the baseball team. It is a poor

form of activity in which success, unsupported by social reward, is not compensation for the work. It is rather the nominal merging of other branches in the social in most colleges that is chiefly responsible for a belief in the injustice of our separation.

There is a favorite bit of democratic cant that all Americans are social equals; and on this foundation the theory of social systems elsewhere rests. Here we do not believe it, and we exchange the hypocrisy of social equality for a sort of gentleman-worship that is frequently too strong to be healthy. Our system is thus peculiarly open to charges of social distinctions. Where conditions are such as to create a class of men especially eligible to social success the tendency must be to make social affairs a separate activity; and many men of ability in other lines and conscious in their own minds of a theory of social equality are all too apt to be disappointed. While such a theory gains acceptance, therefore, we probably will be charged with many undemocratic deeds.

In reply to the *Answer* to our April editorial only a few words are necessary. The gist of the argument is that if any restraint implying paternal government were put upon us "Harvard would not be Harvard." The college may very comfortably be left to take care of itself; and to the argument proper the reply is obvious. It is clear that paternal measures must exist up to a certain point; we can't let a boy of twelve do as he likes simply because the world will do so ten years later; we can't allow perfect freedom at boarding school. The question is where the line is to be drawn. The *Answer* asserts that it should be at the beginning of college. If, however, we are to have beginning there a system of sign-offs which is to be made a poor practical joke, or indeed regarded as one of the chief glories of the institution, we may well have our doubts. And, on the other hand, if we are to eschew paternalism altogether, why do we have attendance taken at all?



### Book Notices.

"UTHER AND IGRAINE." By Warwick Deeping. New York: The Outlook Company.

The continued fascination of Arthurian legend for modern romanticists is evidenced by Mr. Warwick Deeping's *Uther and Igraine*, a novel based on the old story of Arthur's parents. The substance of this new version is briefly as follows:

Driven from her nunnery by the invading Saxons, Igraine is rescued in the forest by an unknown knight, calling himself Pelleas, with whom she falls in love, and who subsequently proves to be Uther Pendragon, brother to Aurelius Ambrosius, the King. Though deep in first love with her, Pelleas, believing from Igraine's habit that she is a nun, tears himself away and disappears on his roving quests. Igraine proceeds to Winchester, and there is wooed by Gorlois, Duke of Cornwall, from whom she flees in disgust; but in her flight she is entrapped and treacherously deceived into marrying him, through the magic of Merlin. The King dies; Uther comes to the throne; and Gorlois, going to aid him in the war against the barbarian invaders, leaves his rebellious wife mewed up in his castle at Caerleon. She escapes, and, accoutred as a knight, roams the forests till she meets her true lover. Gorlois discovers them conversing and drags her back with brutal insults to be immured at Tintagel. At last Uther, hearing her fate, goes down into Cornwall, kills Gorlois in single combat, and once more finds Igraine, never to forsake her again.

With a plot so ingeniously different from that of the antique tale, and with the opportunities afforded by scene and time, it should seem that Mr. Deeping ought to have produced at least an exciting and interesting book; and so, indeed, he has. There are no facts in romance; and the liberties which the author takes with his material are perfectly legitimate, provided they be justified by the result. Unhappily Mr. Deeping's style is a thing so fearfully and wonderfully made that its distortions spoil many an effect that had otherwise

been excellent. Not content with the intrinsic unreality of romance, Mr. Deeping shrouds his narrative in an atmosphere of pathetic fallacy. "There was an expression of despair on the face of the west," he writes, in the second paragraph of the book. "The woods were full of a vague woe, and of troubled breathing. The trees seemed to sway to one another, to fling strange words with a tossing of hair, and outstretched hands." Indeed, the aspects of the world appear to depress him greatly; for, first or last, everything in it is "bleak" and "stark," from the heath at twilight to Igraine's smile. The heroine shares the temperament of her Creator. Every sunset "harrows her into a moan of woe;" and she "conjures up love like some Eastern house of magic, only to see its domes faint goldly [*sic!*] into a gloom of night." In personal appearance, she must have been a rather lurid, mediaeval lady: when she sleeps, her hair is "like a lustrous lava flow over the bed;" and when she wakes, there is on her face "a veil of exultation, as though her maidenhood were flowering gold under a net of pinkest satin," whatever that may mean. Now and then, to be sure, Mr. Deeping does a very forceful and vivid piece of writing; and some of his characters are exceedingly well drawn; but the interest of the novel as a whole depends rather on the story than on his manner of telling it, and his style is so uneven and so often bizarre that it needs a deal of chastening and tempering before it can become a reliable artistic vehicle:

Were this all that could be said of *Uther and Igraine*, the book would not deserve the distinction of notice. From a critic's point of view, however, it has a literary value, because it illustrates, on the one hand, the persistent vitality of Arthurian romance among English-speaking people, and, on the other, the typically idealistic fashion in which writers for the last half-century have treated the stories of the cycle. Mr. Deeping's departures from his original are all to the end of legitimizing the relations of Uther and Igraine, just as Richard Hovey's *Launcelot and Guinevere* is an attempt to rehabilitate the characters of two guilty lovers by causing them to meet and love before a state marriage puts a barrier between them. Yet even here Mr. Deeping has not been perfectly successful. He has fulfilled the letter, not the spirit, of idealism. He has made the conduct of Uther and Igraine conform to certain modern

on the story itself. The material is excellent: it would be hard to find a better quarry for historical matter than the adventures of La Salle on the great river; the contrast with Versailles gives opportunity for dramatic effects; and the romantic flavor that makes the great sale for historical novels needs only to be suggested. To this material, however, Mr. Orcutt has not done justice. Not only is his task harder through the surfeit of such fiction that has been thrown upon us, but, even more, he brings no exceptional abilities to the task. Situations truly dramatic are rare; for much space is taken up with rather stupid exposition of historical facts. And when such situations do occur their force is lost by a very commonplace, lifeless style. Here is a typical bit: "Robert sprang to his feet in astonishment, unable to control himself. Anne in Versailles, so near him, when he had supposed her leagues away! He could scarcely believe his ears." A very tense situation indeed; it is fortunate that exclamation points indicate startling sentences. The unfairness of holding up a single sentence is obvious; but a similar restricted expression is characteristic of the book. It is a relief not to have a so-called "brilliant" style forced upon us; but a positive paucity of brilliance is even less desirable.

On the whole, the book may interest through its subject, and it certainly is admirably put together. The illustrations too are satisfactory; and the headings and initial letters, by Frederic Garrison Hall, '03, are extraordinarily good decorative work; the latter are in fact almost too good, their minuteness and perfection giving an air of top-heaviness to the page; it is, however, a rare fault.

Z. Y. X.

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"SANCTUARY." By Edith Wharton. New York: Charles Scribners' Sons.

For a psychological novel, Mrs. Wharton has in *Sanctuary* an excellent plot. The hero's mother (who is the real hero, apparently) has brought him up with a hair-splitting regard for scruples in the abstract. He is engaged in an architectural competition; he is also interested in a brilliant but "metallic" young lady who worships success and evidently intends to make her acceptance depend on his success in this particular competition. A friend, en-

gaged in the same competition, dies inopportunately, taking up much of his time in the last few days; but he leaves a note requesting him to use his own already completed plans if he sees anything of value in them. They prove to be extraordinarily good. The fiancée-to-be urges using them; the mother uses a silent influence against it. And our poor hero is a psychological battleground. Of course the scruples win out in the end, but it takes a good many pages.

Clearly, the psychological purpose assumed, is a good basis. But Mrs. Wharton's execution leaves one in doubt. She is a remarkable workman, something after Mr. Henry James' fashion. The polish and refinement of her style are quite typified by the taste with which the book is put together. But the very polish has its fault; it is too highly polished. People who have watched Mrs. Wharton's work without much sympathy are almost sure to encounter one rather antagonizing quality; her refinement of style is only typical of an over-refinement of thought; mere natural impulse is smothered in a sense of the "artistic." In short, there is a disagreeable atmosphere of sophistication. She has the air of having lived out life, of having got the fulness thereof, and of sitting back and coldly dissecting the sincerest emotions of her less wise fellows. The first sentence of the book is typical: "It is not often that youth allows itself to be undividedly happy: the sensation is too much the result of selection and elimination to be within reach of the awakening clutch on life," etc., etc. Rhetorically perfect, no doubt, but—something self-satisfied possibly? The novel which dissects character is apt to degenerate, one must feel, from character-study to a mere exhibition of cleverness in handling tangled motives. And those who, in Mrs. Wharton's words, have "no taste for the by-ways of ethical conjecture" are apt to be either bored, or perhaps antagonized.

L. B.

---

"THE QUINTESSENCE OF IBSENISM." By Bernard Shaw. New York: Brentano's.

This reprint of Mr. Shaw's essay is especially interesting in the midst of the Shaw-Fad which has come upon us since *Candida* was produced. And

it is particularly applicable in that it comes far nearer to expressing his real views than his more entertaining Prefaces. He deeply admires Ibsen; and in an exposition of the meanings of his plays he makes obvious his own similarity of belief.

After an elaborate introduction in which he attempts to give the reader his own "normal" point of view in regard to idealism and marriage and the womanly woman in his characteristic manner, he outlines and explains the meaning of each of Ibsen's plays. In *Brand* he sees the folly of a belief in so-called duty. "Brand," he says, "dies a saint, having caused more intense suffering by his saintliness than the most talented sinner could possibly have done with twice his opportunities." *Peer Gynt* is one who "keeps his ideal for himself alone;" and so on. The interpretation itself is not so important as its use. It is not that baneful article, literary criticism; it is a criticism in less allegorical and more Celtic terms of our ideal of society on exactly Ibsen's lines. The concluding sentence is suggestive. "Here I must leave the matter, merely reminding those who may think that I have forgotten to reduce Ibsenism to a formula that there is no formula." The only moral reducible to a formula is that private judgment should govern in questions of conduct, that Institution is the root of all evil. Herein is the whole arsenal of Mr. Shaw's own socialistic arguments. He jeers at British government, British society, British institution worship in general. The difference between Ibsen and Shaw is only the difference between a blow and a jeer. The latter is more amusing if not so epoch-making.

But can we grant the conclusion so peacefully? Consider the elements which have come together to make *The Wild Duck* prove something. The wife is a good natured person without romantic illusions, the husband a dawdling photographer of heroic ideals that is going to invent something, the grandfather a drunkard with a mock game reserve in the attic, the daughter a reader of romantic novels that thinks her father high-souled, while a drunken clergyman holds forth down stairs. Into this charming circle comes an idealist young man whose father has kept the wife as mistress before she married the photographer. From the sad things resulting from this extremely likely combination of curiosities we are to infer that society is rotten and Insti-

tution a damnable thing. We may well enough grant that, given these circumstances, direful things might happen. But even Shaw's cleverness could not convince us that such circumstances would occur frequently.

Of this particular reprint of the book a word or two is necessary. The proof reading is inexcusably bad. A sentence loses force when it refers to a "vein" man (p. 101), and dignity when it mentions the "Spinx;" (p. 55) and the punctuation is frequently forgotten. But as a whole the book is neat, and artistically put together, while the paper and type are excellent, and the binding like *Plays for Puritans*.

L. B.

---

"THE FOREST." By Stewart Edward White, New York: The Outlook Company.

*The Forest* is a collection of essays that have appeared from time to time in the *Outlook*. Their matter is of the woods and out-of-doors; their expression that of a woods-lover. They are in form a sort of manual for the amateur woodsman; in fact a pleasant narrative of the progress of almost any trip in any forest. The process of gathering one's "grub" and supplies is amusingly described. The succeeding stages in the trip are gone through with equal pleasantness. There is an under-current of wit that is most gratifying to the reader and most essential to the success of any essay. It is never a humor that flashes, but rather one that smoulders continually. It pervades the whole. The style is rambling and loose, with, however, occasional passages of vigor and precision. There is nothing literary in it; it is a straightforward narrative such as a man would write who had something to say and allowed himself no frills except for random vagaries induced by his love for a touch of wit. And that is typical of the entire book. One feels the man behind it. He is indulging in no literary flourishes simply because he is writing an essay; he says what he has to say and stops; when something humorous occurs to him he records it, but he never goes out of his way to find it. It connotes a thoroughly manly personality, vigorous and healthy, enlivened by a very natural sense of humor. It is just such a book as one would expect when the author of *The Blazed Trail* ventured into the essay field. The novel was pleasantly unliterary, but it showed a love for the pine woods and for the real man. It rang true, in spite of a rather unsatisfactory love story. *The Forest* has the same qualities; it is unliterary perhaps; but it rings true.

X. Y.

# Robert Burns

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## *MEMORIAL ADDRESS.*

Men and women are meeting all over the land to-day for a purpose that has the dignity and the tenderness of funeral rites without their sadness. It is not a new bereavement, but one which time has softened, that has gathered these marching men. They have not met around newly opened graves, but among those which nature has long since decorated with the memorials of her love. Above every soldier's tomb her daily sunshine has smiled, her tears have wept; over the humblest she has bidden some grasses to nestle, some vines to creep, while the butterfly—ancient emblem of immortality—waves his little wings above every sod. To nature's signs of tenderness we have added our own. Our motto for to-day is not "ashes to ashes, dust to dust," but blossoms to blossoms, laurels to the laurelled.

The great Civil War has long since ended—its armies were long since disbanded, their tents struck, their camp-fires put out, their muster-rolls laid away. The very name of the war is changed; we no longer call it the war of the Rebellion, but more charitably the Civil War. Each of the contesting parties now recognizes the qualities, the fatigues and the daring of its opponents. We now see that they were not separated by a mere passing quarrel, nor by an institution, even that of slavery, but by two principles of government on which men might honestly differ in opinion—the difference

between State Rights and the Sovereignty of the Nation. Even the survivors of the defeated army are now glad, on the whole, that the war ended as it did. But there is another army whose numbers no presidential proclamation could reduce: no general orders disband. The graves to-day are that army's camping-ground—white stones are their tents—lists of names offer their muster-roll—their camp-fires yet burn in our hearts. And the time may come, comrades, for aught we know, after we are gone, when the names of other Harvard graduates who fought equally well, not selfishly but because bred to regard their state alone as their nation, may yet find their place beside those already inscribed here, as of brave men who fought according to their light. I never can forget when my black soldiers on Decoration Day, forty years ago, proposed for themselves to put flowers on the graves of those who had fought bravely against them, the year before.

Without distinction of nationality, of color, of race, of religion, these men gave their lives to their country. Without distinction of religion, of color, of race, of nationality, their graves are being garlanded to-day. There lie near each other at Mount Auburn, for instance, the graves of two Harvard graduates. One was a young Roman Catholic convert, Shurtleff of the class of '59, the first to enlist in the 12th Mass. Regiment, and the first to fall, who died exclaiming "I am shot! Mary! Pardon!" This happened at Cedar Mountain when his company had been ordered to lie down for safety and he had raised himself on his elbow to see that his men were protecting themselves, and was killed that he might save them. The other was a young Protestant, Newcomb of the class of 1860, whose favorite place of study was Mt. Auburn, then retired and beautiful. He, when eight color bearers of his regiment had been killed at Antietam, seized both colors and went forward to receive his death-wound. He asked only, before his death, that no word of praise might be engraven on his stone. These two Harvard men, differing in creed, bore alike the cross in their lifetime, and have borne it alike in flowers to-day. They gave their lives that we might remain one nation, and the nation holds their memory alike dear.

And so the little distinctions of military rank which separated men in the service are nothing to-day. Death has long since given the same brevet to all. The brilliant young cavalry general, Charles Lowell of the Harvard class of '54, who rode into his last action with stars on his shoulders and his death-wound, received from a casual shot, already bleeding on his breast, is to us no more precious than that private soldier, Samuel Shelton Gould of Cambridge, of the Harvard class of '62, who enlisted in the ranks of the 13th Mass., refusing other opportunities, in order that he might be with a regiment already in the field. Within a fortnight, during which he had been assigned to the hospital service, for want of a spare musket, he picked up one that had fallen and was almost immediately shot down. Nature has been equally tender to the graves of all, and our love knows no distinction.

What a wonderful embalmer is death! We who survive grow daily older. Since the war closed the youngest has gained annually some new wrinkle, the oldest added gray hair. A few years more and only a few tottering figures among surviving crowds shall represent the marching files of the Grand Army; a year or two beyond that, and there shall flutter by the windows the last empty sleeve. But these names here recorded are embalmed forever in our imaginations; they will not change; they never will seem to us less young, less fresh, less daring, than when they sallied to their last battle. They will always have the dew of their youth; it is only the living who grow old.

"What is victory like?" said a lady to the Duke of Wellington. "The greatest tragedy in the world, madam, except a defeat." Even our great war would be but a tragedy were it not for the warm feeling of brotherhood it has left behind, based on the hidden emotions of days like these. The war gave peace to the nation; it gave union, freedom, equal rights; and in addition to that it has given to all survivors the sacred sympathy of these names. No matter what it has cost these survivors individually—health or worldly fortunes—it is their reward that they can decorate their comrades' graves to-day and yet not blush that they survive.

The great French soldier, La Tour D'Auvergne, was the hero of many battles, but remained by his own choice in the ranks. Napoleon gave him a sword and the official title, "First among the grenadiers of France" (*Le premier grenadier de la France*). When he was killed the emperor ordered that his heart should be intrusted to the keeping of his regiment—that his name should be called at every roll-call, and that his next comrade should answer "Dead upon the field of honor" (*Mort au champ d'honneur*). In this hall are recorded the names of many heroes; we hold them all dear,—and when the name of each is called, we answer in flowers, "Dead upon the field of honor."

*Thomas Wentworth Higginson.*

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### *THE UNCROWNED.*

The desert is dumb for my roar,  
The jungle is mute for my cry,—  
Without king or god are they,  
Without crown or country am I.

Without crown or country or foe,  
Save only the cage and bars;  
Naught left but the still, black night  
And the pitiless laugh of the stars.

The jabbering crowds are still,  
And the sounds of the prison die,—  
Save the moan of a tiger-cat,  
Crownless and caged as I.

*L. H. Gebhard.*

*MARGHARITA OF CAPRI.*

The goat was standing stock-still. Neither threats nor tears availed to move him, and the girl, bare-footed, unkempt and Italian, tumbled together beside the path in a woeful heap of dejection. Her black hair half covered her face; her mouth drooped; a tear zigzagged through the dirt of her cheek and found refuge in her hand. But the goat was obdurate and gazed past her with the conscious unconsciousness of the victor. At length he turned. Then, majestically, he retraced his steps up the hill.

A few moments later, the girl heard a voice. "Hola, mia piccola, do you want him back?" it cried.

The girl looked up the path. A young man, fair-haired, German, she guessed, was giving the rope that was tied to the animal's horns a double turn around his hand.

"O, si, si, signor," she called out gratefully, "please!"

The goat, meanwhile, had resumed his former position. Apparently he did not intend to yield without a struggle. Margharita, watching from below, smiled a little and forgot her former vexation.

The contest was a hard one, but the man won at last and ran down the path with the goat dodging and sliding behind him. "Do you want him here?" he called out.

Margharita was all excitement. "No, no," she cried. "I'll never get him started again. Come, this way."

The girl ran lightly ahead over the rough path. This way and that she hurried, passing through the narrow, high-walled alleys, calling a word of encouragement now to the goat, now to the man. At last she stopped at a dim, gloomy looking house in some forgotten corner of the maze of Capri streets, and with a dexterous push landed her charge inside the door.

Margharita looked gratefully up at the man, who was leaning against a door-post, mopping his forehead. As far back as she could remember no one had been kind to her, and she was at a loss what to say. But the man understood.

"Niente," he said laughingly. "It is nothing. Come, we will sit down where it is cool." They sat down on a bench beside the door, the girl hesitating and half embarrassed, throwing shy glances at her companion.

The man did not speak but looked seriously at her for a moment. She would be a pretty child, he told himself, if the dirt were scrubbed off and the tangle of hair cleared and combed. There were possibilities in that hair, and in the eyes and the rich lips. She was very young, of course—fourteen or sixteen or seventeen—how impossible it was to tell a Capri girl's age!

The girl turned toward him bashfully. "You are Signor Giorgio, are you not?" she asked timorously. She was half frightened at her own courage. "I have seen you on the Piazza and the Grande Marina and my friends said you were Signor Giorgio."

"Why, yes, that is what they call me on the Marina," the man replied smiling. "But don't you ever play with the others? I have not seen you there, I think."

"No." The girl's courage had given out and she was silent for a space. Then she ended up with a last burst of information, "I take care of the house and the little ones. My name is Margharita." She crossed and re-crossed her feet, and played nervously with her skirt. Then without warning she fled into the house and slammed the rickety door behind her.

Signor Giorgio laughed for fully two minutes. "Adio, mia piccola," he called out. Then, whistling, he threaded his way back to the "Kater Hid-digeigei" and his supper.

During the next weeks, Signor Giorgio was given no chance to forget the fair lady to whom he had played knight-errant so valiantly. In strange, inconceivable nooks and corners he spied her—but she was always gone like a flash, and he could catch nothing but an indistinct impression of brown and red disappearing into the nearest alley. One morning he saw her stretched out on a bench beneath his window. He called to her, and she was off again, swiftly as before. But he noticed one significant fact. Margharita was wearing stockings.

For no reason that he could justify to himself, Signor Giorgio was in-



terested. He sought out her house—vainly at first, for Capri streets are a maze that is almost scientific. But he found it at length, and found Margharita sitting very quietly on the bench outside, braiding her hair. She did not attempt to run away this time. She merely rumbled her hair up into a tangle again and looked up confusedly.

Signor Giorgio was a trifle confused himself. "Is the goat well?" he asked with great concern.

Margharita looked up at him. "Si. signore," she said.

There was a silence. Signor Giorgio had suddenly realized that "la piccola" was not a child at all, and he needed time to recover from the surprise of the discovery.

"Come," he said at length. "Will you walk with me?" The girl rose very quietly.

"Shall we take the path to Anacapri?" he asked. "The sirocco is blowing. Perhaps we can get a clear view of Naples."

Margharita was very silent, and walked beside her companion, answering his questions only in embarrassed monosyllables. They climbed up the long path of half-effaced, uneven steps and rested near the top on a low wall beside a whitewashed chapel. The sea was directly below them—two hundred feet down. There was not a ripple on its surface. The desert wind had died down and left the air clear and heavy as wine.

The man was looking over eighteen miles of oily water to where the afternoon sun was sparkling on the windows of Naples. He was caught by the richness of the scene, but Margharita was restless. She touched his arm. "Come, Signor Giorgio," she said, "let us go on."

Signor Giorgio came back from his thoughts slowly. "Don't you like the sea?" he asked in surprise. "It is my dearest companion here in Capri."

The girl turned away and threw back her shoulders in an almost womanly fashion. "No. It is too much like myself. Come."

The man laughed. "Poor Margharita! Isn't it very hard to get away from your enemy here in Capri? Where shall we walk to, now, if we are not to have the sea for the third one of our party?"

Margarita was the child again, and sat down on the wall without a word.

"Come, bellissima," said Signor Giorgio playfully, "smile again, and tomorrow we'll not go near either shore. Let me see. We can walk toward Tiberio and—yes, we can see Carmelina—la bella Carmelina—dance the tarantella. There is no one that can dance the tarantella like Carmelina—not even in Sorrento."

For answer, Margarita leapt from her seat, kicked her slippers into a corner and pulled off her stockings with a jerk. In a moment she was dancing with flushed exhilaration on the smooth ground before Signor Giorgio.

After the first fiery rush, her steps slowed down. She danced now with calm graceful motions and delicate turnings, the scarf in her hand waving softly to and fro. Then again she was all in flame, humming a weird monotone and snapping her fingers to the measure like castanets. Her feet moved faster and faster,—then ceased suddenly. Margarita sank down on the ground before Signor Giorgio weeping very softly and very bitterly.

Signor Giorgio had understood. The next day he packed his few belongings preparatory to leaving, to give a strangely bewildered man and woman a chance to forget. He had made no plans. The "Mafalda" sailed at three-thirty for Naples,—beyond that his thoughts did not go. He would probably wander again,—where to he did not care. All that he knew or cared now was that it was two o'clock and that he was sitting on the low wall beside the whitewashed chapel again, gazing over toward Naples. The sun was glaring ruthlessly down on the calm, hard water, and he turned away as he would from a friend who had refused him sympathy.

Far down the path he saw a dash of red, then a figure of brown and white coming swiftly toward him. He looked at his watch. It was half past two.

Margarita ran up to him and laid her hands on his shoulders. "No, no, Signor Giorgio," she cried, shaking him almost roughly in her excite-

ment. "You must not go. See, you have no one, I have no one. No, no. I do not want to be alone again. It was different before. See, I am old now, I am not a child any longer."

Signor Giorgio looked into her face. "No," he said brokenly, "you are not a child now."

The girl drew closer to him. "Signor Giorgio—Giorgio—the Padre," she went on timidly, "Padre Michel shall marry us—there, see, down there, in the old church by the Marina. And there is a little house on the Punta Tragara that belongs to Pasquarelle—that is my aunt. She lives there with her donkey, but she has a son on the Marina and she will give me her house. And we can sit all day and watch the ships and the Faraglioni and—the sea. I will love the sea then. Come, Signor Giorgio."

The man shook his head sadly, but did not speak.

Margharita moved away a few steps and danced before him again, slowly and gracefully. "I can dance better than la bella Carmelina," she cried, "and I am much prettier." She held her face close to his. "See if I am not more beautiful."

Signor Giorgio looked up. Then he rose suddenly and pointed to the Marina. Some boats full of passengers were already rowing to the "Mafalda." "I must go quickly now," he said. "Adio, carissima."

But Margharita had drawn him back to his seat. All her coquetry was gone now. She drew the red scarf from her head and neck and threw it over the parapet. Then she sank down very simply beside Signor Giorgio.

"Signor,—carissimo mio?" she pleaded. The man turned away from her, but his hand strayed unconsciously to her hair.

There was a long whistle, followed by the distant rattling of chains. The man drew himself together and half rose. He fell back, and slowly his face cleared.

"Ecco, Margharita!" he cried happily. Then he bent down toward her. "Do you think you could find the Padre Michel to-day?" he whispered.

*Hermann Hagedorn, Jr.*

*MOTHER OF MEN.*

Oimoi, O Thalassa, for the waves are beating shrill,  
And the wailing and the crooning of the waves is at my heart.  
Of the old earth-mother's pain they sing,  
And each wave curves as the bridal-ring  
Wherewith the mother wed the sea, and took her wedded fill  
Of love and the joy thereof  
Until  
There came the birth of the sons of earth,  
And the daughters of earth, their counterpart.

Oimoi, O Thalassa, for the birth of them was woe,  
And the bosom of the mother was the falling place of tears.  
Then even the stern sea shared her pain  
That ever together in love they had lain,—  
But neither the mother herself nor the children that drank of her milk  
shall know  
Relief from the ancient grief  
Although  
The sea loud mourn on shores forlorn,  
Where they stand and listen through the years.

*Swinburne Haie.*

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*THE ENCHANTED LAND.*

To reach it you must start very early in the morning, when the clouds are still on the mountains and white mists are rising from the river, for,—when was enchanted land ever reached by easy means?—to-day there is a long drive before you, over hard roads and steep hills. It is well, before setting out, to consult the spiders that live among the rafters in the woodshed, as to the kind of day you are likely to have. I would not recommend spiders as weather prophets for just ordinary occasions; but, perhaps because of their long association with gnomes and elves and fairy-folk, on such a day as this when a journey to the enchanted land is in question, they are infallible.

There is no time for driving like the early morning. The air is fresh and damp then, even cold maybe, and the sun coming up over the hills behind you, changes the white fog on the valley to golden haze. There is something pleasant in knowing you are up and out before other people are stirring, and in the sight of farmhouses with their white, cloth curtains drawn down; with no sign of life except a dog sniffing about disconsolately, or a few hens scratching in the door-yard.

The day grows apace, as you drive on, and smoke begins to rise from the saw-mills across the river. Just where the road crosses an old bridge, that sways as you drive over it, you may meet,—I strongly suspect you will,—a man carrying a tin pail, down the sides of which little crooked lines of milk are running, in spite of the tight cover. In the old fairy-tales certain things always happen at certain times; so it is quite essential that you meet this man. He stares at you, nods grimly, and asks:

“Where yer goin’?”

And, strangely enough, you do not tell him you are bound for the enchanted land, but reply, with a nod as grim as his:

“To the Gore.”

It lies behind those blue mountains off there, and as you come nearer, after an hour's climbing over steep hills, the way grows narrower and more bushy; the branches hang low above it, and at last you reach a pair of bars where the road ends. This is the entrance to the enchanted land.

Here you leave the wagon and go on afoot. An empty nouse, then another and another; an old church half fallen to ruin; a graveyard grown high with brakes and brambles; all these you pass, and then come more old houses with sagging roofs and tottering chimneys. There are orchards, the trees heavy with apples and no one to pick them: meadows of thick, rich grass and no one to cut them. Ploughs and scythes are lying about, and there are old wells, their buckets still hanging from worn ropes. You might shout yourself hoarse, here, and get no answer.

An abandoned village, you say, but I like better to think that all this desolation is caused by some wicked magician with his magic wand, and that some day the inevitable prince will come, throw down the rotting bars, march grandly into the village, and set everything going again. There are no sleeping cook's boys with their spits in their hands, no motionless doves on the roof, no horses in the barns, but you must not expect too much, in these days, even of an enchanted village.

It is all so lonely, so silent and strange! Those black spruces might shelter countless goblins, and the open pastures are just the place for fairies to dance in the moonlight. I have never seen any little folk about, but I have no doubt they are here. I wonder, too, what goes on in that graveyard o' nights.

Foxes prowl through the village, I know, and the door-posts of the houses have been gnawed by hedgehogs. You can see where deer have trampled down the long grass on the meadows when it was wet and heavy; their hoof-prints are in the orchards, too, where the sweet apples are thickest.

Beyond the village are dark woods, and the grassy wheel-ruts become first a narrow path, then merely a blazed trail. There are few old forests in New Hampshire; they have nearly all been cut or burned off, and a new, second growth has taken their place. But the woods are grand and wild for all that. The trail winds in and out among yellow birches, and beeches

with their mottled trunks, a trail as complex and confusing as any labyrinth of fairy story, and brings you at last, not to a ruined castle nor a sleeping princess, but to a lake with the mountains rising straight up all round it.

This lake has no bottom, people say, and I, for one, am quite ready to believe it. There are monster trout in it, too, and, so the story goes, at some seasons of the year they gather in great numbers, and lie in plain sight close to the shore. But they are enchanted trout, and will neither rise to the fly, nor pay any attention to bait dangled invitingly before their very noses.

The sun shines on this lake only a few hours each day, so closely do the mountains surround it, and the water looks green and cold. You could spend whole days wandering through the forests on its shores, or exploring dark ravines where the snow stays till well into the summer, but, unfortunately, the magician has no power over time, and the shadows of the mountains are pushing out across the lake before you know it.

Indeed, perhaps it would not be safe to stay longer, for on the drive home you talk little, and are likely to let the horse amble along much as he pleases. You are tired out, maybe, with the day's tramping, but I suspect the same charm is upon you that is over the village, the meadows, and the forest,—the magic spell of the enchanted land.

*C. H. Brown.*

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QUATRAIN.

A doe leapt out on the forest way,  
And her deep, clear eyes for a flash met mine—  
A soul to its soul as a god to his shrine—  
And the wood and the world were one that day.

*H. H., Jr.*

*CAP'N BARSTOW'S MERMAID.*

The Franklin County Fair was always the same, year after year. The same garish bunting was flapping in the hot summer breeze; the same old showmen were exploiting the familiar wonders concealed under the same dingy canvas; the same horses were "trying out" on the track; and the same venders were selling the same peanuts and popcorn to the same dusty, perspiring crowd of sightseers.

Cap'n Barstow shook his head as he hobbled slowly down the line of tents. "No, the' aint nothin' new. The's just the ole fakes that always come, an' I've seen 'em all. That fat woman, there," as his eye caught a familiar poster, "that fat woman may weigh seven hundred pounds as the sign says, but she aint half as fat as ol' Mis' Tibbets down't the harbor. An' there's that slick-haired man with the green table—he cheated Jim Perkins out o' ten dollars last year. An' the Ingy-rubber man's not elastic, an' the's wires stretched across the knife-handles so a ring can't land on 'em nohow. The's nothin' good here 'ceptin' the hoss-races, an' they're for farmers; not for old sailors like me. Ah, what's this? I'll go an' have a look."

Cap'n Barstow altered his course in the direction of a new tent. He bought a greasy ticket of a strange man who was shouting in a loud sing-song, something about "the greatest of nature's marvels, fabled in song and story," and in another minute he found himself standing face to face with a real, live mermaid.

A mermaid! Cap'n Barstow could scarce believe his eyes. Forty years ago, when he was second mate on the good bark "Liberty," he had seen a shadowy form from the ship's bow one morning before sunrise.

"She was a-singin' in the sweetest voice I ever heard; an' just as the sun rose she dove an' that's the last I see of her." Everybody who went to the post-office for his mail had heard the Cap'n's story. Some had believed it, and some had not.

Who would ever have imagined that circumstances would prove Cap'n Barstow's veracity? One might as well have expected to see a mermaid



swimming around in the cold water of the harbor. Cap'n Barstow rubbed his eyes and elbowed his way to the front row of spectators. Yes, it was a real mermaid—sure enough! Her golden hair flowed on her bare neck and arms; a silk-and-tinsel dress-waist covered her body; and where this ended there began a silken-scaled fish-body that tapered and divided into a curly black fish-tail. She half-sat, half-reclined on a sort of couch in a space cut off from the rest of the tent by a rope.

As Cap'n Barstow gazed, somebody jogged his elbow; he turned and found himself face to face with Ezra Simpson, the carpenter of the Harbor.

"Well Ezry," said Cap'n Barstow, "what d'ye think o' the mermaid? Maybe the boys won't laugh at my story any more, eh?"

Ezra Simpson nodded. "Maybe you're right, Cap'n Barstow. This looks like a mermaid, sure 'nough. I saw her move just now, an' the tail moved; so I guess it's alive. I'd be surer though, if she did n't have the clothes on."

"Clothes!" said Cap'n Barstow. "If she did n't wear that frill-affair, Deacon Clasby'd be down on the show like a coal-barge. She *has* to wear the clothes if she's goin't' appear on dry land. The only thin't puzzles me, is, how she lives on land. I always thought they died out o' water. It 'pears they're like seals. D'ye know, Ezry," Cap'n Barstow's voice sank to a confidential undertone, "d'ye know, Ezry, I think that she's an awful lot like the mermaid I saw. But the feller says she was caught near Singapore, an' I saw her near Bahama."

"'Taint likely it's the same one, so far away. I wonder if she can talk. She looks sorter listliss, there."

"She's homesick, that's the trouble," said Cap'n Barstow. "She wants a swim in good salt water; she orter look tired, sittin' here and bein' stared at all day! I wonder if she *can* talk? I tell ye, Ezry, I'll ask her."

Cap'n Barstow looked around him. There were only a dozen people in the tent, and they were all conversing by twos and threes: nobody was paying any attention to the mermaid. Cap'n Barstow leaned over the rope, and asked in a low tone, "Was you ever near the Bahama Islands?"

The listless look disappeared from the mermaid's face: she smiled a little, then shifted her position restlessly. Her eyes caught Cap'n Barstow's for a second, then turned away. But the other people had heard. As Cap'n Barstow glanced around, he saw that everybody was looking at him—laughing.

"Humph!" he said. "Come on, Ezry, let's go up an' see the hoss-races. It's pretty close in here." He caught his friend's arm and the two left the tent.

The races were exciting: the horses were well matched, and it was nearly five o'clock before Bob Sproul's "Marjorie" had at last won the seventh heat of the "two-thirty class." Cap'n Barstow fidgeted. "There's one more race, Ezry. But I get tired o' these races. Let's go back an' hev another look at the mermaid. There won't be many people around now, an' I'd like to see if she's been at Bahama. Maybe she knows the one I saw. Anyhow, if she can't talk, we can ask the man all about it; how they caught her an' all."

"They caught her in a seine-net," said Mr. Perkins. "Let's stay an' see this race; it'll be a good one."

"No, Ezry, I want t' see the mermaid. And besides, it's most supper-time. Let's be goin'."

Ezra Perkins clambered off the rail-seat, and reluctantly followed Cap'n Barstow. As they approached the tents, they noticed a crowd gathering about one of the booths.

"It's the shell-game man," a bystander volunteered. "He's taken more'n fifty dollars. and Sam Brown says he's goin' to arrest him! He's sworn in a lot of special constables, an' he's goin' to have up a lot o' these fakers for takin' money on false pretences."

It was true. There, in the midst of the crowd stood the smooth-tongued gambler, calm and smiling between two burly constables. As Cap'n Barstow looked, he saw two more constables leading away another show-man,—the proprietor of the "India-rubber man."

"These fellers are goin' t' make lots o' trouble. Sam Brown's too much on his cheek," said Cap'n Barstow indignantly. "If people are fools enough

to get taken in, it's nobody business to interfere. The mermaid's real, anyway—jest as real as—as real as the one I saw when I was on the 'Liberty.' ”

As Cap'n Barstow spoke, he looked at the Mermaid tent, across the way. The man who sold tickets was not at his post. Then, suddenly, as the Cap'n looked, he saw three figures issuing from the tent door. Two he recognized—the ticket-seller, who carried a big valise, and the door-keeper bent under a big canvas bag. The third was wrapped in a long coat, with the collar turned up: but there was something familiar about it.

Then the Cap'n recognized the face, the long yellow hair that strayed over the coat-collar—it was the mermaid, walking on feet, like the others.

Cap'n Barstow stood stock-still, watching the three figures as they disappeared in the crowd; then he saw two constables enter the empty tent and come out again, shaking their heads. A voice at his elbow interrupted his thoughts.

“Did ye see your mermaid swim down the street?” Ezra Perkins was asking.

“Ezry,” said Cap'n Barstow sadly, “it's time we was goin' back to the Harbor.”

*F. D. Webster.*

*A DERELICT.*

It is not a very good story, and there is certainly no perceptible plot to it,—the only reason why I tell it is to get it off my mind. I have had all kinds of doctors, who have prescribed all kinds of remedies for my condition: the remedy of all remedies has always been, “Don’t work, don’t read to yourself, don’t write a word, whatever you do; and keep your mind off of painful subjects.” Good Heaven!

It is about a girl. She was thirteen or so, “merry and careless, full of smiles and laughter;” there is no use describing her further,—I was in love, that’s all. Sometime in the spring it got around that her father, who was a professor, had leave of absence, and was going to Europe with his family. Of course, like all young hobblederoys of seventeen, I had forebodings of disaster to my lady-love,—oh, there was no ending to the horrible methods with which my imagination put her to death. Though it is an established fact that no one can die more than once, my various nightmares disproved it.

And it was cold comfort I got from the goddess herself, for she disliked me always, and showed it; so that I rarely had a good time with her, because of incessant rebuffs. I was a boorish, tactless creature, anyhow, with no manner of common-sense, so I undoubtedly deserved as good as I got. But it certainly seemed hard, for I was always ready to howl, when I was alone, at the thought of her ship sinking.

The budding in May passed quickly,—it was June, and almost July, before I knew it. She was to sail July first. As the time drew nearer and nearer I became more and more laughable in the perfection of my rôle of Blighted Being. But just at that time she began to grow nicer to me, so that I had at times a little consolation: I remember she once took possession of me with that absolute despotism, which is so sweet in a little girl,

and made me climb trees and bark my shins and tear my trousers getting apple-blossoms for her. Then as she went off through the grass in her green dress, with a pink bunch of flowers as big as herself, I was happy just from looking at her. But this was only once.

The time came for her to sail, and she sailed. I felt as though the sky were falling, as though the ground under my feet were rotten and crumbling, as though I should like to die. She was to stay away a year and a half. What was to become of me meanwhile; and—my premonitions began again—what was to become of her? I began to dream a great deal. Most of my dreams were a jumble of crazed and laughable nonsense: one in particular I remember. I seemed to be floating, in rough water, in a queer sort of row-boat. I was looking intently at a most stupendous giant, who was amusing himself by throwing stones at a little ship. Pretty soon the staunch craft tipped over, like a toy boat in a bathtub, and sank. Then the giant roared huge roars of laughter, and waded with great strides toward me and my helpless craft. He grabbed hold of me and dived, drawing me under; we went down for eternity till we touched bottom, where he led me before a person seated on a throne of bones. This person spoke in a bell-like monotone: "I am the king of the dead." And I trembled. Thereupon he said in a great sailor's voice, like a northeast gale, "Bring her here, bos'n!" And I saw a crowd of wizened little creatures who squeaked: "Here she is!" And I woke up. This quite made me laugh, and I had few more fears on the subject.

They went through Europe and saw all the sights; we heard good news of them occasionally. Finally, after the year had dragged itself out, we heard that they—and she—were to sail for America. My youngster's heart went pit-a-pat with mingled gladness and anxiety, but I had got used to the idea, somehow, of her braving the perils of the ocean. Then came the news that the steamer "Lanark" had sailed.

Then, one night, I had dreams again. There seemed to be one particular thing that kept haunting me: it was the vision of a great black

steamship, that rushed along through rugged waves in a yeasty pall of night. I would wake up, fall asleep, wake again with a start, almost fancying I could see the thing yet, and fall off to sleep again. At last the happenings of my dream came out with distinctness enough for a painting. A lugubrious painting it would have made.

I thought I was floating in the air, above a never-ending ocean, in the blackest of night. The wind sounded high in my ears, drops of rain stung my face, and it was bitter cold. I could barely see the nasty, freezing water, a little way beneath me, writhing and slithering in big, hungry mountains. At times a rift in the clouds would cast a gruesome suggestion of light upon the scene; at such times I thought I could discern a smooth, curving shape, washed by the flood and covered with barnacles and seaweed. It seemed to be a half-sunken wreck,—a wooden ship turned turtle and become a derelict. At times it gave a slow, massive heave with the seas; and then it would show the torn, swinging remnant of what had been a rudder. Such glimpses were brief. Tons of water soon gurgled over the lost craft's keel, the clouds thickened, and my own shivering body disappeared in horrible night. And all the time I knew I was dreaming, and prayed between my chattering teeth that I might wake up.

Then came the steamship. It had stopped raining, so that I could see her lights a long way off. Those lights grew bigger and further apart, until I could hear the roar at her bow and stern, and the crashes of the cold waves as they broke upon her sides. She came nearer. The whole bulk of the ship itself began to loom vaguely through the darkness. I caught sight of the little light on her bridge. Then came an infernal gleam from one of her smoke-stacks, that made it look, for an instant, like a by-way to hell. Nearer yet! I saw a few little stars of light along the sides of the liner; and my eyes fell on a tiny officer who was pacing the bridge. Then I could dimly see the swelling line of foam cast up by her bows, and the red paint around her scuppers. Suddenly the hideous thought came into my head:

"God save her! She is heading straight for the wreck!" There came a vivid flash of lightning. The ship had passed me, and—yes, I saw the whole mighty craft shiver. The water was lashed into a fury of froth; timbers were heaving and twisting at her prow; I heard the rumble of water rushing through a great unseen hole. Then came a clap of thunder, and I woke up, my eyes still seared with the letters I had seen upon her stern, spelling "Lanark."

*Wallace Graylock.*

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### THE SADDLING OF PEGASUS.

"Oh, Ted, throw over that rhyming dictionary, will you? I've written six lines with inspired rapidity and not a rhyme for one of 'em. Thanks."

Laurence picked up the book from the floor and began to turn the pages. "By the way, how's your immortal production coming?" he asked, without looking up. "Troubled for rhymes?"

Ted fixed the cushions behind him and settled back comfortably. "Oh, no," he answered carelessly. "You see," he explained a moment later, "I've only got two lines done and they're blank—damn blank—all about a bird, you know. Not the tra-la stunt, but almost. Turn around and keep still, will you?" he added suddenly, "I think I've got an inspiration."

For a minute or two Ted scribbled, then stopped in the middle of a line. "Oh, rot! I was counting on 'young' rhyming with 'begun,'" he exclaimed disgustedly. "It doesn't, does it? Come back with that dictionary, will you?"

The book went sailing back to the couch and for awhile Ted burrowed in it in silence. "By George," he cried out, "'sung' ought to go seeing it's a bird. What d'ye think?"

"Dry up, I think I've got a rhyme myself. Let's have that dictionary." Brewer's Orthometry made another trip across the room and for a half hour neither man spoke. Laurence apparently was deeply inspired. Ted was drawing pretty circles around "sung," "young," "lung" and a few other words of similarly poetic pretensions.

"See here, Teddy," the man at the desk called over. "What do you think of this?"

Ted leaped up joyfully. "Bully for you! Have you got one done? Let's see."

"No, it isn't exactly done," Laurence answered slowly. "It's just the diagram. You see there are two long lines and then a couple of short ones and some more long ones to end up the stanza. It's a sort of Greek form, you know. Euripides reeled 'em off by the ream. It's very musical—dum-dum, dum-di-di, dum-di-di, dum-dum. That foot there is something pretty fine—a sort of cross between an anapest and a dactyl, you know. Swinburne is strong in them. By the way, you don't happen to have a Swinburne here, do you?"

"Yes, right above you—second shelf to the left—in the middle—between Mr. Bonaparte of Corsica and Bacon."

"Thanks. Oh, before you settle down, Ted, can't you raise a comforter somewhere. It's beastly cold in this room. Darned balmy for June. If the ink was as cold as my fingers it'd freeze."

"Give you a blanket if you want one. Here, have a pipe and warm up inside."

Laurence smiled grimly. "Well, it'll be a joke on some biographical ass that discusses the immortal poems we're going to write to-night—somewhere a hundred years or so in the future. He'll be sure to say something of the warm breath of spring coming in through the open window. He's welcome to. There's too much of it coming down that chimney now. Can't you start a fire?"

"Lord, no. My wood's been used up for a month. It's summer, my friend."

"Oh, damn."

For another half hour the two pondered.

Ted had brought down a Tennyson and was studying intently. Laurence was deep in Swinburne.



"I tell you, Teddy, the music of this poem of mine is going to be mighty good. Swinburne has something like it here, but there's an anapest in the wrong place and that line ought to be a foot longer to balance well with the others. You see I've looked out for that in my diagram."

But Ted was not listening. "Will 'violet' go as a duosyllabic, or whatever you call it?" he asked. "It fits in beautifully, and'll give me a chance to ring in 'islet' down below. Shag over that dictionary, will you?"

Again there was a long silence, ended by a protest from among the pillows. "Its two o'clock, Laurie, and I'm fairly wrapped up and done into a bundle with this man Tennyson."

"Sorry, Teddy,—I'm somewhat swathed in Swinburne myself. But isn't he a wonder on music! And he can rhyme every darned thing that he can touch with a pole. Anyhow, we've got to get two pieces of verse done for the July number and the last two galleys go up in the morning."

"Well, there are six hours more till breakfast. So long."

An hour later there was a howl from somewhere among the pillows. "I've been asleep, Laurie, and by the Lord, I've dreamt my poem."

"Same here. Shut up."

For some reason Ted did not try to find Laurence the next day until well into the afternoon. Laurie was still dreamy.

"Let's have your verse, will you?" he asked. "I slept late and I've got to hustle it over to the printer's now."

"You'd better take yours alone, Laurie. Something went a-field in my brain last night, I guess. My—well, the drool I wrote was a dead swipe from Tennyson."

"Oh, it was. Mine was Swinburne. But, Lord, wasn't it a crackerjack for music?"

*Theo. D. Birrell.*

*THE VALUE OF HARVARD COLLEGE TO THE UNDER-GRADUATE.*

The conventional comment which the successful, non-collegiate, man-of-the-world makes to the Harvard graduate fresh from college, runs something like this: "You have spent so much money; you have had four years of college life; you are the possessor of a 'liberal education.' Well, what is it all worth? Will it earn you three, four, or more per cent. on the time and money invested?"

There is but one reply: A college education does not, in every case, immediately upon graduation, pay four per cent. on the money invested. An increase in the earning power of the individual cannot always be traced directly to his college training. Where a man takes up teaching as a profession, the knowledge gained in college is put to immediate, paying use; but for the larger number of Harvard graduates, who have to begin at the bottom, side by side with the high school graduates, the benefit of the college education is felt only indirectly. Nevertheless, Harvard College does confer upon each of its graduates certain definite advantages, not commonly considered, which I purpose briefly to discuss.

These advantages are two in number, and very different in kind. Yet they have a common origin. This common origin is the similarity of the Harvard College world to the outside world. Harvard College is a little world of itself, the standards of which are the standards of the greater world. In college, as out of college, there is competition, jealousy, good-fellowship, exclusiveness, wealth, poverty, failure, success. In college, as after, a man is judged by the actual, visible, results of his labor; honor is accorded to merit; comparative obscurity awaits the mediocre. The fact is evident and commonly understood, yet the importance of its bearing is not so generally appreciated. Upon this similarity between the Harvard College world and the outside world depend at least two inestimable advantages which Harvard grants her sons.

First, the supreme value of Harvard College, so far as the curriculum is concerned—resulting directly from the similarity of the college world to the world outside—is this: any man can get out of the college benefit precisely in proportion to the amount of labor he has expended. In the world the ambitious man, the man who works, succeeds. He achieves money, position, fame, what you will, according to the work he has put in. Of course there are individual exceptions; rare good fortune in some cases, unavoidable bad luck in others, may vitiate the working of this rule. But, in general, it is work that counts, and it is the worker who succeeds.

Just so it is in Harvard College. If it pleases the peculiar bent of an undergraduate's mind to take each year in college all the courses allowed him; if he further attends every lecture conscientiously and otherwise fulfils all requirements, that undergraduate receives from Harvard College the maximum benefit. If another man be less conscientious, he does less work, and his reward in honors accorded and in actual benefit derived, is less by just so much as he has done less work than the maximum. If, finally, an undergraduate be so little regardful of his own good as to reduce his work below the minimum, his reward is an entire lack of benefit and subsequent severance of his connection with the college. It may happen that the necessarily arbitrary nature of the requirements occasionally permit the extraordinarily bright to get visible returns all out of proportion to the effort expended. But, in general, in the college world as in the world outside, a man reaps as he has sown.

This, to my mind, is the keystone to the educational structure of Harvard College. From time to time one reads on the editorial page, and elsewhere, laments that Harvard is so easy a place in which to get along. These editorial Cassandras see in the present Harvard system a tendency to encourage laziness. The scheme of voluntary attendance, of reliance upon the individual student rather than upon the college office, is adversely criticised. A rigid system of stern paternal supervision is longed for. But a return to any such system would be a step backward into the darkness of the past.

In the world no guardian angel pursues a man, to warn him that he is failing to get the most out of life, and to force him to take advantage of his opportunities. A man is his own guardian, and rightly. The same principle exists in the administration of Harvard College. It does not propose to turn out graduates perfect, physically, mentally, and morally. It simply says: Here, we offer you certain advantages for a stipulated remuneration; come, if they please you. As I conceive it, independence is Harvard's watchword; independence of the college among colleges, independence of the undergraduate from unnecessary supervision by the college authorities. It is this independence which secures the first great benefit of Harvard College to the undergraduate—reward in proportion to effort.

So much for the purely academic value of the college. Even greater is the value of the college when viewed in a more general way; and this, too, depends directly upon the similarity of the Harvard College world to the outside world. So often as to become trite is heard this wish of old men, and of men not so old: "If only I could live my life over again, how differently I would live it." Harvard College grants a man just that privilege, and in this way.

The span of life in college is four years; in the world, three score. But the life of one man in college is just as much an entity, as is the life of one man outside. In college, a man does well or ill, in the sight of his fellowmen, as in the world. The college man errs, sees his mistake and errs again, or does not, just as the man of the world. Finally, when the four years are over, when the college life has been lived, the graduate is adjudged a success or a failure, in the mental obituary of his fellows, according to his works. So far the analogy is perfect. There remains this single difference; but in it is contained what seems to me the greatest value of Harvard. The man who has made an absolute failure of his college career, who sees his mistake too late, does not, like his prototype in the outside world, die unavenged. Instead, he enters upon a new life—the real life—armed and fortified and strengthened by his failure, forewarned against repetition of

his errors. His apprenticeship of four years in a miniature world has taught him how to face the real world to the greatest advantage: he does have a chance to profit by his experience; he does have a chance to live his life over again. Thus does Harvard College fulfil the wish so long unattained and unattainable.

The value of Harvard College to the undergraduate, then, is twofold: it stamps upon him the most vital principle of life, that reward everywhere and always is in proportion to the desire and the effort; and greater than this, it permits him to live his life, to make his mistakes, and then—to live again.

*Emerson W. Baker.*

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### THE PREP. RETURNS.

Slim's initiation was carried too far. When he submitted meekly to their tests he should have been let off easy. The cowboys themselves admitted that it had been too severe,—and they of the D's were a rough lot. They intended it should be royal,—any man who rises to the rank of cowboy in one summer deserves a royal initiation. But drink had let them even beyond the bounds of royalty. Slim didn't say much that night, but the next morning when someone remarked concerning his nightgown he explained to the boys in general that they were at liberty to remove it if they felt inclined, and also that if anyone objected to his parting his hair in the middle he would be glad to confer with him. As no one seemed inclined to accept either of these propositions he went on to say that he was leaving the ranch temporarily and that when he returned it would be someone else who paid for the drinks.

Raz Gray, the Diamond D Cook, finished the story for me years after-

ward. It was one night in July when I happened at the D's wagon soon after sunset and the men were gathered for their evening smoke around the campfire.

"Afore we was aware o' what he meant Slim was gone. Somehow we never laid much store to his comin' back, an' the story of the parted hair an' nightgown fitted most any tenderfoot, so we soon forgot him an' jest told the story to fill with.

"As I was sayin', Slim hed a sight o' sand an' wuz pretty strong. He'd played football or something o' the sort a lot afore he come west, but we'd no idee he wuz one o' them athletes.

"It wuz nigh on two year later, an' as I recollect we'd all forgot the youngster. We wuz roundin' up broncs on the Pecos, gettin' ready fur the spring work, when two fellers, actin' half jagged, come ridin' up. They hung round camp all day, takin' their ones now and then, an' by night they wuz on the last legs of a drunk an' wantin' to talk. First they talked Wyoming in general an' then the younger chap—an' he wuz a seedy lookin' youngster, too—began sayin' as how he could ride. He 'lowed ther' wuz Cayuses in the North thet could make him wear a saddle, but these skin an' bones of our'n he could ride hide on. He covered all the money in sight that he could ride our worst outlaw an' only carry a bridle. His pal kep' yankin' his arm an' actin' as if he'd like to make 'im stop. But it wa'n't no use. A few more drinks an' the young un wuz coverin' summer wages, horses an' six-shooters, as he could leave the bridle off an' use only a six-foot rope on the bronc's neck. That wuz the limit an' his pal got 'im to bed.

"Next mornin' afore sun-up we rounded the broncs an' picked a wild red roan as had throwed all hopefuls an' wuz lookin' fur more. The young feller with his pal come up to hev a look, an' said he'd be ready poco pronto, so he takes his place by the corral gate an' begins to strip. I was standin' close an' I says to the boss, 'Joe, I've saw that feller before.' Joe he said he did n't recollect him, but anyhow the young un hed his money up an' 'uld

hev to ride or lose. Then he 'lowed to the stranger thet he'd hev the bronc roped an' turn 'im over proper, so's to give 'im a square deal. But the young un says, 'No, thank you,' an' kep' on strippin' till he come out in long black tights, white moccasins on his feet, an' a rope around his belt. He unwinds the rope an' holds it up to show it's six foot long, an' then climbs atop the corral gate. His pal opens the gate an' starts 'em off in bunches. First they went slow an' then in a jam, so when the roan come by the young un jest give a jump an' lights astride. I reckon we wuz paralyzed. All along we'd kep' thinkin' it wuz a joke an' the kid 'uld squeal when he come to show-down, but there he wuz in a jam o' broncs an' toppin' the wildest. The Cayuse turned wall-eyed. He wuz too scared to jump, so he kep' goin' fast till he wuz free o' the bunch. An' then he lit out hard. The young un never come down, jest kep' circlin' round in the air above 'im, touchin' the high places now and then, an' poundin' his head with the rope. So the roan reared an' tried a roll. The young un wuz standin' by watchin'. When he got up the young un wuz on his back an' they tried sun-pumpin'. Then they took a shoot down toward the river an' out o' sight.

"I reckon it wuz an hour later he come ridin' back in an easy lope, the bronc follerin' his hand like an old cart-horse.

"We must 'a' looked like a field o' sunflowers after a Kansas cyclone,—all of us fishin' out old six-shooters an' the like an' pilin' 'em up in a heap fur the young un. Some wuz swearin', but most of us wuz too fur gone to peep.

" 'Gentlemen,' says the young un ridin' up, 'Slim the Diamond D prep. is glad to know you again. If you recollect I intimated once before the drinks might not be on me next time. I reckon you kin keep them hats an' six-shooters, an' I'll keep this cayuse.' "

*P. P. Crosbie.*

*WORK AT PHILLIPS BROOKS HOUSE.*

Inasmuch as a college generation of four years has passed since the opening of the Phillips Brooks House, it may be well to examine the present activities centering there, in order that it may appear how far are being realized the purposes to which the house was dedicated. To quote the words of one of the founders, it was hoped that it would be "the parish house of the University, a place where generous hearted young men may learn how to make generosity always judicious and helpful, and more and more efficient." The building was dedicated to Piety, Charity and Hospitality. At its opening five student organizations were assigned rooms. To these has been added a sixth. It may be interesting to review briefly the present work of each, showing the causes which have given rise to the last, and mentioning certain characteristics that have marked the work of all the organizations since entering Phillips Brooks House.

The oldest of the societies is the Harvard University Christian Association, whose life began with the formation in 1802 of the Saturday Evening Religious Society which was changed in 1820 to the Society of Christian Brethren. In 1885 this society, by a revision of its constitution became the present Harvard University Christian Association. This body has for its purpose "to promote Christian life and work in Harvard University." Experience has defined certain activities which contribute to this end, and which seem to yield a fair return on the energy expended.

The most obvious of these are the weekly voluntary class prayer meetings. The purpose of these is to maintain, stimulate and broaden the spiritual life of such men in the University as care to adopt this means of development. They are supplemented by voluntary classes for Bible study intended to bring to men in the University the stimulus to high living which comes from a closer acquaintance with the character and teachings of men in the Bible.



There are four classes with student leaders as follows: Freshman Course in the Life of Christ, Sophomore Course in the Acts and Epistles, Junior Course in Old Testament Characters, Senior Course in the Teachings of Jesus and His Apostles, which are supplemented by Dean Hodges' class, carried on jointly by the Association and the St. Paul's Society, by Professor Fenn's Law School Class, and by the class in the reading of the Bible conducted by Mr. Copeland. During a part of the year fortnightly lectures on the Bible have been given by Lyman Abbott, Henry van Dyke, Professor Ropes, and others.

For the large number of men who have neither the time nor inclination to do systematic Bible study, suggested passages for daily Bible reading are provided. Dr. Lyman Abbott arranged the series for the present year and 3500 were issued. A copy was sent to each room in the University, and others were mailed on request.

In its endeavor to promote Christian life and work at Harvard University, the Association feels called upon to arouse and maintain an interest among the undergraduates in the work carried on by the foreign mission boards in non-Christian countries by bringing to the attention of men in the University the present social, moral and religious conditions in those countries, especially countries where Harvard men are now at work. There is a further purpose to gather and distribute information regarding the work of Harvard men now active in these various countries, and especially of Edward C. Carter, '00, who at the request of the National Council of the Young Men's Christian Associations in India, Burma, and Ceylon, has assumed the direction of that enterprise.

Endeavors which are primarily in the interest of the undergraduates themselves represent only one side of the Association's work. Another side has come to command more and more the best energies of the Association. The endeavor to be of use to less privileged men outside the college, both during the college course and after graduation, has enlisted increasingly the activities of the Association. The desire to make religion mean service has colored more and more every phase of the Association's activity.

In co-operation with the Social Service Committee and other organizations in Phillips Brooks House, the Christian Association endeavors to develop a spirit of practical Christian service which shall lead men to enter the various enterprises for which the Social Service Committee is asked to supply workers. The Association further assumes definite responsibility for securing an adequate number of men to serve as student leaders at the Riverside Alliance, the reading-room for sailors at T wharf, the Chinese Sunday Schools in Boston, and the Boston Industrial Home. At the Riverside Alliance during this year 48 men have been engaged in friendly visiting, boys' clubs in chair-caning, wood-carving, manual training, basket-ball, gymnastic drill, Sunday School teaching and library work. On T wharf in Boston is a reading-room for fishermen founded in 1897, by E. O. von Mach, then chairman of the city work committee. Eight hundred fishermen have their mail sent in care of this reading-room. The average daily attendance at the room is estimated at a hundred. The Association furnishes such men as are needed to assist in carrying on this work.

Requests for speakers are received in considerable numbers from religious societies in Preparatory Schools, from Christian Endeavor and other Young People's Societies, from Young Men's Christian Associations, and similar organizations. Competent speakers from the University are secured and sent in response to these requests.

At the opening of the college year the Association endeavors to place at the disposal of incoming students the experience of upperclassmen. For this purpose hand-books containing detailed information about all the undergraduate interests are sent during the summer to members of the entering Freshman class. An information bureau is conducted in Phillips Brooks House during the first days of college, for the benefit of such new students as need assistance in finding rooms, in selecting their courses, or other matters. On the first Friday of the year a large reception is held in Phillips Brooks House for new students, usually attended by four or five hundred, and ad-

dressed by men representing the leading college interests. The speakers this year were Coach Cranston, Dean Hurlbut, F. D. Roosevelt and O. G. Frantz.

Since it has been in the Phillips Brooks House, the Christian Association has been characterized more and more by a broadening policy and a sympathetic interpretation of the sentiments and purposes of all men in college, together with an appreciation of the opportunity of service for men both in and out of the University. In common with the other organizations it has entered upon a period of greater usefulness than was possible either in the basement of University Hall or in Holden Chapel.

The St. Paul's Society, organized in 1861, has for its purpose "to bring the Churchmen of the University into acquaintance with each other; to afford them opportunities for work and worship agreeable to the spirit and forms of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and, so far as is possible, to co-operate in the religious and philanthropic activities of the University." Evening Prayer, with an address, is read Wednesdays at 7 P. M. and daily during Advent and Lent. Corporate Communion is celebrated on the third Thursday of the month at 8 A. M. As a chapter of the Church Student Missionary Association the Society encourages the study and support of missions. During 1903-04 the Society, as was mentioned above, has joined with the Christian Association on Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock in conducting a Bible class under the leadership of Rev. George Hodges, D.D., dean of the Episcopal Theological School. The Harvard Chapter of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew meets fortnightly on Mondays at 7 P. M. in the rooms of the Society. A reception for new students who are Churchmen is held at the opening of the college year. In addition to the philanthropic work in which members engage through the Social Service Committee and the Christian Association, the Society intends to provide such students as may be needed in the parishes of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Boston and vicinity. This work consists of Bible class teaching, boys' clubs, entertainments and similar work, and centralizes at St. Stephen's Church, Boston.

The present year has seen aggressive activity in the work of this society, and certain developments looking toward increased efficiency in organization and a closer relation to the Diocese of Massachusetts speak well for its future.

To the Christian Association and the St. Paul Society there was added in 1885 the Harvard Religious Union. This society has for its purpose "to bring together men of liberal religious thought in the common search for truth, in the study and expression of the religious life, and in the stimulating of moral enthusiasm and religious interest." The Society expressly represents liberal religious thought, irrespective of denomination. The meetings of the Society are held fortnightly in the Union's rooms in Phillips Brooks House. Occasionally they are open to the public.

Following are some of the topics of recent open meetings:—Religion from the Educator's Point of View, Pres. Charles W. Eliot; The Religion of the College Man, Prof. F. G. Peabody; The Young Man and the Church, Prof. W. W. Fenn; The Church and Philanthropy, Dr. Samuel M. Crothers; The Spirit of the Ministry, Rev. Charles E. St. John; Browning's Argument for God, Dr. Washington Gladden. After the address, opportunity is given for informal discussion. At the regular meetings a member of the Society leads the discussion of the topic for the evening. Membership is open to all members of the University of any fellowship or none, who feel themselves in harmony with its purposes.

The fourth of the present Phillips Brooks House societies to enter the University was the St. Paul's Catholic Club, organized May 26, 1893, as the Harvard Catholic Club, a name changed in 1901 to the St. Paul's Catholic Club of Harvard University.

Membership in this Society is open to any Roman Catholic of the University, and honorary members may be elected by a two-thirds vote. Its purpose is "to promote the religious interest of Catholic Students and to afford an opportunity to non-Catholics of gaining a knowledge of the Catholic faith by attendance at its religious meetings." These religious meetings consist in periodical talks on doctrinal questions by eminent clergymen, the purpose

being to increase the efficiency of individual members as religious factors, and furthermore, by putting clearly before the men the Church side of prominent questions, to render their religious judgment broader. Non-Catholics are invited to these meetings and all men are encouraged to question the speaker. In addition to the meetings which are held in Phillips Brooks House, a series of sermons with devotional exercises is given from time to time at St. Paul's Church by the spiritual director. Social meetings are also held at Harvard Union, addressed usually by some prominent Catholic. The club has a resident Spiritual Director, Rev. John J. Farrell, chosen by the club and endorsed by the local pastor and His Grace the Archbishop of Boston.

The active interest of all these four societies in philanthropic work and the common desire to promote intelligent social service led to the formation during the year 1894-95 of the Student Volunteer Committee, a name later changed to the Harvard Social Service Committee. "The immediate origin of the present form of movement was the meeting of a group of Harvard students last July (1894) at Northfield who formed the Harvard delegation to the annual conference held in the interest of college Christian Associations. . . . In the process of an active correspondence which they carried on during the summer, the main plan was suggested, which has been put into operation."\*

This organization is intended to be primarily an executive committee and is made up of three members to be nominated by each of the four religious societies and at least three members from the University at large, all of whom shall be approved by the Committee as a whole. Its purpose is to guide and stimulate students to enter philanthropic work and to serve as a bureau through which men in the University may become acquainted with the various philanthropic enterprises of Cambridge and Boston. A student wishing to take part in philanthropic work may become acquainted with the opportunities open to him by calling on the student director in Phillips Brooks House. He is thus able to choose from the whole field

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\*Publication number one of the Students' Volunteer Committee, reprinted from the Harvard Graduates' Magazine, March, 1895.

of charity the tasks most satisfactory to him and most useful in preparing him for public-spirited service in after life. Prominent among the kinds of work for which the Committee secures volunteer student assistants are:

1. Friendly visiting for the Associated Charities of Boston and Cambridge. The student visitor becomes familiar with the home, reports to the Associated Charities the actual needs and brings the family the help of personal friendship.

2. Home Libraries. A home library is a collection of twenty books which is installed in some home by the Boston Children's Aid Society. One hour a week is required of the student visitor, when he goes to the home and meets there the children entitled to share the privileges of the library.

3. The boys' club is a form of philanthropic endeavor popular among men in college. It consists in spending an hour or more one evening a week with a small club of boys, joining in their games, reading to them, telling them stories, teaching them chair-caning, basket-weaving, whittling, carpentry, basket-ball and other gymnastic drill.

4. A large field of activity among adults is included under "educational classes." These are groups of men or women of mature years in such institutions as the Prospect Union, The Cambridge Social Union, and the Civic Service House, who are instructed by Harvard students in various elementary subjects.

The further work of the Social Service Committee is administered through the sub-committees on Entertainment, Troupes, Clothing Collections, Conferences and Public Addresses, and the Social Service Library. During the year entertainments are given to the inmates of homes for consumptives, incurables, the feeble-minded, and similar institutions. A large amount of clothing is laid aside in the spring and fall of each year by men in college. This is collected and distributed through recognized charitable and educational agencies, such as the Associated Charities and Tuskegee and Hampton Institutes.

In order to increase the interest in philanthropic enterprises occasional

conferences of students already at work are held. Public addresses by men of wide experience also aid in arousing this interest.

A comparatively large number of men in the University are engaged in philanthropic work. An investigation made during the present year in connection with work in Philosophy 5 shows 297 Harvard men working in 41 different institutions of Cambridge and Boston during the first half of 1903-04. This interest represents not so much the work of any one organization, as the influence of all the organizations and of the Phillips Brooks House itself, in leading men to unselfish public service.

As the several organizations have enlarged their work, the leaders have felt the need of close co-operation in order to avoid confusion and consequent waste of energy. For some time the Christian Association has employed a graduate secretary to give continuity to its work. Since its founding, the Social Service Committee has placed at the service of students an advisor on opportunities for philanthropic work. These two offices have been held by the same individual since the opening of Phillips Brooks House. It has been felt that this graduate secretary should be equally at the service of the other three organizations,—the St. Paul's Society, the Religious Union and the Catholic Club. Furthermore the growing interest in Phillips Brooks House work has enlisted many men who, while willing to stand for and co-operate in some things carried on by one or another of the organizations, have sometimes been unwilling to endorse all the enterprises of that particular organization, and have therefore been prevented from taking part because they felt that in so doing they would commit themselves to more than they approved. In order, therefore, to increase the efficiency of all the organizations, to place the office equipment and the Graduate Secretary at the service of all the societies and to make room in the Phillips Brooks House for every kind of man, whatever his personal affiliations or peculiar ideas might be, there was formed in March 1904, the Phillips Brooks House Association.

This organization has for its purpose "to unite members of the University who are interested in the religious, philanthropic or other activities

which centre in the Phillips Brooks House. Its work shall be so ordered that the work of the individual organizations now active in the Phillips Brooks House shall not in any way be restricted or interfered with." Its membership is open to all members of the University. This organization elects a graduate secretary and assumes the financial responsibility for the executive office in the Phillips Brooks House and other matters of common interest. The executive committee of the Phillips Brooks House Association is made up of men adequately representative of the various interests concerned and also of the large body of men in the University who do not care to identify themselves with any of the other organizations. Such common enterprises as the large reception to new students at the beginning of the year, the enlistment of student interest in the various activities of Phillips Brooks House, and the autumn conference for planning the year's work, which were formerly operated by some one of the societies, are now under the management of the Phillips Brooks House Association.

The following resolution passed by each one of the five organizations already mentioned in this article gives to the Phillips Brooks House Association the strong endorsement of these societies:

*"Resolved,* That the members of the Harvard University Christian Association, (St. Paul's Society, Religious Union, Catholic Club, Social Service Committee,) with their tacit consent and on the approval of the Phillips Brooks House Association, are hereby constituted members of the Phillips Brooks House Association for the year 1903-04 provided that opportunity be given to every member to withhold his consent."

The Phillips Brooks House Association thus has in its membership practically the combined membership of all the five bodies. It also includes a large number of those men in the University who are not members of the other Phillips Brooks House societies. The organization uniting as it does upon an equal footing all men without reference to anything except their common purpose to assist in unselfish enterprises should have a larger influence than the separate societies without co-operation.

*G. E. Huggins.*



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## Editorial.

The new system that we are to try next year will be an interesting development of the elective question. Degrees with distinction will come slightly harder, but there is a compensation. Such men as are to try for some addition of "laude" to their degrees by virtue of specialization and work are to enter their names on the Dean's list. Then comes the compensation—"Students whose names are on the list will, except for registration, be trusted by the Dean with greater responsibility in the ordering of their college work."

In simpler words, if we are out for honors, we can cut all we want up to a certain limit,—the limit which the Dean thinks proper in each case. The New York trip will be possible for the honor-man without being, on the sign-off blank, a rest-trip. It will be only the loafer that has to sign-off when his energy gives out. Three weeks of steady attendance and then five days out of Cambridge—without censure—an enviable possibility and one worth working for—even for the man to whom work seems only the butt on which to temper his indifference. Such a system may well make it possible to regard work as even "gentlemanly."

On the other hand, lowering of return-marks to the office means suspension of the privilege. Merely to say one is a future candidate for honors is not enough,—marks must bear out the statement. "The name of any student may be withdrawn from the list at any time . . . if the student fails to obtain or maintain after being on the list a standard of scholarship and conduct satisfactory to the Dean."

Just how far cutting may go in the case of the honor-man is not stipulated in the bond. Whether, as soon as we use the privilege, the privilege will be taken away on grounds of abuse, or whether an actual "discretion" will be given us, as we understand the word, remains to be seen (always supposing that we are happily on the list). But it will be a pleasure to a man who is really doing good work to know that he will not be called up to the office to answer for a couple of days absence from courses. The new rule will draw a line between the C man and the B-A man that will be a good deal more real and valuable than the mere self-satisfied feeling, that, we are told, belongs to him that faithfully performs his labor.

The elective system is certainly a wonderful thing. But this seems a step in the right direction. To be a candidate for a degree with distinction henceforth means something more than to get a certain number of A's and B's in any course whatever. For a "Cum Laude on general studies" courses regularly open to Freshmen will count in the summing-up of marks only as half-courses; for a "Cum Laude on a subject or related subjects" one must do special work very similar to that now required for Final Honors. The scheme should have some influence toward more systematic arrangement of courses. If men wish "discretion" in the matter of cuts they must be thinking of a degree with distinction, and that will mean planning ahead. As things are now, the man is rare who has any system about his work, or knows in one year what he will take the next.

But this planning ahead will tend mainly toward planning of the specializing kind. What we still need is some good offset to the elective system that will give a graduate a reasonable all-round knowledge as well as special. The specializer is likely to pick pretty much at random the courses he takes outside of the department he is most interested in,—with reference to their

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time of day or lack of difficulty. A Senior often laments too late that while he has a pretty good knowledge of, say, English and anthropology, he knows little of mathematics and nothing of chemistry. Why should not *all* the courses of Freshman year be decided by the Faculty, as well as English A? Specialization could go far in the three after-years. There was much virtue in the older system, before boys were told they were men.

The article on Harvard College which we print in this number has much to say about the surface of affairs. But in its analogy between the college and the outside world it omits two rather important things. The author remarks that "in the world no guardian angel pursues a man, to warn him that he is failing to get the most out of life, and to force him to take advantage of his opportunities. The same principle exists in the administration of Harvard College." True,—but in college we are being paid for by the very delightful "four-year remittance-plan" from home; and in the world, though there may be no poetic "guardian angel," there is a very practical necessity of food and lodging that suffices to keep even the laziest at work. And in that last word—work—is the other thing forgotten, or at least omitted. We have, most of us, to learn some time the habit of work. There used to be an idea that college was the place to learn it. But perhaps, alas, that idea belongs also to the "darkness of the past." And, even if it does n't, the article affords excellent salve for the conscience of the loafer.

## Book Notices.

College Training and the Business Man. By Charles F. Thwing, President of Western Reserve University and Adelbert College. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

President Thwing's book treats of the advantages and disadvantages of a college education for men who are going into business life. These questions he discusses in a narrowly practical way, illustrating by quotation from prominent financiers and employers such as Mr. Carnegie. He very sensibly takes it for granted that those whose intellectual power will be developed at the expense of their morals and will, and those who have no intellectual power to develop, should not go to college. The final conclusion is that for men not so limited a college education will be advantageous by developing the power to think through thinking. The book would have more weight if Mr. Thwing recognized that the primary object of all education is to fit men to live, to "make a full man," instead of the development of the intellectual side for merely commercial purposes. It is true that he does suggest this; but he treats it as of less importance. A man who looks at life with the comparative broadness of a college graduate will be able to fit himself into things as they are, but not with the blind conviction that "whatever is, is right." It is with such men that all real progress lies, and not with the strongwilled and capable mass that accept conventional standards without reflection, so long as they do not interfere with "business."

The usefulness of the book seems restricted by its style and diction to college men, most of whom, no doubt, will be able through their "content of knowledge" always to understand just what the author means.

W. R. N.

# Robert Burns

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